

Squeeze, Man For All Seasons

(difford/tilbrook)

Now the woman wears the trousers
Now my shirts remain uncreased
Now the shoe is on the other foot
Maybe I can feel released
All the pleasure of pleasing you
All the powers of needing you
Now I'm no longer keeping you
So now she's working at the office
And I don't have a job at all
She keeps me in cigarettes
Once a bat now a ball
All the dinners are burning dear
All the while I'm learning dear
Now I'm no longer earning dear

A man for all seasons

Not now I'm feeling so tired
I've got so much upon my plate
Not now was the distant cry
As the latch fell on the gate
A man for all seasons

Now the house is like a garage
Parts of me about the room
I'm building up another me
One that takes a nap at noon
All the parties are thrown for you
All the people are known by you
Now I'm building this home for you