

Squeeze "Spanish Guitar"

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Talking to demons that fly through the room
When I'm home late and she's gone out of tune
No more excuses, I'm being locked out
The key to her heart will never be found

I can't get close to the one that I love
I try to reason but that's not enough
It was all right then, love was there in a friend

Cold nights on sofas, the birds sing all night
Their song my story which sums up my life
The life I'm losing, the love I'll regret
No sheets, no pillows to make up by bed

Upon the toilet I think very hard
Love's in the tune of my Spanish guitar
And we're together now, harmony's been found

And the Spanish guitar can play
Strum, strum, strumming away
She's the guitar that went out of tune
But now she's in love with you
In love with you, in love with you

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