

# Honeytrap

## Squeeze

The closest that I got to smart  
When I was walking through the car park  
My first romance was in full spark  
And in my tonic suit  
I took a sneaky route  
Past the empty washing lines  
To the sheds where all the bells would chime  
I loved the suits and shiny shoes  
The braces that I'd never use  
And so much more than just a muse  
She was my heart and soul  
Like the sausage in a roll  
But I couldn't stay out late  
I'd be flat out on the ropes again  
The sun went down on all of that  
I folded up the pink cravat  
Behind the door my pork pie hat  
The Brut back in the box  
My eyes towards the gods  
But she left me with a void  
That I filled with brand new corduroys

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