

Cat On A Wall

Squeeze

First thing you know, she's zipping out of jeans
And slipping on a ladies skirt
She talks about him once there was a dream
Now everybody's passing the word

Hooking on to sad eyes
Stepping down in the hall
If you tell her she's funny
She stops like a cat on a wall

She comes home to her bedsitting world
Everything is slung on the bed
Boy magazines with no mention of girls
Maybe you'll be on there instead

Hooking on to sad eyes
Stepping down in the hall
If you tell her she's funny
She stops like a cat on a wall

Last thing you see a mirror smashed in her face
She's smelling like a flower in spring
The door's on the latch and she's dragging a case
Full of silver bracelets and rings

Hooking on to sad eyes
Stepping down in the hall
If you tell her she's funny
She stops like a cat on a wall

Stop!