

Squeeze, Little King

(Difford/Tilbrook)

When the little king
Rode on his horse
Into the darkened wood
No one believed
That he'd return
They thought he'd gone for good
As he looked down to see the lake
He found a secret key
The little king he couldn't wait
And he rode off nervously
In a stolen car
On busy streets
He spun the leather wheel
He was burning oil
In second gear
As the tyres loudly squealed
And the bouncers on the kerb
Jumped right out of the way
He smashed into a superstore
And he didn't feel a thing
Just a quiet night where the fun begins
For the little king

Once life was merry going round
Then time began to rub
The future looked as clear as day
But it quickly turned to mud
It stuck to him like glue
What can anybody do
For the little king
For the little king

Now the little king
Is locked away
To mix with the elite
In the doghouse now
He learns new tricks
From other pedigrees
It's small town front page news
The fairy tale your king
Has scratched his head looking for clues
He found splinters there
But one day soon the latch will swing
For the little king