## Squeeze, Play On

(Difford/Tilbrook)

He wants to be glorified And swallowed in fame He wants to be a hero Like Kurt Cobain Playing his guitar With it hung round his knees The tour bus syndrome The touring disease He stands like a soldier He's ready to charge The young girls he sleeps with Are all a mirage He wants to be wanted But doesn't know why Reality curtains Black out a blue sky

Play on play on and eat up the sun Pop up to London and soak up the fun Play on play on with gathering speed Its Saturday night As the ears start to bleed

He wants to be famous a
And fall when he's young
Climbing up ladders
Without any rungs
Ill in the morning
And wasted all day
Looking demented
With not much to say

He pulls out a woman From under his bed Her eyes are like cherries That spin in her head If he hits the jackpot He's in the top ten