

# Distractions

Paul McCartney

What is this thing in life that persuades me to spend  
Time away from you?  
If you can answer this you can have the moon.  
This is the place to be, anyway you can see  
There's a lovely view.  
Why are there always so many other things to do?  
Distractions, like butterflies are buzzing 'round my head,  
When I'm alone I think of you  
And the life we'd lead if we could only be free  
From these distractions.

The postman's at the door  
While the telephone rings on the kitchen wall,  
Pretend we're not at home and they'll disappear.  
I want to be with you, tell me what I can do,  
Nothing is too small  
Away from all this jazz we could do anything at all.  
Distractions, like butterflies are buzzing 'round my head.  
When I'm alone I think of you  
And the things we'd do if we could only be through  
With these distractions.  
I'll find the peaceful place far a way from the noise of a busy  
Day  
Where we can spend our nights counting shooting stars,  
Distractions, like butterflies are buzzing 'round my head.  
When I'm alone I think of you  
And the things we'd do if we could only be through  
With these distractions, like butterflies they're  
Buzzing 'round my head, when I'm alone I think of you  
And the life we'd lead if we could only be free  
From these distractions.