

# The Pillow

UB40

A smile for every passing car  
And when they stop with door ajar  
She shrugs and whispers que sera  
And turns her thoughts to the pillow  
Her face is etched with memories  
She finds now joy amid the sleaze  
It's hard when you've been paid to please  
So she turns her thoughts to the pillow

Daylight comes she rests her head  
The beauty of an empty bed  
She dreams of happy days instead  
Of brooding on to-morrow

She swapped her dreams of shining knights  
For pushers, bars and money fights  
For nameless faces in red light  
So she turns her head to the pillow  
Those black eyes don't hurt any more  
She's heard the jokes and jibes before  
She's felt the long arm of the law  
So she turns her head to the pillow

Daylight comes she rests her head  
The beauty of an empty bed  
She dreams of happy days instead  
Of brooding on to-morrow

Taking drugs was not for fun  
It made her feel like going on  
But now she hurts when its all gone  
And she turns her head to the pillow  
She take a blade and breaks her skin  
Sweet life force flows from within  
The white clouds in her head grow dim  
And she turns her head to the pillow

Daylight comes she rests her head  
The beauty of an empty bed  
She dreams of happy days instead  
Of brooding on to-morrow

Sunlight creeps across her head  
Pale beauty in a crimson bed  
No dreams of happy days ahead  
She'll have no more tomorrows