

# Beatles, The, Two of us

Beatles, The

Let It Be

Two of us

['I Dig A Pygmy' by Charles Hawtrey and The Deaf Aids

Phase One in which Doris gets her oats]

Two of us riding nowhere, spending someone's hard earned pay  
You and me Sunday driving, not arriving on our way back home  
We're on our way home, we're on our way home  
We're going home

Two of us sending postcards, writing letters on my wall  
You and me burning matches, lifting latches on our way back home  
We're on our way home, we're on our way home  
We're going home

You and I have memories longer than the road that stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats, standing so low in the sun  
You and me chasing paper, getting nowhere on our way back home  
We're on our way home, we're on our way home  
We're going home

You and I have memories longer than the road that stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats, standing so low in the sun  
You and me chasing paper, getting nowhere on our way back home  
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[We're going home  
You better believe it  
Good-bye]