

Simon

Joan Armatrading

He's from Ohio
Lives with his mother
He loves the woman
Who loves his brother
What can he do now
As she walks across the floor
Here comes his brother
Walking sideways through the door
Was the same at school
He played the fool
Or took a back seat
While Simon ruled
He played by himself a lot
And people called him shy
His mother said be more friendly
And he would ask her why
Has Simon got to be more friendly
And do I have to be like him
And mother said
No son
Gotta be yourself
Be more like I tell you
Be like me
Be like I tell you
Be like me
Now when Kathleen
Came on the scene
He saw her first
And then Simon spoke
He took her to places
That completely turned her head
Gave her practical things
Like diamonds for her neck
Has Simon got to be so friendly
Sometimes he makes me want to kill
Look at 'em dancing
While he's standing by the wall
There's gonna be trouble
When the time to leave is called
And Simon won't be feeling friendly
He'll be lying too close to the floor
And mother said
Oh son
That's not like you
You gotta be more like I tell you
Be like me
Be like I tell you
Be like me

