

Beatles, The

"Abbey Road Medley"

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You Never Give Me Your Money
You only give me your paper
And in the middle of negotiations you break down
I never give you my number
I only give my situation
And in the middle of investigation I break down

Out of college, money spent
See no future, pay no rent
All the money's gone, nowhere to go
Any jobber got the sack
Monday morning, turning back
Yellow lorry slow, nowhere to go
But, oh, that magic feeling
Nowhere to go
Oh, that magic feeling
Nowhere to go

One sweet dream
Pick up the bags and get in the limousine
Soon we'll be away from here
Step on the gas and wipe that tear away
One sweet dream came true today
Came true today
Yes it did (na, na)

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All good children go to heaven
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All good children go to heaven
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All good children go to heaven
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All good children go to heaven
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All good children go to heaven

Ah
Here come the Sun King
Here come the Sun King
Everybody's laughing

Everybody's happy
Here come the Sun King

Quando paramucho mi amore defelice corazon
Mundo pararazzi mi amore chicka ferdy parasol
Cuesto obrigado tanta mucho que can eat it carousel

Mean Mr. Mustard sleeps in the park
Shaves in the dark, trying to save paper
Sleeps in a hole in the road
Saving up to buy him some clothes
Keeps a ten bob note up his nose
Such a dirty old man

His sister Pam works in the shop
She doesn't stop; she's a go-getter
Takes him out to look at the queen
Only place that he's ever been
Always shouts out something obscene
Such a dirty old man
Dirty old man

Well, you should see Polythene Pam
She's so good-looking, but she looks like a man
Well, you should see her in drag
Dressed in her polythene bag
Yes, you should see Polythene Pam
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Get a dose of her in jackboots and kilt
She's killer-diller when she's dressed to the hilt
She's the kind of a girl
Who makes the News Of The World
Yes, you could say that she's attractively built
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

(John) She's coming in the house
(Paul) Oh, look out!
She Came In Through The Bathroom Window

Protected by a silver spoon
But now she sucks her thumb and wonders
By the banks of her own lagoon
Didn't anybody tell her?
Didn't anybody see?
Sunday's on the phone to Monday
Tuesday's on the phone to me

She said she'd always been a dancer
She worked at fifteen clubs a day

And though I thought I knew the answer
Well, I knew what I could not say
And so I quit the police department
And got myself a steady job
Although she tried her best to help me
She could steal, but she could not rob
Didn't anybody tell her?
Didn't anybody see?
Sunday's on the phone to Monday
Tuesday's on the phone to me
Oh, yeah

Once there was a way
To get back homeward
Once there was a way to get back home
Sleep, pretty darling; do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby

Once there was a way
To get back homeward
Once there was a way to get back home
Sleep, pretty darling; do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby

Golden Slumbers fill your eyes
Smiles awake you when you rise
Sleep, pretty darling, do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby.

Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight
Carry That Weight a long time
Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight
Carry That Weight a long time

I never give you my pillow
I only give you my invitations
And in the middle of the celebrations
I break down

Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight
Carry That Weight a long time
Boy, you're gonna Carry That Weight
Carry That Weight a long time

Oh yeah!
All right!
Are you going to be in my dreams tonight?

Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love
you
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love

you
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love
you
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love
you
Love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love
you

And, in The End
The love you take
Is equal to the love you make

Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl
But she doesn't have a lot to say
Her majesty's a pretty nice girl
But she changes from day to day
I want to tell her that I love her a lot
But I got to get a bellyful of wine
Her majesty's a real nice girl
Someday I'm going to make her mine
Oh yeah, someday I'm going to make her mine

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