

Squeeze, Points Of View

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I'm impossible she's exciting
Bound together with joined up writing
In the Church
I heard a bell ring
In a bar
I heard a girl sing
She sings solo I see double
Moments vanish her love so subtle
I went home
It's not surprising
Words were few
And realising
I was deep in my points of view
So interested to talk to you talk to you
She's romantic and I'm selected
Glances swapped and thoughts collected
By her song
It's not her singing
Words were few
The bell was ringing
On the table my cards are shuffled
Words take time to get so muddled
I'm off home
I'm shy but eager
Tomorrow comes
I hope to see her
On the stage with her velvet voice
Though some would say that it's just a noise
I bit off more than I could chew
So interested in my points of view points of view

Trial and Jury swear on the Bible
I'm too drunk and unreliable
I'm too drunk
For conversation
Though I wait for invitation
She's exciting I'm uninvited
Fifteen rounds this love I've fought
I'll walk home
And curse the heavens
Lost on points
Our love was flattened
Maybe she had other things to do
And didn't want any points of view