

# Squeeze, Points Of View

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I'm impossible she's exciting  
Bound together with joined up writing  
In the Church  
I heard a bell ring  
In a bar  
I heard a girl sing  
She sings solo I see double  
Moments vanish her love so subtle  
I went home  
It's not surprising  
Words were few  
And realising  
I was deep in my points of view  
So interested to talk to you talk to you  
She's romantic and I'm selected  
Glances swapped and thoughts collected  
By her song  
It's not her singing  
Words were few  
The bell was ringing  
On the table my cards are shuffled  
Words take time to get so muddled  
I'm off home  
I'm shy but eager  
Tomorrow comes  
I hope to see her  
On the stage with her velvet voice  
Though some would say that it's just a noise  
I bit off more than I could chew  
So interested in my points of view points of view

Trial and Jury swear on the Bible  
I'm too drunk and unreliable  
I'm too drunk  
For conversation  
Though I wait for invitation  
She's exciting I'm uninvited  
Fifteen rounds this love I've fought  
I'll walk home  
And curse the heavens  
Lost on points  
Our love was flattened  
Maybe she had other things to do  
And didn't want any points of view