

The Pound Is Sinking

Paul McCartney

The pound is sinking
The peso's falling
The lira's reeling
And feeling quite appallingThe mark is holding
The franc is fading
The drachma's very weak
But everyone's still tradingThe market's bottom
Has fallen right out
And only the strong are survivorsWell I fear, my dear
That it's eminently clear
That you can't see the trees for the forest
Your father was an extraordinary man
But you don't seem to have inherited many of his mannerisms
Oh, any of his mannerismsThe dollar's moving
The ruble's rising
The yen is keeping up
Which hardly seems surprisingThe market's bottom
Has fallen right out
And only the stout are survivorsHear me, my lover
I can't be held responsible now
For something that didn't happen
I knew you for a minute
Oh, it didn't happen
Only for a minute
Your heart just wasn't in it anymoreThe pound is sinking
The peso's failing
The lira's reeling
And feeling quite appalling

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