

Squeeze, Play On

(Difford/Tilbrook)

He wants to be glorified
And swallowed in fame
He wants to be a hero
Like Kurt Cobain
Playing his guitar
With it hung round his knees
The tour bus syndrome
The touring disease
He stands like a soldier
He's ready to charge
The young girls he sleeps with
Are all a mirage
He wants to be wanted
But doesn't know why
Reality curtains
Black out a blue sky

Play on play on and eat up the sun
Pop up to London and soak up the fun
Play on play on with gathering speed
Its Saturday night
As the ears start to bleed

He wants to be famous a
And fall when he's young
Climbing up ladders
Without any rungs
Ill in the morning
And wasted all day
Looking demented
With not much to say

He pulls out a woman
From under his bed
Her eyes are like cherries
That spin in her head
If he hits the jackpot
He's in the top ten