

Squeeze, The Prisoner

(Difford/Tilbrook)

He's taking her away
He's acting like a general
Generally his game is so familiar
He wants her to play
With a toaster and a kettle
While he spends his day
Miles from the prisoner
She reads the stars he reads the sun
No wonder his IQ is below 21

He's helping her to see
How happy she is looking
Take it that he'll be
No icing on her cake
O how happy she would be
If someone did the cooking
He's helping her to see
How a marriage can be baked

Baked like a cake but without the file
The tool that she needs to make her life worthwhile

She's not a prisoner alone doing time
To love and to cherish for all of her life
To have and to hold, to lock up inside
What can this man know about her heart
To love, til death do us part

He's looking everywhere
She is nowhere to be found
And suddenly he cares
His dinner's looking burnt
There's a smell in the air
There's a prisoner in town,
He sits down in his chair
His face fills with concern
Concerned that he might not eat tonight
She's broken out of jail and run for her life