

# Squeeze, She Doesn't Have To Shave

(Difford/Tilbrook)

She was washing the dishes  
When she burst into tears  
It was the time of the month  
She was up to her ears  
I put my arms round her neck  
I said sit down a while  
Cry as much as you like  
I'll do the dishes  
Tell me what's on your mind  
There's a boiling point  
That you're bound to reach  
When it's all your fault  
And you're half asleep.  
She's lucky she doesn't have to shave  
I'm so lucky I'm not doubled up with pain

Her eyes were like pools  
Filled with newly wed tears  
She was sat doubled up  
With her hands on her ears  
I felt useless  
I smiled and I shrugged  
I was sweet as could be  
As I poured her some milk  
Here was my flower  
That was ready to wilt

A fairy tale finish  
We flaked out on the floor  
It was match of the day  
On the TV what's more  
I fell asleep at half time  
We had had a right result  
It was kisses and hugs  
At the end of the day  
She's the one that I love