

Back on My Feet

Paul McCartney

How many days will the wet weather last?
I want know will the clouds
When they roll back
Reveal a man in an old mac
Living on a park bench
Sitting on his own?

Cut the rain as it runs down the glass
Eventually through the lightning and thunder
We see a man going under
This is how it happens
This is what he said

I don't need love
Though temptation is sweet
Give me your hand
'Til I'm back on me feet
You're always telling me about my misery
I've seen things you will never see
Don't pity me

Focus in on the breath of a man
Who takes a brown paper bag
From his knapsack
Between his whispers and wise cracks
He's looking for permission
Screaming at the sky

I don't need love
though temptation is sweet
Give me your hand
'Til I'm back on me feet
You're always telling me about my misery
I've seen things you will never see
Don't pity me

I'll be right again
Be upright without you
I'll stand up again
Kick up a fuss again too

Cut back again to a girl walking by
Until the feet that are all shoes and no socks
Climb an invisible soap box
Laughing at the traffic
Shouting at the world

I don't need love
though temptation is sweet
Give me your hand
'Til I'm back on me feet
You're always telling me about my misery
I've seen things you will never see
Don't pity me

I'll stand up again
Kick up a fuss again too

I'll be right again
Be upright without you

We see a life through the eyes of a man
As he live and he dies
By a simple tattoo

I'll be back again
When I land on my feet
I'll stand up again
Kick up a fuss again, wouldn't you

Well there you go, though we tried hard to know him
It's there on his face
He's a case where there's clearly no hope

Give me your hand again
'Til I land again

His face starts to fade
As we pull down the shade
And the picture we made
Is in glorious cinema scope

I'll be back...