

Squeeze, Messed Around

(Difford/Tilbrook)

She wants to give up love for good
She kicks the fence and splits the wood,
She cries her eyes out in the rain
She swears aloud and so again,
She feels messed around.

She takes her coat off as it pours
The passing daytime she ignores,
Sits with a problem on a bench
And with her heel she digs a trench,
She feels messed around.

She rips her skirt and tears her dress
Climbing over his garden fence,
Mud on her mourning as tears still fall
She's in no mood for his love at all,
She feels messed around

Her door won't shut, her match won't light,
The bulb went out, her skirts too tight,
She feels messed around.
The words don't match, her heart won't heal,
The phone won't pip, her fruit won't peel,
She feels messed around.

She left herself open for him all the time
But always kept off of his cloud,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Have come to mess her around.