

# Squeeze, Peyton Place

(Difford/Tilbrook)

In Peyton Place my heart now beats  
And floor boards creak where an angel sleeps  
Her hair hung across her face  
Like a bush hangs across a wall  
She was short with a tidy smile  
I could hear temptation call  
From a fly in her ointment  
To the big feather in her cap  
It's a small world we discover  
I had once worked for her dad  
I was in gear making up stories  
And we laughed at each other's tales  
I watched her lips I wanted to kiss them  
My train of thought went off the rails

In Peyton Place my heart now beats  
And floor boards creak where an angel sleeps  
In Peyton Place  
I lie awake and hear the sound  
That the angels make  
In Peyton Place

The party was now ending  
So she gave me a lift back home  
Somehow I felt so nervous  
She drove so slowly on the road  
Next thing I knew she was in my arms  
Her hair was all over my face  
I brushed it aside she invited me in  
Now my heart beats in Peyton Place

Her hair hung across her face like  
A bush hangs across a wall