

Everything in the World

Squeeze

There are planes coming in
And there's planes going out
One piece of luggage
Goes around and round
A lady cleans the floors
A night guard checks his watch
There's two lonely faces
And one of them's the clock
What crumbs of joy can I steal from this day
She didn't have the time to call me and say
If the things I'd heard were valid and true
I've got everything in the world but you
Everything in the world but you

I drive against traffic
People race in to work
I've got this expression
That I know I deserve
The key slides in the lock
Who's been here in my bed
Who's been drinking coffee
What's this paper and pen

My nerves are ripped to shreds
The phone rings on the floor
But I can't pick it up
I can't take any more
There are planes flying in
And there are planes flying out
I look up to the sky
And I'm left in no doubt