

# Squeeze, Everything In The World

(Difford/Tilbrook)

There are planes coming in  
And there's planes going out  
One piece of luggage  
Goes around and round  
A lady cleans the floors  
A night guard checks his watch  
There's two lonely faces  
And one of them's the clock  
What crumbs of joy can I steal from this day  
She didn't have the time to call me and say  
If the things I'd heard were valid and true  
I've got everything in the world but you  
Everything in the world but you

I drive against traffic  
People race in to work  
I've got this expression  
That I know I deserve  
The key slides in the lock  
Who's been here in my bed  
Who's been drinking coffee  
What's this paper and pen

My nerves are ripped to shreds  
The phone rings on the floor  
But I can't pick it up  
I can't take any more  
There are planes flying in  
And there are planes flying out  
I look up to the sky  
And I'm left in no doubt