

# Squeeze, Up The Junction

I never thought it would happen  
With me and a girl from Clapham  
Out on the windy common  
That night I ain't forgotten  
When she dealt out the rations  
With some or other passions  
I said, "You are a lady"  
"Perhaps," she said, "I may be";

We moved into a basement  
With thoughts of our engagement  
We stayed in by the telly  
Although the room was smelly  
We spent our time just kissing  
The Railway Arms we're missing  
But love had got us hooked up  
And all our time it took up

I got a job with Stanley  
He said I'd come in handy  
And started me on Monday  
So I had a bath on Sunday  
I worked eleven hours  
And bought the girl some flowers  
She said she'd seen a doctor  
And nothing now could stop her

I worked all through the winter  
The weather brass and bitter  
I put away a tanner each week to make her better  
And when the time was ready  
We had to sell the telly  
Late evenings by the fire  
With little kicks inside her

This morning at four-fifty  
I took her rather nifty  
Down to an incubator  
Where thirty minutes later  
She gave birth to a daughter  
Within a year a walker  
She looked just like her mother  
If there could be another

And now she's two years older  
Her mother's with a soldier  
She left me when my drinking  
Became a proper stinging  
The devil came and took me  
From bar to street to bookie  
No more nights by the telly  
No more nights nappies smelling

Alone here in the kitchen  
I feel there's something missing  
I'd beg for some forgiveness  
But begging's not my business  
And she won't write a letter  
Although I always tell her  
And so it's my assumption  
I'm really up the junction