

Squeeze, Peyton Place

(Difford/Tilbrook)

In Peyton Place my heart now beats
And floor boards creak where an angel sleeps
Her hair hung across her face
Like a bush hangs across a wall
She was short with a tidy smile
I could hear temptation call
From a fly in her ointment
To the big feather in her cap
It's a small world we discover
I had once worked for her dad
I was in gear making up stories
And we laughed at each other's tales
I watched her lips I wanted to kiss them
My train of thought went off the rails

In Peyton Place my heart now beats
And floor boards creak where an angel sleeps
In Peyton Place
I lie awake and hear the sound
That the angels make
In Peyton Place

The party was now ending
So she gave me a lift back home
Somehow I felt so nervous
She drove so slowly on the road
Next thing I knew she was in my arms
Her hair was all over my face
I brushed it aside she invited me in
Now my heart beats in Peyton Place

Her hair hung across her face like
A bush hangs across a wall