Fill in the gaps

down the street

You Can Call Me Al by Paul Simon

A man walks down the street	There were incidents and accidents
He says, Why am I soft in the middle now?	There were hints and allegations
Why am I soft in the middle?	If you'll be my bodyguard
When the rest of my life is so hard!	I can be your long (5) pal
I need a photo-opportunity	I can call you Betty
I want a shot at redemption	And Betty, when you call me
Don't want to end up a cartoon	You can (6) me Al
In a cartoon graveyard	Call me Al
Bonedigger, Bonedigger,	A man (7) down the stree
Dogs in the moonlight	It's a street in a strange world
Far away, my well-lit door	Maybe it's the Third World
Mr. Beerbelly, Beerbelly	Maybe it's his first time around
Get these mutts away from me!	He doesn't speak the language
You know, I don't find this stuff amusing anymore	He holds no currency
If you'll be my bodyguard	He is a (8) man
I can be your long lost pal	He is surrounded by the sound, sound
I can call you Betty	Cattle in the marketplace
And Betty, when you call me	Scatterlings and orphanages
You can call me Al	He looks around, around
A man (1) down the street	He sees angels in the architecture
He says, Why am I (2) of attention?	Spinning in infinity
Got a short little span of attention	He says, Amen! and Hallelujah!
And whoa, my nights are so long!	If you'll be my bodyguard
Where's my wife and family?	I can be (9) long lost pal
What if I die here?	I can (10) you Betty
Who'll be my role-model?	And Betty, when you call me
Now that my role-model is	You can call me Al
Gone, gone	You can call me Al
He ducked (3) (4) the alley	
With some roly-poly, little bat-faced girl	
All along, along	



- 1. walks
- 2. short
- 3. back
- 4. down
- 5. lost
- 6. call
- 7. walks
- 8. foreign
- 9. your
- 10. call

Fill in the gaps