

## Electric Trains

Squeeze

When I was crowned a mummy's boy by friends I didn't like  
I made a meal of trips to school upon my father's bike  
I used to sit between his legs, perched on a piece of wood  
If it ever rained on us, I'd slip beneath his hood  
And at home the radio was on  
From Julie Andrews to Jerry Garcia  
Life was all fun and games  
I was out of my head and underneath my bed  
Playing with electric trains

At home the stereo was on  
My head was filled with rock  
I played a willow cricket bat guitar  
And soloed round the clock  
My records stacked up in a pile  
Collected from the charts  
And Top of the Pops

Kneeling with torchlight shining  
Before me in my bed  
My eyeballs stuck in readers wives  
Pubic hairs proudly counted everyday  
Manhood took me slowly  
Out into the milky way

I chased the girls and made them cry  
My hair grew down my back  
The passing of my teenage years  
Were spent down in the sack  
I played guitar and formed a band  
I puked up all night long

As people came to sit and stare  
While I raced through my songs  
The sound of music passed by me  
Just like the Grateful Dead