

Picture

"Me Myself And You"

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(Browne/Maitland)

Sometimes

When I finally reach the end of the day

Where I've been I couldn't say

Meantime

I repeat myself in this familiar scene

Like a xerox machine spins around

They built it in

Some days things can be perfectly clear

And the next day hopelessly blurred

In the rear view mirror reflects

All those things I left behind

I'm a butcher I'm a baker

I'm a midnight undertaker

But there's nothing else on earth I'd rather do

Me myself and you

Monday

Turns to friday in the spin of a wheel

And the price of my next meal

Meantime

When the only one who's making any sense

Is the drunkard on the fence

Between me and what's real

(Chorus)

Someday soon we will all meet again

It's impossible to think that we have somehow reached

the end

So here's to all our imaginary friends

The butchers and the bakers

And the stirrers and the shakers

And the hookers and the takers

And the addicts and the achers

And the midnight undertakers

And the rollercoaster fakers

Still there's nothing else on earth I'd rather do

Me Myself and you

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