

Beware My Love

Paul McCartney

Can't say (I've) found out,
(I) can't tell you
what's all about.

Don't know who does,
(I) tell you to
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.

Oh, oh, oh,
No, no, no.
I must be wrong, baby, yeah.

But I don't believe that he's the one,
But if you insist,
I must be wrong, I must be wrong,
I have to leave,
And when I'm gone,
I'll leave my message in my song,
That's right.

Beware, my love,
He'll bowl you over.
Beware, my love,
Before you're much older,
He'll sweep you up under his carpet.

You'd be in luck if you could stop it.
Come on, now.

Well, he'll wear you out,
and in a minute,
you'll hear a shout,
and then you'll be in it.

So, so beware my love,
'cause he'll take you under.
Beware, my love,
the sound of his thunder;

Can't say (I've) found out.
I tell you to
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.
Beware, my love.