

What the Butler Saw

Squeeze

Pacing through the flickering light
A velvet patch upon his eye
His pacing creaks the floorboards loose
As he tailors his thoughts for the truth around truths
But his butler keeps eyes through a hole in the door
What the butler don't see ain't a lot that's for sure
Francesca lays across the couch
They fight with words from mouth to mouth
And then with handfuls of her flesh
See how the zipper broke off of her dress
Strangling her neck with his hands in her gloves
The port and the brandy mix cocktails of love
The porch light, the torchlight
The frosted morning lawn
The cloak of daylight has finally been drawn
On the tale of what the butler saw
He kept his world all to himself
And locked it tight inside his belt
But she preferred his belt undone
She bathed in his fortune but never his fun
He cracked on a mixture of opera and drink
The butler still fetches and carries for him
The butler dragged down to the lake
Francesca's body in a cape
No private eye was gonna trace this
The old man was shaking, his marbles were missed
The shadows and footprints and flickering lights
The butler's up late with a cold in his eye

Songwriters

TILBROOK, GLENN MARTIN / DIFFORD, CHRISTOPHER HENRY Published by

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