Up The Junction

Squeeze

I never thought it would happen
With me and the girl from Clapham
Out on a windy common
That night I ain't forgottenWhen she dealt out the rations
With some or other passions
I said, "You are a lady"
Perhaps she said, "I may be"We moved into a basement
With thoughts of our engagement
We stayed in by the telly
Although the room was smellyWe spent our time just kissing
The railway arms we're missing
But love had got us hooked up
And all our time it took upI got a job with Stanley
He said I'd come in handy
And started me on Monday
So I had a bath on SundayI worked eleven hours
And bought the girl some flowers
She said she'd seen a doctor
And nothing now could stop herI worked all through the winter
The weather brass and bitter
I put away a tenner
Each week to make her betterAnd when the time was ready
We had to sell the telly
Late evenings by the fire
With little kicks inside herThis morning at 4:50
I took her rather nifty
Down to an incubator
Where thirty minutes laterShe gave birth to a daughter
Within a year a walker
She looked just like her mother
If there could be anotherAnd now she's two years older
Her mother's with a soldier
She left me when my drinking
Became a proper stingingThe devil came and took me
From bar to street to bookie
No more nights by the telly
No more nights nappies smellingAlone here in the kitchen
I feel there's something missing
I'd beg for some forgiveness

But begging is not my businessAnd she won't write a letter
Although I always tell her
And so it's my assumption
I'm really up the junction

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