

# The Late Great Johnny Ace

Paul Simon

I was reading a magazine  
And thinking of a rock and roll song  
The year was nineteen fiftyfour  
And I hadn't been playing that long  
When a man came on the radio  
And this is what he said  
He said I hate to break it to his fans  
But johnny ace is dead, yeah, yeah, yeah Well, I really wasn't  
Such a johnny ace fan  
But I felt bad ali the same  
So I sent away for his photograph  
And I waited till it came  
It came all the way from texas  
With a sad and sim-ple face  
And they signed it on the bottom  
From the late great johnny ace, yeah, yeah, yeah  
It was the year of the beatles  
It was the year of the stones  
It was nineteen sixtyfour  
I was living in london  
With the girl from the summer be-fore It was the year of the beatles  
It was the year of the stones  
A year after j.f.k.  
We were staying up all night  
And giving the days away  
And the music was flowing amazing  
And blowing my way  
On a cold december evening  
I was walking through the christmas tide  
When a stranger came up and asked me  
If I'd heard john lennon had died  
And the two of us went to this bar  
And we stayed to close the place  
And every song we played  
Was for the late great johnny ace, yeah, yeah, yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>