

John Lennon

Arkells

Head on the wall
And my piss hardly makes the stall
And this time it's not an act
This time I swear it's factNow I ramble on
About that girl who's gone
And I tried teaching her guitar
Now she's standing at the barShe tells me her favourite song
And I say, "Yeah, that's a good one"
She says it follows her around
No shit, it's by the BeatlesI'm so lost
And I live just around the corner
Well here's a thought
Get Frank McCourt to write the forewordAnd I'm John Lennon in '67
I'm John Lennon in '67
I'm John Lennon in '67
I'm John Lennon in '67Adam's in love again
And the good Rev wants to jam instead
Morgan's hearing none of it
She says we're doing it againThe neighbourhood's up in arms
They're trying to shut down all the bars
When everyone's a private eye
They're hiding in the bushes every nightThe cats square off in the street
The dogs go through the garbage
You wanna stay for the night tonight?
Well I know all about platonic, honeyI'm so lost
And I live just around the corner
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