

There are many different people,
Livin' double lives.
One for the office,
And one that they take home to their wives.
He sits in the armchair, watching channel 4,
With his brains not expected home for an hour or more.
He's still drifting to and fro, like a yo-yo.

His wife is in the kitchen, fixin' her old man's tea
She's thinking to herself,
"He's not the man that married me, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah."
They used to laugh together, now he's never at home.
Now she's fighting back the tears, she can't even laugh alone.
She's just sitting by the telephone, like a yo-yo.

You needed me when you were crying,
But now you're laughing I'm the last thing on your mind.
First you love me, then you don't.
I'm up and down,
Like a yo-yo.
Yo-yo.

Ah, you thought you knew me pretty well,
But with people like me you never can tell.
You can only guess which way I'll go.
You got me sussed, but you don't know,
I'm a yo-yo.
Just like a yo-yo on a string.
I'm a yo-yo.
Little child playing with a yo-yo.
Yo-yo, yo-yo.

Girl you had me dangling, like a yo-yo on a string,
But with you at the controls I could accomplish anything, yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah.
You were just playing, I was a little boy,
But when I grew into a man you just threw away your toy,
Like a yo-yo.
Yo-yo.

You might be popular, but it won't last for long,
So don't give up the day job, in case it all goes wrong.
Look at your ego, watch it go, up and down,
Like a yo-yo.
Yo-yo.

You needed me when you were crying,
But now you're laughing I'm the last thing on your mind.
First you love me, then you don't.
I'm up and down,
Like a yo-yo.
Yo-yo.
I'm a yo-yo (yo-yo).
Like a yo-yo.