

Summer of '59

Paul McCartney

Mm, in the summer of '59
Dandelions shine up through the pavement
Better pushers in the bushes
Waspy binges, sixteen inches round her waist
And it's all in the name of good taste

In the summer of '59
Dandelions shine up through the pavement
Fluorescent socks and fishnet stockings
Dirty combs from ideal homes and girls are chaste
And it's all in the name of good taste

Good taste, nobody knew what we knew then
Good taste, look at the boys turn into men
Good taste, nobody knew what we knew then

Look at the girls turn into women
Uh, ooh, uh, ooh, uh
Look at the girls turn into women
Uh, ooh, uh, ooh, uh
Some of the girls turned into women
Ooh

In the summer of '59
Dandelions shine up through the pavement
Council houses, drainpipe trousers
Ciggy packs and long black jackets, ties are laced
And it's all in the name of good taste

Good taste, nobody knew what we knew then
Good taste, look at the boys turn into men
Good taste, nobody knew what we knew then

Look at the girls turn into women
Uh, ooh, uh, ooh, uh
Look at the girls turn into women
Uh, ooh, uh, ooh, uh
Some of the girls turned into women
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