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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