

# 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

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Hey Jude you were alright  
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And I've been on the pale ale  
And I feel like a pinball