

Squeeze, Vicky Verky

(Difford/Tilbrook)

With her hair up in his fingers
The fish and chips smell lingers
Under amber streetlamps
She holds the law in her hands
The moistness of the damp night
Falls silent through the lamplight
Although she's only fourteen
She really knows her courting
And up the railway sidings
There's him and her
They're lying
Hand in hand they whisper
You're my missus and I'm your mister
The moon as white and virgin
And she was on the turning
Remember your first nibble
When best friends were so little

They really trooped the colours
When walking with each other
And all her mates would giggle
As ladylike she'd wiggle
All along the high street
They'd splash out on an ice cream
He'd sometimes really treat her
But he'd done his mother's meter

Well he went off to Borstal
He said that he was forced to
Rob the flats of Hi Fi's
Cuz she was ill
And she would cry
Each morning she got sicker
Her mother sometimes hit her
If she'd have known the story
She would have been so sorry

He received a letter and admitted it
There was nothing else to do but get rid of it
Lonely in his dormitory
He'd sit and stare
If this is for real
And is it really fair

Summer came so they went
Down to the coast in his tent
She cooked upon his primus
And sampled local cider
She told him in his rucksack
I think I want that chance back
To be perhaps the one who
Will forever love you