

Mccartney Paul

"Flaming Pie"

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Making love underneath the bed
Shooting stars from a purple sky
I don't care how I do it
I'm the man on the flaming pie

Stick my tounge out and lick my nose
Tuck my shirt in and zip my fly
Go ahead, have a vision
I'm the man on the flaming pie

Everything I do has a simple explanation
When I'm with you, you could do with a vacation
I took my brains out and stretched 'em on the rack
Now I'm not sure I'm ever gonna get 'em back

Cut my toes off to spite my feet
I don't know whether to laugh or cry
Never mind, check my rhythm
I'm the man on the flaming pie

I'm the man on the flaming pie
Now everything I do has a simple explanation
When I'm with you, you could do with a vacation
I took my brains out and stretched 'em on the rack
Now I'm not sure I'm ever gonna get 'em back

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