

## The Alan Parson Project

### "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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