

# Flaming Pie

Paul McCartney

Making love underneath the bed  
Shooting stars from a purple sky  
I don't care how I do it  
I'm the man on the flaming pie  
I stick my tongue out and lick my nose  
Tuck my shirt in and zip my fly  
Well, go ahead, I have a vision  
I'm the man on the flaming pie  
Everything I do has a simple explanation  
When I'm with you, you could do with a vacation  
I took my brains out and stretched 'em on the rack  
Now I'm not so sure I'm ever gonna get 'em back  
Cut my toes off to spite my feet  
I don't know whether to laugh or cry  
But never mind just check my rhythm  
I'm the man on the flaming pie  
I'm the man on the flaming pie  
Everything I do has a simple explanation  
When I'm with you, you could do with a vacation  
I took my brains out and stretched 'em on the rack  
Now I'm not so sure I'm ever gonna get 'em back  
I'm the man on the flaming pie  
Yes, I'm the man on the flaming pie  
Well, I'm the man on the flaming pie

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