

# The Three Of Me

Alan Parsons

(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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