The Prisoner

Squeeze

He's taking her away, he's acting like a general
Generally, his game is so familiar
He wants her to play with a toaster and a kettle
While he spends his day miles from the prisonerShe reads the stars, he reads the sun
No wonder his IQ is below twenty-oneHe's helping her to see how happy she is looking
Take it that he'll be no icing on her cake
Oh, how happy she would be if someone did the cooking
He's helping her to see how a marriage can be bakedBaked like a cake but without the file
The tool that she needs to make her life worthwhileShe's not a prisoner alone doing time
To love and to cherish for all of her life
To have and to hold, to lock up inside
What can this man know about her heart?
To love til death do us partHe's looking everywhere, she's nowhere to be found
And suddenly he cares his dinner's looking burnt
There's a smell in the air, there's a prisoner in town
He breaks down in his chair, his face fills with concernConcerned that he might not eat tonight
She's broken out of jail and run for her lifeShe's not a prisoner alone doing time
To love and to cherish for all of her life
To have and to hold, to lock up inside
What can this man know about her heart?
To love til death do us partShe's not a prisoner alone doing time
To love and to cherish for all of her life
To have and to hold, to lock up inside
She's not a prisoner, she's not a prisoner
She's not a, she's not a

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