

Squeeze – Electric trains (1995)

When I was crowned a mummy's boy by friends I didn't like
I made a meal of trips to school upon my father's bike
I used to sit between his legs, perched on a piece of wood
If it ever rained on us, I'd slip beneath his hood
And at home the radio was on
From Julie Andrews to Jerry Garcia
Life was all fun and games
I was out of my head and underneath my bed
Playing with electric trains

At home the stereo was on
My head was filled with rock
I played a willow cricket bat guitar
And soloed round the clock
My records stacked up in a pile
Collected from the charts
And Top of the Pops

Kneeling with torchlight shining
Before me in my bed
My eyeballs stuck in readers wives
Pubic hairs proudly counted everyday
Manhood took me slowly
Out into the milky way

I chased the girls and made them cry
My hair grew down my back
The passing of my teenage years
Were spent down in the sack
I played guitar and formed a band
I puked up all night long

As people came to sit and stare
While I raced through my songs
The sound of music passed by me
Just like the Grateful Dead