

# Paul McCartney, Back On My Feet

How many days will the wet weather last?  
I want know will the clouds  
When they roll back  
Reveal a man in an old mac  
Living on a park bench  
Sitting on his own?

Cut the rain as it runs down the glass  
Eventually through the lightning and thunder  
We see a man going under  
This is how it happens  
This is what he said

I don't need love  
Though temptation is sweet  
Give me your hand  
'Til I'm back on me feet  
You're always telling me about my misery  
I've seen things you will never see  
Don't pity me

Focus in on the breath of a man  
Who takes a brown paper bag  
From his knapsack  
Between his whispers and wise cracks  
He's looking for permission  
Screaming at the sky

I don't need love  
though temptation is sweet  
Give me your hand  
'Til I'm back on me feet  
You're always telling me about my misery  
I've seen things you will never see  
Don't pity me

I'll be right again  
Be upright without you  
I'll stand up again  
Kick up a fuss again too

Cut back again to a girl walking by  
Until the feet that are all shoes and no socks  
Climb an invisible soap box  
Laughing at the traffic  
Shouting at the world

I don't need love  
though temptation is sweet  
Give me your hand  
'Til I'm back on me feet  
You're always telling me about my misery  
I've seen things you will never see  
Don't pity me

I'll stand up again  
Kick up a fuss again too  
I'll be right again  
Be upright without you

We see a life through the eyes of a man  
As he live and he dies  
By a simple tattoo

I'll be back again  
When I land on my feet  
I'll stand up again  
Kick up a fuss again, wouldn't you

Well there you go, though we tried hard to know him  
It's there on his face  
He's a case where there's clearly no hope

Give me your hand again  
'Til I land again

His face starts to fade  
As we pull down the shade  
And the picture we made  
Is in glorious cinemascope

I'll be back...