

Every Story

Squeeze

Scratch cards and dreaming of houses in the sun
The reality of Monday isn't so much fun
Kids think they're adults and the adults think they're young
From a whisper to a beat on the jungle drums

By the river bend in the city
That's where I call home
Where every story has a twist
Every one from top dogs to the street
A chapter where we live each day
Where walls have ears and gossip has feet
Where relatives and friends are near
You could do much worse than being here

Around the corner are the houses on the hill
And in every kitchen cupboard there are beans to spill
It's like reading runes knowing how the stories faked
And some theories are half baked
But I'll stay here still