

## A Moving Story

Squeeze

She moved from Clapham  
And didn't look back  
Her life was changed in an instant  
The van was filled up  
And tied to the rack  
Her home that now seemed so distant  
Kissing goodbye  
To her friends on the stairs  
She felt a loss deep within her  
Sat in the front seat with stuff everywhere  
The neighbours said they would ring her  
They moved to the sea front  
And loved their new view  
Of tides coming in on the shingle  
She and her daughter  
Found new things to do  
At last it was good to be single  
And in the summer  
The place came alive  
Lights on the pier in the evening  
The fresh sea air  
And could cut with a knife  
Such a wonderful feeling

She worked in a pub  
Where bands would appear  
On a tiny stage in the corner  
She watched them load in  
With tattered old gear  
The place would get like a sauna  
London had gone now  
Her new life was strong  
She found herself a new karma  
She fell for a man  
Who played with a band  
And took her life from it's drama

She moved from Clapham  
And didn't look back  
The past was neatly extinguished  
He was much younger  
But she lived with that  
He struggled hard with his english  
She felt his loving  
And proudly reclaimed  
All of the warmth she'd been lacking  
They lay in bed  
Looking out at the rain  
No more moving or packing

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