

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