Haywire

Squeeze

I'm thinking about the images
Stored in my memory bank
I'm lost inside a paradise
My mind goes all blank
And on the floor a leopard skin
Ooo she's all legs and lips
I've one ear on the kitchen door
Where dad was preparing drinks
My hormones have gone haywire
My temperature is right off the gauge
I'm so scared my mum will find out
What I'm doing so I quickly turn the page
I'm thinking about the images That I had inside my head
There's not much to imagine
To that centre spread
She looks at me seductively
Ooo I feel something new
There's steam coming out of my ears
My toes curl in my shoes
In a covert operation
I head towards the shops
I had a fascination
That I didn't want to stop
Inside a comic a magazine
Then I walked out of the door
And swiftly made my way home
I'm thinking about the images
My teenage self enjoyed
Those dangerous excursions
Took the man out of the boy
The women I encountered there
Became good friends and stuck
Together in the pages to see
A teenage boy thunderstruck

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