

# Squeeze, Someone Else's Bell

(Difford/Tilbrook)

We talk about each other  
On our wrap around couch,  
And live out all the romance  
In our little town house.  
I never fit the shower  
And she never sews the threads,  
And so we find our feelings  
In other people's beds.  
And if the grass seems greener,  
But it turns out to be blue  
The garden of Eden isn't quite the place for you.  
Don't be surprised if I'm gone under the spell,  
Of some other witches' wand  
Ringing someone else's bell.

Meeting on the motorway  
Your lover boy blue,  
Steaming up the windows  
With your last breath of youth.  
Don't you think I see it  
Your handbag's full of notes,  
I'm feeling like the punch line  
In someone's private joke.

Our eyes don't seem to contact  
Never much to say,  
Except perhaps excuse me  
Or pass me the ashtray.  
I see him waiting for you  
As you go off to work,  
I'm left to draw conclusions  
While I button up my shirt.