

Paul McCartney, Flaming Pie

Making love underneath the bed
Shooting stars from a purple sky
I don't care how I do it
I'm the man on the flaming pie

Stick my tongue out and lick my nose
Tuck my shirt in and zip my fly
Go ahead, have a vision
I'm the man on the flaming pie

Everything I do has a simple explanation
When I'm with you, you could do with a vacation
I took my brains out and stretched 'em on a rack
Now I'm not so sure I'm ever gonna get 'em back

Cut my toes off to spite my feet
I don't know whether to laugh or cry
Never mind, check my rhythm
I'm the man on the flaming pie

I'm the man on the flaming pie
Everything I do has a simple explanation
When I'm with you, you could do with a vacation
I took my brains out and stretched on a rack
Now I'm not so sure I'm ever gonna get em back