

Suicide

Paul McCartney

Girls it's been my pleasure
To know quite a lot of you
And in the main
You're pretty sane, it's true
But there are a few who do to
Doo ti doo too beautiful a job
It isn't quite what they planned
When the man gets the upper hand
He's takin' her for a ride
I'd call it suicide

If when she tries to run away
And he calls her back, she comes
If there's a next time, he's okay
Cause she's under both his thumbs
She limps along to his side
Singing a song of ruin. I'd
Bet he says nothin' doin'
I-I-I-I I'd call it suicide

She loves to ride in big parades
But he wouldn't so she won't
She needs at least a dozen maids
But if he says no she don't
He wishes she knew his side
Soon there'll be trouble brewin' I'd
Bet he says nothin' doin'
I-I-I-I I'd call it suicide

Suicide, she's commitin' it
Suicide, he's not gettin' it
Suicide, it's a quittin' a day

She limps along to his side
Singing a song of ruin. I'd
Bet he says nothin' doin'
I-I-I-I I'd call it suicide