

# Squeeze, Vanity Fair

(Difford/Tilbrook)

She left her school for the factory  
From pocket money to a salary,  
From a pac-a-mac to a compact case  
And every morning she inspects her face.  
She discovers pulling pints in pubs  
That the good looks will never cover up for  
Her dumbness in taking the stock  
Sees her reflection in a butcher's shop.  
She finds it all quite rare  
That her meat's all vanity fair.

She has her eyes on medallion men  
Who get her home on the dot at ten,  
She combs her hair when she gets excused  
The deal she wants always ends up screwed.  
Paints her nails on the bathroom scales  
Gargles her breath like a landed whale,  
Her beauty is as deep as her skin  
Keeps her eyebrows in a tobacco tin.  
She poses foot on the chair  
Coconut shy but vanity fair.

In her vanity case her compact case  
In her compact case her eyes,  
Not bad for a sister  
But her vanity's fair and her sense of humour's dry.  
She comes home late with another screw loose  
She swears to have had just a pineapple juice,  
Falls asleep fully clothed in her bed  
With her makeup remover by her head.  
And she might not be all there  
But her dream's all vanity fair.