

Squeeze, Cold Shoulder

(Difford/Tilbrook)

My head was stuck in the cat flap on the door
Where I could see her walking on the kitchen floor
Down on my knees
Just like a dog
Begging for scraps that she said she hadn't got
She took her pen she poked me in the eye
As through the lock I looked to see my world inside
I kicked and swore
Void of all brain
I couldn't see that I was the one to blame

Cold shoulder
Like a slaughtered cow in a butcher's fridge
Cold shoulder
She had laid the plans where we built our bridge
To a better life
Cold shoulder

I had been chased by a hairbrush that she threw
Life was blurred when the hand of fate came into view
It smacked my face
I was released
I came back home where life became a feast

Cold shoulder
Like a slaughtered cow in a butcher's fridge
Cold shoulder
She had laid the plans where we built our bridge
To a better life
Cold shoulder
Then I fell over
Into a bush