

The Alan Parsons Project "Pyramania"

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There are pyramids in my head
There's one underneath my bead
And my lady's getting cranky
Every possible location
Has a simple explanation
And it isn't hanky-panky

I had read somewhere in a book, they improve all your
food and your wine
It said, that everything you grow in your garden would
taste pretty fine
Instead, all I ever get is a pain in the neck and a
Yap yap yap yap yap yap yap

I've consulted all the sages
I could find in the yellow pages
But there aren't many of them
And the Mayan panoramas
On my pyramid pajamas
Haven't helped my little problem

I've been told someone in the know can be sure that
his luck is as
Good as gold, money in the bank and you don't even
pay for it
If you fold, a dollar in the shape of the pyramid
That's printed on the back

I had read, somewhere in a book, they improve all your
food and wine
I'd been told, someone in the know can be sure of his
good luck
And it's no lie, all you really need is a little bit of
paramedic help

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