

# 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.