

# Pyramania

## The Alan Parsons Project

There are pyramids in my head  
Theres one underneath my bead  
And my ladys getting cranky  
Every possible location  
Has a simple explanation  
And it isnt hanky-panky I had read somewhere in a book, they improve all your food and your wine  
It said, that everything you grow in your garden would taste pretty fine  
Instead, all I ever get is a pain in the neck and a  
Yap yap yap yap yap yap yap Ive consulted all the sages  
I could find in the yellow pages  
But there arent many of them  
And the Mayan panoramas  
On my pyramid pajamas  
Havent helped my little problem Ive been told someone in the know can be sure that his luck is as  
Good as gold, money in the bank and you dont even pay for it  
If you fold, a dollar in the shape of the pyramid  
Thats printed on the back

Lyrics provided by

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