

# Cold Shoulder

## Squeeze

My head was stuck in the cat flap on the door  
Where I could see her walking on the kitchen floor  
Down on my knees just like a dog  
Begging for scraps that she said she hadn't got  
She took her pen, she poked me in the eye  
As through the lock I looked to see my world inside  
I kicked and swore, void of all brain  
I couldn't see that I was the one to blame  
Cold shoulder like a slaughtered cow  
In a butcher's fridge  
Cold shoulder, she had laid the plans  
Where we built our bridge  
To a better life, cold shoulder  
I had been chased by a hairbrush that she threw  
Life was blurred when the hand of fate came into view  
It smacked my face, I was released  
I came back home where life became a feast

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