

Paul McCartney

"House Of Wax"

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Lightning hits the House of Wax
Poets spill out on the street
To set alight, the incomplete
Remainders of the future

Hidden in the yard
Hidden in the yard

Thunder drowns the trumpet's blast
Poets scatter through the night
But they can only dream of flight
Away from their confusion

Hidden in the yard
Underneath the wall
Buried deep below a thousand layers
Lay the answer to it all, all, all, all

Lightning hits the House of Wax
Women scream and run around
To dance upon the battleground
Like wild, demented horses

Hidden in the yard
Underneath the wall
Buried deep below a thousand layers
Lay the answer to it all, all, all, all
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, hidden in the yard
Underneath the wall
Buried deep below a thousand layers
Lay the answer to it all, all, all, all

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