Long Face

Squeeze

I'd lost the plot and roamed around
Looked in the shops and hit the town
My head was stuffed with words and aches
I felt so rough and out of shape
The clouds puffed up like bags of sweets
That's just my luck, I couldn't eat
My guts were full of churning fear
With so much bull I had to clear
When she said stuff yourself, don't be a clown
Paint your wagon and take yourself right out of town
What's this long face that keeps on
Hanging aroundShe wouldn't say, I couldn't tell
Was this the day I'd go to hell
I sulked around in such a mood
Until I found the one I'd screwed
And then it came as clear as mud
I was the pain that boiled the blood
And saw the faults where there were none
Deep in the vaults where love begunWhen she said stuff yourself, don't be a clown
Paint your wagon and take yourself right out of town
What's this long face that keeps on
Hanging around
Then she said get a grip and shake this mood
Get a life and find yourself some attitude
What's this long face that keeps on
Hanging around

Songwriters
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