

# 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