

Brett Perkins

"Paul McCartney"

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I met Paul McCartney last night
In a dream
In a dream
We talked of fame and of fright
What did it mean?
What did it mean?

He asked if I would stay for dinner
And did I think I'd ever make the team?

I'd not been writing that much
Did you know?
Did you know?

I'd lost the thrill and the rush
Even so
Even

Through all the lauded lists of winners
And talented beginners
I have not given up
No, I'm not giving up
I still sing for love

I've seen so much of this world
On my own
On my own

Felt my spirit unfurl
As I've grown
As I've grown

Through all the crowded club conditions
And painful premonitions
I have not given up
No, I'm not giving up

And when I write a song
Still want the world to sing along
Like it's the hit I know it is

And as I've lived some history

I've leaned into the mystery of this
And what it gives to how I live
And I still sing for love

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