

Arkells, John Lennon

Head on the wall
And my piss hardly makes the stall
And this time it's not an act
This time I swear it's fact
Now I ramble on
About that girl who's gone
And I tried teaching her guitar
Now she's standing at the bar
She tells me her favourite song
And I say: "Yeah, that's a good one"
She says it follows her around
No shit, it's by the Beatles
I'm so lost
And I live just around the corner
Well here's a thought
Get Frank McCourt to write the forward
Well I'm John Lennon
It's sixty seven
(x4)
Adam's in love again
And the good rev wants to jam instead
Morgan's hearing none of it
She says "you're doing it again"
And the neighbourhood's up in arms
and everyone's a private eye
hiding in the bushes every night
The cats square off in the street
The dogs go through the garbage
You wanna stay for the night tonight?
Well I know all about platonic, honey
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