

King George Street

Squeeze

She left in the middle of the night with the kids
 Wrapped in a blanket with a packet of crisps
 Heading for her mothers on another estate
 The kids looked up at the light and the rain
In the middle of the night such adventures made
 For two little kids staying up late
 It was rainy and windy as winter was bleak
 At four in the morning on King George Street
She couldn't get to sleep where on Earth had he gone
 The door opened wide and the light went on
 He was drunk as a lord with a tyre mark hat
 Falling in the hall on top of the cat
 Singing Viva Espana to a crying wife
 He took a swing at the shade on the light
They were knocking on the doors dressed like refugees
In the pouring rain on King George StreetShe won't have that behaviour in her house any more
 He's got to sober up or be kicked out of the door
 Down on the corner the kids at his feet
 As daddy comes home on King George Street
As daddy comes homeThey stood around the kettle and watched as it brewed
 Sneezing into hankies hands all blue
 The next evening he came around to the house
 With a bunch of flowers they locked him out
 He peered through the window
 Mouthed words in the air
 Her lips to a cup she saw him out there
The kids came running but were they happy to see
 Their daddy back home on King George Street
 Their daddy back home on King George Street

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