

# 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