

Squeeze, King George Street

She left in the middle of the night with the kids
Wrapped in a blanket with a packet of crisps
Heading for her mother's on another estate
The kids looked up at the light and the rain
In the middle of the night
Such adventures made
For two little kids
Staying up late
It was rainy and windy
As winter was bleak
At four in the morning on King George Street

She couldn't get to sleep, where on earth had he gone?
The door opened wide and the light went on
He was drunk as a lord with a tyre marked hat
Falling in the hall on top of the cat
Singing viva espana
To a crying wife
He took a swing at the shade
On the light
They were knocking on the door
Dressed like refugees
In the pouring rain on King George Street

She won't have that behavior
In her house anymore
He's got to sober up or get kicked out of the door
Down on the corner, the kids at his feet
As Daddy comes home on King George Street
As Daddy comes home

They stood around the kettle and watched as it brewed
Sneezing into hankies hands all blue
The next evening he came around to the house
With a bunch of flowers; they locked him out
He peered through the window
Mouthed words in the air
Her lips to a cup
She saw him out there
The kids came running
But were they happy to see
Their Daddy back home on King George Street?
Their Daddy back home on King George Street.