

Pretty Boys

Paul McCartney

Look into my lens
Give me all you got
Work it for me, baby
Let me take my best shot

Meet the pretty boys
A line of bicycles for hire
Objects of desire
Working for the squire
You can look, but you'd better not touch

Cause here come the pretty boys
They gonna set your world on fire
Objects of desire
Preaching to the choir
They can talk, but they never say much

Strike another pose
Try to feel the light
Hey, the camera loves you
Don't put up a fight

There go the pretty boys
A row of cottages for rent
For your main event
They're what the angels sent
You can look, but you'd better not touch

Look into my lens
Try to feel the light
Hey, the camera loves you
It's gonna be alright

Oh, here come the pretty boys
A line of bicycles for hire
Objects of desire
When they're working for the squire
You can look, but you'd better not touch

The pretty boys (you'd better not touch)
The pretty boys (but you'd better not touch)
The pretty boys