

# Squeeze, Hits Of The Year

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Off to the airport to check in the bags  
Proud of my suntan and good times I've had  
Laying on beaches and writing out cards  
Back to the humdrum and bashing out cars  
Into the aircraft I look for my seat  
A nervous tension builds inside me  
Onto the runway I pretend I'm elsewhere  
In minutes we're flying through the hot evening air  
Down there toy town the twinkle of lights  
The long white beaches of holiday time  
Suddenly someone has pulled out a gun  
His shout for attention has everyone stunned  
Hands on our heads there's a new kind of fear  
We're over the barrel with the hits of the year

Held up to ransom assured we'll be safe  
The yellow ribbon comes out again  
How many gods can there be in one sky  
All so important and all so involved  
Here on a trigger a disciple of fear  
As we wait without knowing if we're hits of the year