

Squeeze, I Can't Hold On

(Difford/Tilbrook)

In the corner by the D.J. unit
The flag of beauty my eyes salute it,
She likes love
By luck or labour
She likes love
But not for favour - can't hold on
She keeps her lips on the straw she's sucking
Looks up to me but her eyes see nothing,
Love's her stare
The steps to her heart
Love's the climb
The bite not her bark.
I pour the milk into the cat's saucer
I'm John Wayne as I'm walking towards her,
She'd like to dance
But not this minute
She's the fish I'd love to fillet.
I draw first with a stammer of verbal
We dance like pigeons forever in circle,
She likes to dance
Her cocktails shaken
She likes love
And it's temptation

The lights flash green
My envy lights up
The lights just flash
And I feel tied up,
Love's for sale
And I am sold on
But there's no way
That I can hold on
I can't hold on