

Long Leather Coat

Paul McCartney

I'm all alone, said she, no one to phone, no one to touch me.
I'm on my way, said the man in the long leather coat as he started his car.
I'm glad you came, said she you got my note, you understood it.
He smiled as he hung up his long leather coat on the back of the door.

Stroll on baby, step right in. Help yourself to a handful of everything in sight, let the party begin.
Stroll on baby, step right in. Help yourself to a handful of everything in sight, let the party begin.

Oh, I love your coat, said she. (Oh, I love your coat, said she)
He said, well, thank you. (He said, well, thank you)
In your note you said you had (in your note you said you had)
no one to touch you. (no one to touch you)
So shall I go through? (so shall I go, so shall I go)
Why, yes, she said, you can go on ahead, she took out the key
and she locked him into the bedroom.

Now I am alone, said she, she took a can of really red paint,
and she sprayed up and down on the long leather coat, on the bloody red floor.

So long, baby, I took you in just to show you that your long leather coat
is really nothing but a handful of skin.
Stroll on, baby, step right in, help yourself to a handful of everything in sight, let the party begin.
Let the party begin. Well, let the party, the party begin.