## Squeeze, Fingertips

(Difford/Tilbrook)

You infiltrate my every hour You bug me like a flea I only wish I had the power To cut you free of me Like some crustacean on my hull You stick with me and make life dull How can I make you see I'm in love with you You typify the things to me That I no longer do So get a grip and let me be And my life will improve Leave me alone, get off my case You're always there right in my face But that is nothing new I'm so in love with you

It's funny how I loved you like
The bottle at my lips
And when I fell off of my bike
My life had been eclipsed
By all the grief and disbelief there at your finger
At your fingertips

You hoover up the very words
I choose to throw away
I know some people never learn
So how can I complain
You hiss at me and make me shake
Like some old grumpy rattlesnake
Let's think this through again
I'm so in love with you