

# 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 ooh  
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