

# Joan Armatrading, Simon

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