

# Squeeze, Messed Around

(Difford/Tilbrook)

She wants to give up love for good  
She kicks the fence and splits the wood,  
She cries her eyes out in the rain  
She swears aloud and so again,  
She feels messed around.

She takes her coat off as it pours  
The passing daytime she ignores,  
Sits with a problem on a bench  
And with her heel she digs a trench,  
She feels messed around.

She rips her skirt and tears her dress  
Climbing over his garden fence,  
Mud on her mourning as tears still fall  
She's in no mood for his love at all,  
She feels messed around

Her door won't shut, her match won't light,  
The bulb went out, her skirts too tight,  
She feels messed around.  
The words don't match, her heart won't heal,  
The phone won't pip, her fruit won't peel,  
She feels messed around.

She left herself open for him all the time  
But always kept off of his cloud,  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Have come to mess her around.