Up The Junction

Words & Music:
Difford/Tilbrook (Squeeze)

```
E                          A                                E
I never thought it would happen with me and the girl from Clapham
                  C#m                            E
Out on the windy common, that night I ain't forgotten.
                         A                           E
Where she dealt out the rations with some or other passions.
                    C#m                              E
I said, “You are a lady.”  “Perhaps” she said, “I may be.”

We moved into a basement with talks of our engagement.
We stayed in by the telly, although the room was smelly.
We spent our time just kissin'; The Railway Arms we're missin'.
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 he 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.

BRIDGE:
C#m                        G#m                              F#m
I worked all through the winter; the weather brass and bitter.
             B                              D
I put away a tenner each week to make her better.
                       Am                          Gm
And when the time was ready, we had to sell the telly.
                     F                          A
Late evenings by the fire and little kicks inside her.

D                    G                        D
This morning at four-fifty I took her rather nifty.
               Bm                           D
Down to an incubator, where thirty minutes later.
                    G                          D
She gave birth to a daughter; within a year a walker.
                           Bm                               D    A   E
She looked just like her mother; as if there could be another

[first verse chords for next two verses]
And now she's two years older.  Her mother's with a soldier.
She left me with my drinkin'.  Became a proper stingin'.
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 somethin' missin'.
I beg for some forgiveness, but beggin'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.
```