Piccadilly

Squeeze

She's not a picture above somebody's fire
She sits in a towel with a purple hair dryer
She waits to get even with meShe hooks up her cupcakes and puts on her jumper
Explains that she'll be late to a worryin' mother
She meets me in PiccadillyA begging folk singer stands tall by the entrance
His song relays worlds of most good intentions
A fiver a ten P in his hat for collectionShe talks about office, she talks about dresses
She's seen one she fancies her smile is impressing
So maybe I'll treat her somedayWe queue among strangers and strange conversation
Love's on the lips of all forms of engagements
All queuing to see tonight's playA man behind me talks to his young lady
He's happy that she is expecting his baby
His wife won't be pleased but she's not been round latelyThe girl was so dreadful we left in a hurry
Escaped in the rain for an Indian curry
At the candle lit Taj MahalMy lips to a napkin, I called for a taxi
The invite of eyes made it tense but relaxed me
My mind took a devious roleThe cab took us home through a night I'd not noticed
The neon club lights of adult films and Trini Lopez
My arm around love but my acting was hopelessWe crept like two thieves from the kettle to the fire
We kissed to the sound of the silence that we'd hired
Now captured, your love in my armsA door opened slightly a voice spoke in worry
Mum went to bed without wind of the curry
Our secret love made its advanceLike Adam and Eve we took bite on the apple
Loose change in my pocket, it started to rattle
Her heart like a gun was just half of the battle
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