

# Squeeze, Electric Trains

I was called a mummy's boy  
by friends I didn't like  
I made a meal of trips to school  
upon my father's bike  
I used to sit between his legs  
perched on a piece of wood  
and if it ever rained on us  
I'd slip beneath his hood

and at home, the radio was on...

from Julie Andrews  
(out of my head)  
to Jerry Garcia  
(Grateful Dead)  
life was all fun and games  
(fun and games)  
(out of my head)  
I was out of my head  
(under the bed)  
underneath my bed  
(Greatful Dead)  
playing with electric trains  
(electric trains)

at home the stereo was on  
my head was filled with rock  
I made a willow cricket bat guitar  
and solo'd round the clock  
my records stacked up in a pile  
collected from the charts  
and Top of The Pops...

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(out of my head)  
to Jerry Garcia  
(Grateful Dead)  
life was all fun and games  
(fun and games)  
(out of my head)  
I was out of my head  
(under the bed)  
underneath my bed  
(Greatful Dead)  
playing with electric trains  
(electric trains)

Kneeling with torchlight  
shining before me  
in bed with my eyeballs  
stuck in readers' wives  
pubic hairs proudly counted every day  
many took a story out into the Milky Way

I chased the girls and made them cry  
my hair grew down my back  
the passing of my teenage years  
were spent down in the sack  
I played guitar and formed a band  
I puked up all night long  
as people came to sit and stare  
while I raced through my songs

the Sound of Music passed me by

just like the Grateful Dead...

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(Grateful Dead)  
playing with electric trains  
(electric trains)

electric trains...

(out of my head)  
(under the bed)  
(Grateful Dead)  
(out of my head)  
(under the bed)  
(Grateful Dead)  
(out of my head)