It's Not Cricket

Squeeze

She used to do a topless down at the Surrey Docks
With tassels on her whatsits she did a t'riffic job
Of raising all the eyebrows of every lunchtime mob
She went with all the tossers who kick about a ball
They say their club's the greatest, and she has kissed them all
At the Arndale Center, she's up against the wall
I can't name names cause that's not cricket
I can't name names that would put me in it
But that's another story in the finish
I saw them at the pictures a tangled heap of love
He had so many women, but only classy stuff
I saw him at the clinic, a pink card up his cuff
One holiday in Bognor a stag night hit the town
The groom is in the car park with his trousers down
But that's another story that won't be going round
I can't name names cause that's not cricket
I can't name names that would put me in it
But that's another story in the finishThe Deptford had a beano to Southend for the night
With forty crates of lager, to see the Southend lights
The got home for their breakfast pissed out of their minds
This girl gave me the minces so I asked her for a dance
And in the death I kissed her and so I took a chance
And when I went to touch her, she tried to break my arm
I can't name names cause that's not cricket
I can't name names that would put me in it
But that's another story in the finish

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