

# House of Wax

Paul McCartney

Lightning hits the house of wax  
Poets spill out on the street  
To set alight the incomplete  
Remainders of the future

Hidden in the yard  
Hidden in the yard

Thunder drowns the trumpets blast  
Poets scatter through the night  
But they can only dream of flight  
Away from their confusion

Hidden in the yard  
Underneath the wall  
Buried deep below a thousand layers lay  
The answer to it all

Lightning hits the house of wax  
Woman scream and run around  
To dance upon the battleground  
Like wild demented horses

Hidden in the yard  
Underneath the wall  
Buried deep below a thousand layers lay  
The answer to it all  
Yeah

Hidden in the yard  
Underneath the wall  
Buried deep below a thousand layers lay  
The answer to it all  
Ooh...