Heaven

Squeeze

(difford/tilbrook)Bar illuminations shiver
Shadows on the street
The cypriot sailors
Find the world back at their feet
Endless days of tobacco nights by the radio
I wonder if they'll ever go to heaven
The beer mats are wading
In a table of froth
The bar girl is serving
With a check drying cloth
She'll bend over backwards even though she's knackered
I wonder if there'll have her up in heavenLike the sailors I walk home, it's six a.m.
Heaven's round the corner in a comfortable bed
And I love her.The officers and seamen
Elbow places at the bar
Words that tempt the goddess
Don't leave beats upon the heart
But she'll service his pleasure
And never know the treasure
That his wife keeps forever up in heaven

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