

# Paul McCartney, Queenie Eye

There were rules you never told me  
Never came up with a plan  
All the stories that you sold me  
Didn't help me understand

But I had to get it worked out  
Had nobody who could help  
So then in the end it turned out  
That I had to do it  
By myself?

That's the game of rags to riches  
Dogs and bitches hunt for fame  
Until you think you know which way to turn

Make the day all the switches, wicked witches fan the flame  
Careful what you touch in case you burn

Queenie eye queenie eye who's got the ball  
I haven't got it, it isn't in my pocket  
O-U-T spells out  
That's out  
Without a shadow of a doubt  
She could put it in about/a pout?  
Hear the people shout  
Hear the people shout

Play the game, taking chances  
Every dance is much the same  
Doesn't matter which event you choose

Never blame the circumstances,  
With romances seldom came, ?  
Never pick a fight you're gonna lose

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That's out  
Without a shadow of a doubt  
She could put it in about  
Hear the people shout  
Hear the people shout

It's long way, to the finish  
When you've never been before  
I was nervous, but I did it  
Now I'm going back for more

Eyyy, yeah eyyyy yeah yeah  
Eyyy, yeah eyyyy yeah yeah  
Here the people shout  
Eyyy, yeah eyyyy yeah yeah

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