

Alan Parsons "The Three Of Me"

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[pack/powell]

There's a voice on the phone
Who just called in to say
"mr. jones isn't home
He'll be gone for the day"

So he pulls down the blind
To adjust his disguise
But it's all in his mind
Which he proudly denies

I turn the boat back from the weir
Where to go from here
I can't hide from each face i see
Looking out from behind them is me

I'm attempting to guess
What they meant when they said
"mr. jones and his guest
Won't be using the bed"

So if i take the rap
While they stay out of sight
I can spring from the trap
When the timing is right

One minute i think i know what i mean
The next i hear voices inside disagree
Why are they laughing at me?

So i pick up the phone
Someone's asking of me
Is the real mister jones
Mister one, two or three?

So i say that they're not
But it's not as i say
'cos they're all that i've got
And i can't get away

As alice waves us through the glass

Are we home at last
For tomorrow they'll be here you see
Locked away safe inside there with me

'cos tomorrow they'll be here you'll see
Locked away safe inside they're with me

One minute i think i know what i mean
The next i hear voices inside disagree
Why are they laughing at me?

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