

The Three Of Me

The Alan Parsons Project

(Ahh ahh)
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
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?
Oww!
Ha ha ha ha
Oww!
Ha ha ha ha
Ah
So I pick up the phone
Someone's asking of me
Is the real Mr. Jones, Mister one, two or three?
(One two three)
So I say that they're not
But it's not as I say
'Cause they're all that I've got and I can't get away
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
'Cause tomorrow they'll be here you'll see
Locked away safe inside there 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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