

Deliver Your Children

Paul McCartney

Well, the rain was a-failin'
And the ground turned to mud
I was watching all the people
Running from the flood
So I starred to payin'
Though I ain't no prayin' man
For the lord to come a helpin'
Knowing he'd understand

Deliver your children to the good good life
Give'em peace and shelter and a fork and knife
Shine a light in the morning and a light at night
And if a thing goes wrong you'd better make it right

Well, I had a woman
She was good and clean
She spent all day with the washing machine
But when it come to lovin'
She was never around
She was out getting dirty
All over town

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Well, I was low on money
And my truck broke down
I was on my way to the lost and found
So I took it to a dealer
I said make it run
Well, I ain't got no money
But I got me a gun

I said you robbed me before
So I'm robbing you back
And if it don't put you straight
It'll put you on the right track
Well, I ain't no devil and I ain't no saint
But I can tell a dealer by the colour of his paint

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If you want good eggs
You gotta feed that hen
And if you wanna hear some more
Well, I'll sing it again.