

# Squeeze, What The Butler Saw

(Difford/Tilbrook)

WARNING: These lyrics are unconfirmed and may be inaccurate. They represent the best attempt

Pacing through the flickering light  
A velvet patch upon his eye  
His pacing creaks the floorboards loose  
As he tailors his thoughts for the truth around truths  
But his butler keeps eyes through a hole in the door  
What the butler don't see ain't a lot that's for sure  
Francesca lays across the couch  
They fight with words from mouth to mouth  
And then with handfuls of her flesh  
See how the zipper broke off of her dress  
Strangling her neck with his hands in her gloves  
The port and the brandy mix cocktails of love

The porchlight, the torchlight  
The frosted morning lawn  
The cloak of daylight has finally been drawn  
On the tale of what the butler saw

He kept his world all to himself  
And locked it tight inside his belt  
But she preferred his belt undone  
She bathed in his fortune but never his fun  
He cracked on a mixture of opera and drink  
The butler still fetches and carries for him

The butler dragged down to the lake  
Francesca's body in a cape  
No private eye was gonna trace this  
The old man was shaking, his marbles were missed  
The shadows and footprints and flickering lights  
The butler's up late with a cold in his eye

The porchlight the torchlight the frosted morning lawn  
The cloak of daylight has finally been drawn  
On the tale of what the butler saw