

Squeeze, Wicked & 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