

Short Break

Squeeze

He raped her with his eyes the minute she walked into the office as she stretched to hang her coat behind the door he beamed a smile so big she could have filled it with helium and flown off across the countryside he tried very hard to invite her out for lunch but like most women she could sense the underlying note of danger her instincts kept him at a safe distance and then he made her a coffee and the steam rose across her face
It could be you it could be me
We'll have to wait we'll have to see
It's all for sale now that it's time
To take a short break

The sensation of safety and the little boy ambition to drive around
Mountain roads makes a woman mad for attention she hides the car keys he turns the place upside down and then looks out the window through the french blinds to see the car off in the distance a cloud of country dust feathers the sunlight as she smiles into the windscreen what can he do but wait patiently folding a coin through his fingers

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There she is again this time with a pair of jeans being pulled slowly up over the curves of her body he plays guitar in the rocking chair these are the jeans of our forefathers these are the jeans of the 21st century because this is the new world where television and eye become one as we look down the digital telescope into the future and now it's time for a short break
It could be you it could be me
We'll have to wait we'll have to see
It's all for sale now that it's time
It's lighter than air
Whiter than white draft in a can
The price is right save as you go
The drive of your life it's good to talk