

## Confidante

Paul McCartney

You used to be my confidante  
My underneath-the-staircase friend  
But I fell out of love with you  
And brought our romance to an end  
I played with you throughout the day  
And told you every secret thought  
Unlike my other so-called friends  
You stood beside me as I fought

In your reflected glory I  
Could dream of shining far off lands  
Where serpents turn to bits of string  
And play like kittens in my hand

In our imaginary world  
Where butterflies were on the woods  
And stomp around the forests  
Chanting long lost anthems  
Long lost anthems

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