

# Haywire

Squeeze

I'm thinking about the images  
Stored in my memory bank  
I'm lost inside a paradise  
My mind goes all blank  
And on the floor a leopard skin  
Ooh she's all legs and lips  
I've one ear on the kitchen door  
Where dad was preparing drinks

My hormones have gone haywire  
My temperature is right off the gauge  
I'm so scared my mum will find out  
What I'm doing so I quickly turn the page

I'm thinking about the images  
That I had inside my head  
There's not much to imagine  
To that centre spread  
She looks at me seductively  
Ooh, I feel something new  
There's steam coming out of my ears  
My toes curl in my shoes

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In a covert operation  
I head towards the shops  
I had a fascination  
That I didn't want to stop  
Inside a comic a magazine  
Then I walked out of the door  
And swiftly made my way home

I'm thinking about the images  
My teenage self enjoyed  
Those dangerous excursions  
Took the man out of the boy  
The women I encountered there  
Became good friends and stuck  
Together in the pages to see  
A teenage boy thunderstruck

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