F-Hole

Squeeze

I wrote her name on a bar-mat, she had a peculiar bonnet
But a youngish damsel figure, with her tongue tied to a trigger
She seemed a total killer, her face all filled with filler
Her face a painting palette, I stomached all her habits
Sipped her snow balls poshly like a judge
But left her lipstick traces on her mugWe watched each other closely, she looks like Bela Lugosi
She asked me for a ride home, I felt around for my comb
And in the bar room mirror, I combed right through her figure
She wiggled through the car park into the pit of my heart
Sat herself beside me in my van
A ring on every finger of her handShe lived down by the river, a flat the council give her
Wallpaper very scenic, her outlook very beatnik
We watched the close and weather
Then through the door he entered
Short sleeves and arms of iron, and me with just my tie on
She said, "The lodgers used to this by now
Id handled all the bull but not the cow"Behind her velvet sofa, I found myself back sober
She kept an old acoustic, she never ever used it
A gift for me with a capo, a six string with an F-hole
We made the strangest couple, a Laurel and Hardy double
I learnt to play her favorite country songs
With one or two chords always going wrong

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