

## Squeeze "Misadventure"

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Hitched a hiker up above the border  
She'd spent some time in Morocco and Gibraltar  
And stole my wallet with a picture of my missus  
With fond remembrance of everything with kisses

From the Isle of Dogs to the Egyptian sands  
Where the Arabs chew on dates  
And I haven't forgot what it's like to be  
With misadventure and her mates  
Misadventure and her mates

I miss the East End high up on the Khyber  
And I'm the target for a dozen rebel snipers  
It's not so bad though with some beers in the freezer  
And something fancy in the air conditioned sleeper

From the Isle of Dogs to the Egyptian sands  
Where the Arabs chew on dates  
And I haven't forgot what it's like to be  
With misadventure and her mates  
Misadventure and her mates

I'm moving carpets through the customs at Dover  
Thinking my journey was going to be over  
Then they discovered a shipment of Moroccan  
And said, "Excuse me sir, there's something you've forgotten"

From the Isle of Dogs to the Egyptian sands  
Where the Arabs chew on dates  
And I haven't forgot what it's like to be  
With misadventure and her mates  
Behind prisoned walls and gates

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