

Queenie Eye

Paul McCartney

There were rules you never told me
Never came up with a plan
All the stories that you sold me
Didn't help me understand

But I had to get it worked out
Had nobody who could help
So then in the end it turned out
That I had to do it
By myself...

That's the game of rags to riches
Dogs and bitches hunt for fame
Until you think you know which way to turn

Make the day all the switches,
Wicked witches fan the flame
Careful what you touch in case you burn

Queenie eye queenie eye who's got the ball
I haven't got it, it isn't in my pocket
O-U-T spells out that's out
Without a shadow of a doubt
She could put it in about
Hear the people shout
Hear the people shout

Play the game, taking chances
Every dance is much the same
Doesn't matter which event you choose

Never blame the circumstances,
With romances seldom came,
Never pick a fight you're gonna lose

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It's long way, to the finish
When you've never been before
I was nervous, but I did it
Now I'm going back for more

Here the people shout

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