

Squeeze "Hits of The Year"

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Off to the airport to check in the bags
Proud of my suntan, good times I've had
Laying on beaches and writing out cards
Back to the humdrum and bashing out cars

Into the aircraft, I look for my seat
A nervous tension builds inside me
Onto the runway I pretend I'm elsewhere
In minutes we're flying through the hot evening air

Down there toy town the twinkle of lights
The long white beaches of holiday time
Suddenly someone has pulled out a gun
His shout for attention had everyone stunned
Hands on our heads, there's a new kind of fear
We're over a barrel with the hits of the year

Held up to ransom, assured we'll be safe
The yellow ribbon comes out again
How many gods can there be in one sky
All so important and all so involved
Here on the trigger a disciple of fear
We wait without knowing if we're hits of the year

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