

Squeeze, Donkey Talk

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Donkey talk

I can hear the donkey talk
Words chained out in a line
Loads of reason not much rhyme
Finger drumming beats behind
Donkey talk most of the time
The conversation peters out
So you stare down at your shoes
There's not much more to talk about
When the silence is confused
Then our eyes suddenly meet
And we choose to look away
That's just where we are today

There's no sense in hanging round
But we stand there all the same
You find a verb I pluck a noun
As the patience starts to strain
Then our words suddenly clash
As if there's so much to say
That's just where we are today

We used to stay up all night
With our eyes all bloodshot and wonky
We would hold each other tight
And talk the back legs off a donkey
But now I'm wearing its hat
We can't even laugh at that