

# Squeeze, The Prisoner

(Difford/Tilbrook)

He's taking her away  
He's acting like a general  
Generally his game is so familiar  
He wants her to play  
With a toaster and a kettle  
While he spends his day  
Miles from the prisoner  
She reads the stars he reads the sun  
No wonder his IQ is below 21

He's helping her to see  
How happy she is looking  
Take it that he'll be  
No icing on her cake  
O how happy she would be  
If someone did the cooking  
He's helping her to see  
How a marriage can be baked

Baked like a cake but without the file  
The tool that she needs to make her life worthwhile

She's not a prisoner alone doing time  
To love and to cherish for all of her life  
To have and to hold, to lock up inside  
What can this man know about her heart  
To love, til death do us part

He's looking everywhere  
She is nowhere to be found  
And suddenly he cares  
His dinner's looking burnt  
There's a smell in the air  
There's a prisoner in town,  
He sits down in his chair  
His face fills with concern  
Concerned that he might not eat tonight  
She's broken out of jail and run for her life