

# The Knack

## Squeeze

Difford-Tilbrook  
Standing by the curate,  
Hat over his eyes,  
Smokes drifts slowly from him,  
Looking kind and wise.  
Seen him in the papers,  
Murdered by Malone,  
Heard the bomber whisper,  
Something about the phone.  
Watch out on the corner,  
Standing by the rack,  
Little Gringo told her,  
Shot him in the back.  
Now I'm shaking,  
Yes I'm shaking,  
Now I'm shaking,  
Cos I ain't got the knack.  
Colours seem most \_\_\_\_\_,  
Hands against the wheel,  
Flowers for opinion,  
Whiskey is up to deal.  
Stalling in the warehouse,  
Bowling alley too,  
Look behind the jury,  
Scared to point at you.  
Watch out on the corner,  
Standing by the rack,  
Little Gringo told her,  
Shot him in the back.  
Now I'm shaking  
Yes I'm shaking  
Now I'm shaking  
Cos I ain't got the knack.  
Round and round the city,  
Taxes all fall down,  
Shot out in a Citroen,  
East side of the town.  
Waffle in a guinness  
Tied between the bars,  
Fifty fifty chances,  
Bulletproof all cars.  
Watch out on the corner,  
Standing by the rack,  
Little Gringo told her,  
Shot him in the back.  
Now I'm shaking,  
Yes I'm shaking,  
Now I'm shaking,  
Cos I ain't got the knack.

