

Paul McCartney, Soily

People gathered here tonight,
I want you to listen to me!
To your left and to you right,
You've got some pretty soily company.

Reader, writer, farmer, priest,
Breed controler, born deceased.
Indian, lawyer, doctor, dog,
And a plumber with a fattened hog.

Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily.
Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily,
You know he's right.

Romans, italians, country men,
I want you to listen to me!

I've said it twice and I'll say it again,
We've got some pretty soily company.

Liar, cheater, jungle chief,
Saint, believer on relief.
Action painter, hitler's son,
And a commie with a tommy gun.

Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily.
Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily,
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah.

Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily.
Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily.