

# Squeeze, Misadventure

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Hitched a hiker  
Up above the border  
She'd spent some time  
In Morocco and Gibraltar  
And stole my wallet  
With a picture of my misses  
With fond remembrance  
Of everything with kisses  
From the Isle of Dogs  
To the Egyptian sands  
Where the Arabs chew on dates  
And I haven't forgot what it's like to be  
With misadventure and her mates

I miss the East End  
High up on the Khyber  
And I'm the target  
For a dozen rebel snipers  
It's not so bad though  
With some beers in the freezer  
And something fancy  
In the airconditioned sleeper

In moving carpets  
Through the customs at Dover  
Thinking my journey  
Was going to be over  
Then they discovered  
A shipment of Moroccan  
And said excuse me sir  
There's something you've forgotten