

Squeeze, Electric Trains

I was called a mummy's boy
by friends I didn't like
I made a meal of trips to school
upon my father's bike
I used to sit between his legs
perched on a piece of wood
and if it ever rained on us
I'd slip beneath his hood

and at home, the radio was on...

from Julie Andrews
(out of my head)
to Jerry Garcia
(Grateful Dead)
life was all fun and games
(fun and games)
(out of my head)
I was out of my head
(under the bed)
underneath my bed
(Grateful Dead)
playing with electric trains
(electric trains)

at home the stereo was on
my head was filled with rock
I made a willow cricket bat guitar
and solo'd round the clock
my records stacked up in a pile
collected from the charts
and Top of The Pops...

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to Jerry Garcia
(Grateful Dead)
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(fun and games)
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(under the bed)
underneath my bed
(Grateful Dead)
playing with electric trains
(electric trains)

Kneeling with torchlight
shining before me
in bed with my eyeballs
stuck in readers' wives
pubic hairs proudly counted every day
many took a story out into the Milky Way

I chased the girls and made them cry
my hair grew down my back
the passing of my teenage years
were spent down in the sack
I played guitar and formed a band
I puked up all night long
as people came to sit and stare
while I raced through my songs

the Sound of Music passed me by

just like the Greatful Dead...

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electric trains...

(out of my head)
(under the bed)
(Greatful Dead)
(out of my head)
(under the bed)
(Grateful Dead)
(out of my head)