

Squeeze, She Doesn't Have To Shave

(Difford/Tilbrook)

She was washing the dishes
When she burst into tears
It was the time of the month
She was up to her ears
I put my arms round her neck
I said sit down a while
Cry as much as you like
I'll do the dishes
Tell me what's on your mind
There's a boiling point
That you're bound to reach
When it's all your fault
And you're half asleep.
She's lucky she doesn't have to shave
I'm so lucky I'm not doubled up with pain

Her eyes were like pools
Filled with newly wed tears
She was sat doubled up
With her hands on her ears
I felt useless
I smiled and I shrugged
I was sweet as could be
As I poured her some milk
Here was my flower
That was ready to wilt

A fairy tale finish
We flaked out on the floor
It was match of the day
On the TV what's more
I fell asleep at half time
We had had a right result
It was kisses and hugs
At the end of the day
She's the one that I love