Queenie Eye

Paul McCartney

There were rules you never told me Never came up with a plan All the stories that you sold me Didn't help me understand

But I had to get it worked out Had nobody who could help So then in the end it turned out That I had to do it By myself...

That's the game of rags to riches Dogs and bitches hunt for fame Until you think you know which way to turn

Make the day all the switches, Wicked witches fan the flame Careful what you touch in case you burn

Queenie eye queenie eye who's got the ball I haven't got it, it isn't in my pocket O-U-T spells out that's out Without a shadow of a doubt She could put it in about Hear the people shout Hear the people shout

Play the game, taking chances Every dance is much the same Doesn't matter which event you choose

Never blame the circumstances, With romances seldom came, Never pick a fight you're gonna lose

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It's long way, to the finish When you've never been before I was nervous, but I did it Now I'm going back for more

Here the people shout

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