

Squeeze, F-Hole

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I wrote her name on a bar mat
She had a peculiar bonnet,
But a youngish damsel figure
With her tongue tied to a trigger,
She seemed a total killer
Her face all filled with filler,
Her face a painting palette
I stomached all her habits,
Sipped her snow balls poshly like a judge
But left her lipstick traces on her mug.
We watched each other closely
She looks like Bela Lugosi,
She asked me for a ride home
I felt around for my comb,
And in the bar room mirror
I combed right through her figure,
She wiggled through the car park
Into the pit of my heart,
Sat herself beside me in my van
A ring on every finger of her hand.

She lived down by the river
A flat the council give her,
Wallpaper very scenic
Her outlook very beatnik,
We watched the close and weather
Then through the door he entered,
Short sleeves and arms of iron
And me with just my tie on,
She said the lodger's used to this by now
I'd handled all the bull but not the cow.

Behind her velvet sofa
I found myself back sober,
She kept an old acoustic
She never ever used it,
A gift for me with a capo
A six string with an f-hole,
We made the strangest couple
A Laurel and Hardy double,
I learnt to play her favourite country songs
With one or two chords always going wrong