

The Alan Parsons Project, Pyramania

There are pyramids in my head
There's one underneath my bed
And my lady's getting cranky
Every possible location
Has a simple explanation
And it isn't hanky-panky

I had read
Somewhere in a book, they improve all your food and your wine
It said, that everything you grow in your garden would taste pretty fine
Instead, all I ever get is a pain in the neck and a
Yap yap yap yap yap yap yap

I've consulted all the sages
I could find in yellow pages
But there aren't many of them
And the Mayan panoramas
On my pyramid pajamas
Haven't helped my little problem
I've been told
Someone in the know can be sure that his luck is as
Good as gold, money in the bank and you don't even pay for it
If you fold, dollar in the shape of the pyramid that's printed on the back

It's no lie, you can keep the edge of a razor as sharp as an eagle's eye
You can grow a hedge that is vertically straight over ten feet high
All you really need is a pyramid and just a little luck

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la ooh
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la ooh

I had read somewhere in a book they improve all your food and wine and
I've been told, someone in the know can be sure of his good luck and
It's no lie, all you really need is a little bit of pyramidic luck