Electric Trains

Squeeze

When I was crowned a Mummy's boy by friends I didn't like
I made a meal of trips to school upon my father's bike
I used to sit between his legs, perched on a piece of wood
If it ever rained on us, I'd slip beneath his hood
And at home the radio was onFrom Julie Andrews to Jerry Garcia
Life was all fun and games
I was out of my head and underneath my bed
Playing with electric trainsAt home the stereo was on, my head was filled with rock
I played a willow cricket bat guitar and soloed round the clock
My records stacked up in a pile
Collected from the charts and top of the popsFrom Julie Andrews to Jerry Garcia
Life was all fun and games
I was out of my head and underneath my bed
Playing with electric trainsKneeling with torchlight shining before me in bed
With my eyeballs stuck in readers wives
Pubic hairs proudly counted everyday
Manhood took me slowly out into the milky wayI chased the girls and made them cry, my hair grew down my back
The passing of my teenage years were spent down in the sack
I played guitar and formed a band, I puked up all night long
As people came to sit and stare while I raced through my songs
The sound of music passed me by just like the grateful deadFrom Julie Andrews to Jerry Garcia
Life was all fun and games
I was out of my head and underneath my bed
Playing with electric trains
Electric trains

Songwriters
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