

# Points of View

## Squeeze

I'm impossible she's exciting  
Bound together with joined up writing  
In the church I heard a bell ring  
In a bar I heard a girl singShe sings solo, I see double  
Moments vanish, her love so subtle  
I went home it's not surprising  
Words were few and realizingI was deep in my points of view  
So interested to talk to you, talk to you  
Talk to you, talk to you, talk to youShe's romantic and I'm selected  
Glances swapped and thoughts collected  
By her song it's not her singing  
Words were few the bell was ringingOn the table my cards are shuffled  
Words take time to get so muddled  
I'm off home, I'm shy but eager  
Tomorrow comes I hope to see herOn the stage with her velvet voice  
Though some would say that it's just a noise  
Just a noise, just a noise, just a noise, just a noiseI bit off more than I could chew  
So interested in my points of viewTrial and jury swear on the bible  
I'm too drunk and unreliable  
I'm too drunk for conversation  
Though I wait for invitationShe's exciting I'm uninvited  
Fifteen rounds this love I've fighted  
I'll walk home and curse the heavens  
Lost on points our love was flattenedMaybe she had other things to do  
And didn't want any points of view  
Points of view, points of view  
Points of view, points of viewOh, maybe she had other things to do  
And didn't want any points of view  
Points of view, points of view

Songwriters  
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