

King George Street

Squeeze

She left in the middle of the night with the kids
 Wrapped in a blanket with a packet of crisps
 Heading for her mother's on another estate
 The kids looked up at the light and the rain
 In the middle of the night
 Such adventures made
 For two little kids
 Staying up late
 It was rainy and windy
 As winter was bleak
 At four in the morning on King George Street
 She couldn't get to sleep, where on earth had he gone?
 The door opened wide and the light went on
 He was drunk as a lord with a tyre marked hat
 Falling in the hall on top of the cat
 Singing viva espana
 To a crying wife
 He took a swing at the shade
 On the light
 They were knocking on the door
 Dressed like refugees
 In the pouring rain on King George StreetShe won't have that behavior
 In her house anymore
 He's got to sober up or get kicked out of the door
 Down on the corner, the kids at his feet
 As Daddy comes home on King George Street
 As Daddy comes home
 They stood around the kettle and watched as it brewed
 Sneezing into hankies hands all blue
 The next evening he came around to the house
 With a bunch of flowers; they locked him out
 He peered through the window
 Mouthed words in the air
 Her lips to a cup
 She saw him out there
 The kids came running
 But were they happy to see
 Their Daddy back home on King George Street?
 Their Daddy back home on King George Street.

