

## Beatles

# "Abbey Road Medley"

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You Never Give Me Your Money  
You only give me your paper  
And in the middle of negotiations you break down  
I never give you my number  
I only give my situation  
And in the middle of investigation I break down

Out of college, money spent  
See no future, pay no rent  
All the money's gone, nowhere to go  
Any jobber got the sack  
Monday morning, turning back  
Yellow lorry slow, nowhere to go  
But, oh, that magic feeling  
Nowhere to go  
Oh, that magic feeling  
Nowhere to go

One sweet dream  
Pick up the bags and get in the limousine  
Soon we'll be away from here  
Step on the gas and wipe that tear away  
One sweet dream came true today  
Came true today  
Yes it did (na, na)

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
All good children go to heaven  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
All good children go to heaven  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
All good children go to heaven  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
All good children go to heaven  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
All good children go to heaven

Ah  
Here come the Sun King  
Here come the Sun King  
Everybody's laughing  
Everybody's happy

Here come the Sun King

Quando paramucho mi amore defelice corazon  
Mundo pararazzi mi amore chicka ferdy parasol  
Cuesto obrigado tanta mucho que can eat it carousel

Mean Mr. Mustard sleeps in the park  
Shaves in the dark, trying to save paper  
Sleeps in a hole in the road  
Saving up to buy him some clothes  
Keeps a ten bob note up his nose  
Such a dirty old man

His sister Pam works in the shop  
She doesn't stop; she's a go-getter  
Takes him out to look at the queen  
Only place that he's ever been  
Always shouts out something obscene  
Such a dirty old man  
Dirty old man

Well, you should see Polythene Pam  
She's so good-looking, but she looks like a man  
Well, you should see her in drag  
Dressed in her polythene bag  
Yes, you should see Polythene Pam  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Get a dose of her in jackboots and kilt  
She's killer-diller when she's dressed to the hilt  
She's the kind of a girl  
Who makes the News Of The World  
Yes, you could say that she's attractively built  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

(John) She's coming in the house  
(Paul) Oh, look out!  
She Came In Through The Bathroom Window

Protected by a silver spoon  
But now she sucks her thumb and wonders  
By the banks of her own lagoon  
Didn't anybody tell her?  
Didn't anybody see?  
Sunday's on the phone to Monday  
Tuesday's on the phone to me

She said she'd always been a dancer  
She worked at fifteen clubs a day  
And though I thought I knew the answer

Well, I knew what I could not say  
And so I quit the police department  
And got myself a steady job  
Although she tried her best to help me  
She could steal, but she could not rob  
Didn't anybody tell her?  
Didn't anybody see?  
Sunday's on the phone to Monday  
Tuesday's on the phone to me  
Oh, yeah

Once there was a way  
To get back homeward  
Once there was a way to get back home  
Sleep, pretty darling; do not cry  
And I will sing a lullaby

Once there was a way  
To get back homeward  
Once there was a way to get back home  
Sleep, pretty darling; do not cry  
And I will sing a lullaby

Golden Slumbers fill your eyes  
Smiles awake you when you rise  
Sleep, pretty darling, do not cry  
And I will sing a lullaby.

Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight  
Carry That Weight a long time  
Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight  
Carry That Weight a long time

I never give you my pillow  
I only give you my invitations  
And in the middle of the celebrations  
I break down

Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight  
Carry That Weight a long time  
Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight  
Carry That Weight a long time

Oh yeah!  
All right!  
Are you going to be in my dreams tonight?

Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love  
you  
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love  
you

Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love  
you  
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love  
you  
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love  
you

And, in The End  
The love you take  
Is equal to the love you make

Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl  
But she doesn't have a lot to say  
Her majesty's a pretty nice girl  
But she changes from day to day  
I want to tell her that I love her a lot  
But I got to get a bellyful of wine  
Her majesty's a real nice girl  
Someday I'm going to make her mine  
Oh yeah, someday I'm going to make her mine

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