

# Paul McCartney - Monkberry Moon Delight

Tom: Eb

So I sat in the attic, a piano at my nose,  
and the wind played a dreadful cantata  
(Cantata, cantata, cantata).  
Sore was I from the crack of an enemy's hose,  
and the horrible sound of tomato  
(Tomato, tomato, tomato).

Ketchup (Ketchup)  
soup and puree (Soup and puree),  
don't get left behind (Get Left Behind).  
Ketchup (Ketchup)  
soup and puree (Soup and puree),  
don't get left behind  
(Get left behind).

When a rattle of rats had awoken,  
the sinews, the nerves and the veins.  
My piano was boldly outspoken,  
in attempts to repeat it's refrain.

So I stood with a knot in my stomach,  
and I gazed at that terrible sight  
of two youngsters concealed in a barrel,  
sucking monkberry moon delight.

Monkberry moon delight.  
Monkberry moon delight.  
Monkberry moon delight.  
Monkberry moon delight.

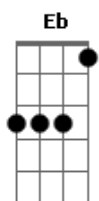
[Fm Cm] x2

Well, I know my banana is older than the rest,  
and my hair is a tangled beretta  
(Beretta, beretta).  
When I leave my pajamas to Billy Budapest,  
and I don't get the gist of your letter  
(Your letter, your letter).

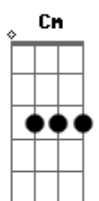
Catch up! (Catch up!),  
cats and kittens (Cats and kittens),  
don't get left behind (Get left behind).  
Catch up! (Catch up!),  
cats and kittens (Cats and kittens),  
don't get left behind (Get left behind).

Monkberry moon delight.  
Monkberry moon delight.  
Monkberry Moon Delight.  
End:[Fm Cm] fade out.

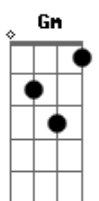
## Acordes



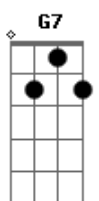
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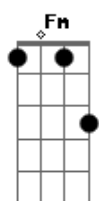
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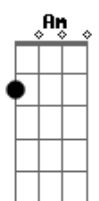
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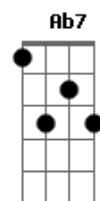
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