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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