

Protheroe Brian, Pinball

And I've run out of pale ale
And I feel like I'm in jail
And my music bores me once again
And I've been on the pinball
And I know longer know it all
And they say that you never know when you're insane

Got fleas in my bedroom
Got flies in my bathroom
And the cat just finished off the bread
So I walk over Soho
And I read about Monroe
And I wonder was she really what they said

Got a call from a good friend
Come on down for the weekend
Didn't know if I could spare the time
I knew a woman who was crazy
About a boy who was lazy
But it didn't work out 'cos they just couldn't make it rhyme

Hey Jude you were alright
I could have grooved with you all night
But you turned your back on the party game
Mama if i keep my head clean
Will I really have a good dream
Or will I wake up in confusion just the same

And I've run out of pale ale
And I feel like I'm in jail
Got fleas in the bedroom
Got flies in the bathroom
Got a call from a good friend
Come on down for the weekend
Hey Jude you were alright
I could have grooved with you all night

And I've been on the pale ale
And I feel like a pinball