

# 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 finish  
The 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

Songwriters

DIFFORD, CHRISTOPHER HENRY / TILBROOK, GLENN MARTIN

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