

Squeeze, Tongue Like A Knife

(Difford/Tilbrook)

The head of a hunt on the wall by a painting
An upright piano stood locked by the door
In through the window
The light was fast fading
While I spilt my whiskey
All over the floor
Making a mess of my words so
I was trying
To impress the Empress with
My wimpy tales
Fanning her face from cigar smoke
And sighing
I had come close to be miles
From her trail

She was the jewel that
Sparkled in darkness
She was the love
Of everyone's life
She was the catch at
Everyone's parties
She was the one with a tongue
Like a knife

Her bosoms curved perfectly
Lit by the fire
My mind launched away
In a sea of its own
Her grace and her tightness
I had to admire
Through a whore's breath of stories
I happily told

Trespassing my hand
Fell into hot water
She shot like a bullet
Right out of her chair
She led me away and I
Was then slaughtered
By the warmth of her body
And her love and care

Her tongue cut away
And the wounds slowly opened
I lay on the sails of the
Ship of romance
Drunk as I could be and
Broker than broken and
The head of my hunt
Was there in my hands