

Splitting Into Three

Squeeze

My dad he drives a tipper
For the factory down the lane
And every june or july
He takes two weeks in spain
He hangs his dirty trousers
Behind the bathroom door
Where his girlfriend puts her hair up
Bath water on the floor
My dad goes down the river
Each sunday with his boat
And him with roy and kevin
Drop beer crates on a rope
He comes back from the river
But his girlfriend's up the pub
So all this fish go flying
And he storms out in a huff

My dad liked lulu and my mum liked simon dee
We used to sit together and watch them on tv
Then one day it's over and we're splitting into three

Sometimes I stay with my mum
Her boyfriend's such a sap
He once bought me a new rod
That I gave to my dad
He makes out that he likes me
I know it isn't true
He's got some stupid stories
About the teds he knew

My dad and me went drinking
My mum turned up alone
She said she couldn't take it
His car bits in the home
I heard them arrange a meeting
For later in the day
I wonder if they'll make up
And be in love again

I can see my mum in his arms
A smile upon her face
I never thought they'd ever make up
And be in love again