

# Squeeze, Walk Away

(Difford/Tilbrook)

A black and white photograph  
Of me up the garden path  
Wrapped up in my football scarf  
It sits here in my hand  
And there mother smothered me  
And how she would mother me  
She knew how to suffer me  
Like all mothers can  
Now she is everywhere  
The comb that runs through my hair  
My posture on a chair  
But that's not who I am  
He ran from the arguments  
And sat on the garden fence  
And lived in the passing tense  
That fell from her lips  
He tended the house so well  
And each time she rang his bell  
He'd climb back from where he fell  
And gathered his wits  
Now I fear the mold is mine  
A vibration shakes my spine  
As I walk the crooked line  
Reality hits

So let me walk free from you  
You know that you want me to  
Let me try something new  
Let me walk away

If it's not one thing it's your mother  
How I love her  
How I love her  
How I love her  
But it's not so easy to say  
Please won't you let me walk away  
Let me walk away  
Let me walk away

So let me walk on my own  
And finish my ice cream cone  
If we are to make it home  
Then all will be well  
Look see I'm a father now  
I'm raising my own eyebrow  
And being in my own row  
And making life hell  
This is me, see here I am  
Doing the best that I can  
This life has a subtle plan  
But you couldn't tell