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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