

Paul McCartney "Venus And Mars / Rock Show / Jet"

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Sitting in the stand of the sports arena
Waiting for the show to begin
Red lights, green lights, strawberry wine,
A good friend of mine, follows the stars,
Venus and mars are alright tonight

What's that man holding in his hand?
He looks a lot like a guy I knew way back when
Its silly willy with Philly band
Could be ... Oo-ee ...

What's that man movin' cross the stage?
It looks a lot like the one used by Jimmy Page
Its like a relic from a different age
Could be ...Oo-ee ...

If there's rock show
At the concertgebouw
They're got long hair
At the Madison Square
You've got rock and roll
At the Hollywood Bowl,
We'll be there ... Oo yeah ...

The lights go down - they're back in town o.k.
Behind the stacks you glimpse an axe
The tension mounts you score an ounce ole!
Temperatures rise as you see the white of their eyes

If there's rock show
At the concertgebouw
You're got long hair
At the Madison Square
They've got rock and roll
At the Hollywood Bowl,
We'll be there ... Oo yeah ...

In my green metal suit I'm preparing to shoot up the
city
And the ring at the end of my nose makes me look
rather pretty
Its a pity there's nobody here to witness the end

Save for my dear old friend and confidante -
mademoiselle kitty

What's that man movin' to and fro?
That decibel meter doesn't seem to be reading low.
But they was louder at the rainbow
Could be Oo-ee ...

If there's rock show
At the concertgebouw
They're got long hair
At the madison square
You got rock and roll
At the hollywood bowl,
We'll be there ... Oo yeah ...

If there's rock show ...

If there's rock show ...

If there's rock show ...

Jet! I can almost remember their funny faces
That time you told me that
You were going to be marrying soon.
And jet, I thought the only
Lonely place was on the moon.
Jet! Jet!

Jet! Was your father as bold as a sergeant major?
How come he told you that
You were hardly old enough yet?
And jet, I thought the major
Was a lady suffragette.
Jet! Jet!

Ah, matter, want jet to always love me?
Ah, matter, want jet to always love me?
Ah, matter, much later.

Jet! With the wind in your hair of a thousand laces.
Climb on the back and we'll
Go for a ride in the sky.
And jet, I thought the major
Was a lady suffragette.
Jet! Jet!

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