

# Squeeze, Wicked And Cruel

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I had the rug pulled from under my feet  
But I didn't feel a thing  
I can't believe the luck I seem to have  
And the joy that good luck brings  
When I die I'll return as a housefly  
And land upon her wall  
So I can see who she'll end up with  
If it's anyone at all  
Did I say that  
How could anyone be so wicked and cruel  
I sat and listened to the radio  
A landscape of moving noise  
She was busy looking through the curtains  
Her nose in a distant void  
Then I thought I would come back as a spider  
Because she hates them so much  
They get sprayed down the bathroom plughole  
Can I expect the same touch  
Maybe not then  
Because beneath it all we're wicked and cruel

Shut up, listen to the radio

I can't help feeling I've been stepped on  
She likes to kick like a mule  
Did I say that  
How could anyone be so wicked and cruel

If I come back as her would I love me  
How could anyone be so wicked and cruel

She likes to think I'm a fool  
Two fools in love  
How could anyone be so wicked and cruel