

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...