

Squeeze, No Place Like Home

I'm faced with the facts
And a fist full of threats
I stand quite amused
At the end of my bed
I have no defense
For what I have said
As a handful of love
Whacks me right round the head
She's growling and stalking
And grabs from a pile
A book that she throws
And it's missed by a mile
I'm holding a pillow
And as naked as sin
I'm backed to a corner
With a wastepaper bin
Then up on a mattress
There's no place to go
I'm guilty, yes guilty
But there's no place like home

I rewind the hours
To see what went wrong
I plead for forgiveness
And I'm hit like a gong
It seems that I'm guilty
Of smiling too long
When recalling lovers
That now have long gone
I'm guilty, you're guilty
So let me be stoned
The past is not present
When there's no place like home

Off with the shoe
And whack round the head
Your ear rings like a phone
Some explanation might we patch and mend
A love that's lost control
Now there's no place like home