Monkberry Moon Delight

Paul Mccartney

So I sat in the attic a piano up my nose
And the wind played a dreadful cantata
(Cantata, cantata)
Sore was I from the crack of a enemy's hose
And the horrible sound of tomato
(Tomato, tomato)
Ketchup
(Ketchup)
Soup and puree
(Soup and puree)
Don't get left behind
(Don't get left behind)
Ketchup
(Ketchup)
Soup and puree
(Soup and puree)
Don't get left behind
(Don't get left behind, don't get left behind, don't get left behind)
When a rattle of rats had awoken
The sinews, the nerves and the veins
My piano was boldly outspoken
In attempts to repeat its refrain
So I stood with a knot in my stomach
And I gazed at that terrible sight
Of two youngsters concealed in a barrel
Sucking monkberry moon delight

Monkberry moon delight
Monkberry moon delight
Monkberry moon delight
Monkberry moon delight
Well, I know my banana is older than the rest
And my hair is a tangled beretta
(Beretta)
And when I leave my pyjamas to Billy Budapest
And I don't get the gist of your letter
(Your letter, your letter)
Catch up!
(Catch up)

Cats and kittens
(Cats and kittens)
Don't get left behind
(Don't get left behind)
Catch up
(Catch up)
Cats and kittens
(Cats and kittens)
Don't get left behind
(Don't get left behind, don't get left behind, don't get left behind)
Monkberry moon delight
Monkberry moon delight
Monkberry moon delight
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