

Bed Peace

John Lennon

Standing in the dock at Southampton
Trying to get to Holland or France.
The man in the mac said youve got to go back,
You know they didnt even give us a chance.
Christ! You know it aint easy,
You know how hard it can be.
The way things are going,
Theyre going to crucify me.
Finally made the plane into Paris,
Honeymooning down by the Seine.
Peter Brown called to say,
You can make it OK,
You can get married in Gibraltar near Spain.
Christ! You know it aint easy,
You know how hard it can be.
The way things are going,
Theyre going to crucify me.
Drove from Paris to the Amsterdam Hilton,
Talking in our beds for a week.
The newspapers said, say whatre you doing in bed,
I said were only trying to get us some peace.
Christ! You know it aint easy,
You know how hard it can be.
The way things are going,
Theyre going to crucify me.
Saving up your money for a rainy day,
Giving all your clothes to charity.
Last night the wife said,
Oh boy, when youre dead you dont take nothing with you but our soul
Think!
Made a lightning trip to Vienna,
Eating choclate cake in a bag.
The newspapers said,
Shes gone to his head,
They look just like two Gurus in a drag.
Christ! You know it aint easy,
You know how hard it can be.
The way things are going,
Theyre going to crucify me.
Caught the early plane back to London,
Fifty acorns tied in a sack.
The men form the press said me wish you success,
Its good to have the both of you back.
Christ! You know it aint easy,
You know how hard it can be.
The way things are going,
Theyre going to crucify me.