

Squeeze, Fingertips

(Difford/Tilbrook)

You infiltrate my every hour
You bug me like a flea
I only wish I had the power
To cut you free of me
Like some crustacean on my hull
You stick with me and make life dull
How can I make you see
I'm in love with you
You typify the things to me
That I no longer do
So get a grip and let me be
And my life will improve
Leave me alone, get off my case
You're always there right in my face
But that is nothing new
I'm so in love with you

It's funny how I loved you like
The bottle at my lips
And when I fell off of my bike
My life had been eclipsed
By all the grief and disbelief there at your finger
At your fingertips

You Hoover up the very words
I choose to throw away
I know some people never learn
So how can I complain
You hiss at me and make me shake
Like some old grumpy rattlesnake
Let's think this through again
I'm so in love with you