El Paso Condor English lyric by Paul Simon (1970), m, traditional Quechuan music put down by Daniel Alomía Robles (1913), musical arrangement by Jorge Milchberg (1933)

```
    Em                        G
I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail.   Yes I
G        G              Em      Em
would, if I could, I surely would.      Hmmmm   I'd
Em                         G
rather be a hammer than a nail.  Yes I
G              G             Em      Em
would, if I only could, I surely would      Hmmmm
```

```
     C                    C
    Away, I'd rather sail away
           G                   G
    Like a swan that's here and gone
      C                    C
    A man gets tied up to the ground
              G                 G
    He gives the world its saddest sound
               Em    Em    Em
    Its saddest sound            I'd
```

```
    Em                        G
I'd rather be a forest than a street.  Yes I
G        G              Em
would, if I could, I surely would.     I'd
Em                          G
rather feel the earth beneath my feet.   Yes I
G              G             Em      Em
would, if I only could, I surely would
```

Hazy Shade of Winter by Paul Simon (1967)

Dm   Dm   C   C
Time, time, time, see what's become of me,   while I
Bb   Bb   Am   Am   C   C
looked around   for my possibilities.   I was so hard to please.   But look
  Dm   C   Bb   A7   Dm
around,leaves are brown and the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

Dm   C   C Bb   Bb
  Hear the Salvation Army band down by the riverside, it's bound to be a better ride than
Am   Am   C   C
what you've got planned, carry your cup in your hand,   and look
  Dm   C   Bb7   A7   Dm
around, leaves are brown now and the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

Dm   C   C
   Hang on to your hopes, my friend
Bb   Bb
That's an easy thing to say, but if your hopes should fade away, then
Am   Am   C   C
simply pretend   that you can build them again.   Look
  Dm   C7   Bb7   A7   Dm   Dm
around, the grass is high the fields are ripe, it's the springtime of my life

Bb   Bb   F(½)   Fma7(½)   Fma7   C9
Ahhh,   seasons change with the scenery,   weaving time in a tapestry
C9   Dm(½) A7(½) Dm C   C
  Won't you stop and remem   ber   me   at any convenient time
Bb   Bb
funny how my memory slips while rearranging manuscripts of
Am   Am   C   C
unpublished rhyme,   drinking my vodka and lime. But look
  Dm   C7   Bb7   A7   Dm
around, leaves are brown now and the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

              C   Bb7   A7   Dm
But look around, leaves are brown, there's a patch of snow on the ground,. Look