

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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