

Squeeze, Misadventure

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Hitched a hiker
Up above the border
She'd spent some time
In Morocco and Gibraltar
And stole my wallet
With a picture of my misses
With fond remembrance
Of everything with kisses
From the Isle of Dogs
To the Egyptian sands
Where the Arabs chew on dates
And I haven't forgot what it's like to be
With misadventure and her mates

I miss the East End
High up on the Khyber
And I'm the target
For a dozen rebel snipers
It's not so bad though
With some beers in the freezer
And something fancy
In the airconditioned sleeper

In moving carpets
Through the customs at Dover
Thinking my journey
Was going to be over
Then they discovered
A shipment of Moroccan
And said excuse me sir
There's something you've forgotten