You Can Call Me Al by Paul Simon

Fill in the gaps

A man walks down the street
He says, Why am I soft in the middle now?
Why am I soft in the middle?
When the rest of my (1) is so hard!
I need a photo-opportunity
I want a shot at redemption
Don't want to end up a cartoon
In a (2) graveyard
Bonedigger, Bonedigger,
Dogs in the moonlight
Far away, my well-lit door
Mr. Beerbelly, Beerbelly
Get these mutts away from me!
You know, I don't find this stuff amusing anymore
If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long (3) pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty, when you call me
You can call me Al
A man (4) down the street
He says, Why am I (5) of attention?
Got a short little span of attention
And whoa, my nights are so long!
Where's my wife and family?
What if I die here?
Who'll be my role-model?
Now that my role-model is
Gone, gone
He ducked back down the alley
With some roly-poly, little bat-faced girl

All along, along

There (6) incidents and accidents
There were hints and allegations
If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can (7) you Betty
And Betty, when you call me
You can call me Al
Call me Al
A man walks down the street
It's a street in a (8) world
Maybe it's the Third World
Maybe it's his first time around
He doesn't speak the language
He holds no currency
He is a foreign man
He is surrounded by the sound, sound
Cattle in the marketplace
Scatterlings and orphanages
He looks around, around
He sees angels in the architecture
Spinning in infinity
He says, Amen! and Hallelujah!
If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long (9) pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty, when you call me
You can (10) me Al
You can call me Al



- 1. life
- 2. cartoon
- 3. lost
- 4. walks
- 5. short
- 6. were
- 7. call
- 8. strange
- 9. lost
- 10. call

Fill in the gaps