

# Monkberry Moon Delight

Paul McCartney

So I sat in the attic a piano up my nose  
And the wind played a dreadful cantata  
(Cantata, cantata)  
Sore was I from the crack of a enemy's hose  
And the horrible sound of tomato  
(Tomato, tomato)Ketchup  
(Ketchup)  
Soup and puree  
(Soup and puree)  
Don't get left behind  
(Don't get left behind)Ketchup  
(Ketchup)  
Soup and puree  
(Soup and puree)  
Don't get left behind  
(Don't get left behind, don't get left behind, don't get left behind)When a rattle of rats had awoken  
The sinews, the nerves and the veins  
My piano was boldly outspoken  
In attempts to repeat its refrainSo I stood with a knot in my stomach  
And I gazed at that terrible sight  
Of two youngsters concealed in a barrel  
Sucking monkberry moon delightMonkberry moon delight  
Monkberry moon delight  
Monkberry moon delight  
Monkberry moon delightWell, I know my banana is older than the rest  
And my hair is a tangled beretta  
(Beretta)  
And when I leave my pyjamas to Billy Budapest  
And I don't get the gist of your letter  
(Your letter, your letter)Catch up!  
(Catch up)  
Cats and kittens  
(Cats and kittens)  
Don't get left behind  
(Don't get left behind)Catch up  
(Catch up)  
Cats and kittens  
(Cats and kittens)  
Don't get left behind

(Don't get left behind, don't get left behind, don't get left behind)Monkberry moon delight

Monkberry moon delight

Monkberry moon delight

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