

Squeeze, Bonkers

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I know that I'm bonkers
Stupidity conquers
Forgive me I know not what I do
The cunning behaviour
Takes up every acre
Of emotional cage in the zoo
You know how it goes
The volcano blows
Eruptions hold the duvet down
The words on the lips
The sticking out ribs
As I try to push my weight around

I'm sorry please witness
This act of forgiveness
It's all I can do for her to see
That I was the sad case
A mouse in the rat race
Won't somebody pass me the cheese

The size of her breasts
Like woodpeckers nests
Would comfort me on winter nights
The brains in my pants
Create milli amps
Of pleasure with seconds of delight

I'm bonkers believe me
A Federico Fellini
I'm swinging on the windmills of my mind
Where I have been ground down
I'm still walking down town
I'm leaving all this madness behind

Laid back on the couch
With me the old slouch
For an Oscar on the silent screen
There's no time to waste
As I fill my fat face
With a pizza slice and custard cream

I'm sorry I hurt you
I'm bonkers believe me