

Misadventure

Squeeze

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

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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"

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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