

# Squeeze, To Be A Dad

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I lost the children  
But they can be found  
Home in a red house just across town  
Sitting in boxes  
Of opened up toys  
Watching The Simpsons  
And making some noise  
I lost the children  
But they're in great hands  
When I cook the dinners  
Right out of tin cans  
I lost the children  
And I have to pay  
Some heavy duty on life everyday  
Cupboards need filling  
With deadlines to meet  
Here in my cheque book  
My fountain pen weeps  
I should be thankful  
And thankful am I  
I went to the cleaners  
And came back with my life

For a moment it all looked so grim  
It looked like I would not get a thing  
For a moment it all looked so sad  
But now it's so good to be a dad

I lost the children  
They haven't lost me  
We're still together and happy to be  
Out in the summer  
On beaches in parks  
Home in the winter and up with the larks  
I should be thankful  
And thankful am I  
I went to the cleaners  
And came back with my life

From pushchairs to games of football  
My back was against every wall  
For a moment it all looked so sad  
But now it's so good to be a dad

For a moment it all looked so grim  
It looked like I would not get a thing  
For a moment it all looked so sad  
But now it's so good to be a dad

I lost the children  
They haven't lost me