

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.