Someone Else's Bell

Squeeze

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(difford/tilbrook)We talk about each other
On our wrap around couch,
And live out all the romance
In our little town house.
I never fit the shower
And she never sews the threads,
And so we find our feelings
In other people's beds.
And if the grass seems greener,
But it turns out to be blue
The garden of eden isn't quite the place for you.
Don't be surprised if I'm gone under the spell,
Of some other witches' wand
Ringing someone else's bell.Meeting on the motorway
Your lover boy blue,
Steaming up the windows
With your last breath of youth.
Don't you think I see it
Your handbag's full of notes,
I'm feeling like the punch line
In someone's private joke.Our eyes don't seem to contact
Never much to say,
Except perhaps excuse me
Or pass me the ashtray.
I see him waiting for you
As you go off to work,
I'm left to draw conclusions
While I button up my shirt.

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