

# Paul McCartney, Mistress & Maid

She said  
Come in my dear,  
You're looking tired tonight.  
Your bath is drawn, let me loosen your tie  
And fix you your usual drink.

He settles back,  
Takes a magazine,  
Kicks off his shoes, as he studies the form  
Of every appealing soubrette.  
But where are the flowers that he used to bring?  
Every endearing remark  
Reminds her of passionate promises,  
That he only made in the dark.

In her bed,  
She wants to shout at the back of his head  
Look at me, look at me, look at me I'm afraid  
See what it's come to,

I'm just your mistress and maid.

The wine is warm  
But the dinner is cold.  
The look in his eye tells her it won't be long  
'till the girls on the page come to life.  
And they'll get the flowers that he used to bring  
With every endearing remark,  
And all of the passionate promises  
He'll never fulfil in the dark.

In their bed,  
She wants to shout at the back of his head  
Look at me, look at me, now that I'm not afraid.  
See what it's come to,  
I'm not your mistress and maid.

See what it's come to,  
I'm not your mistress and maid.