

## Squeeze "King George Street"

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She left in the middle of the night with the kids  
Wrapped in a blanket with a packet of crisps  
Heading for her mothers 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, 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 mark 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 doors dressed like  
refugees  
In the pouring rain on King George Street

She won't have that behavior in her house any more  
He's got to sober up or be 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

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