

# Squeeze, Long Face

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I'd lost the plot and roamed around  
Looked in the shops and hit the town  
My head was stuffed with words and aches  
I felt so rough and out of shape  
The clouds puffed up like bags of sweets  
That's just my luck, I couldn't eat  
My guts were full of churning fear  
With so much bull I had to clear  
When she said stuff yourself, don't be a clown  
Paint your wagon and take yourself right out of town  
What's this long face that keeps on  
Hanging around

She wouldn't say, I couldn't tell  
Was this the day I'd go to hell  
I sulked around in such a mood  
Until I found the one I'd screwed  
And then it came as clear as mud  
I was the pain that boiled the blood  
And saw the faults where there were none  
Deep in the vaults where love begun

When she said stuff yourself, don't be a clown  
Paint your wagon and take yourself right out of town  
What's this long face that keeps on  
Hanging around  
Then she said get a grip and shake this mood  
Get a life and find yourself some attitude  
What's this long face that keeps on  
Hanging around