

I'll Be Your Pillow

Eliza Doolittle

There'll come times and like the time before
When you're lying there, and your headache won't go
You keep trying to sleep
But your dreams won't come
Cause you've pissed off everybody you know

I'll be your pillow
I'll be your pillow
I'll be your place to rest, when you get tired
When your home address is expired

When you're looking too far, back and forth
When your eyes sting from the strain of it all
You keep trying to sleep
But that's how it goes
When you've pissed off everybody you know

I'll be your pillow
I'll be your pillow
I'll be your place to rest, when you get tired
When your home address is expired
I'll be your pillow

Come take a train with me, forget all you know
Come take a train with me, forget all you know
Take the strain from your shoulders
I'll be your pillow

When your home address is expired
I'll be your pillow
I'll be your pillow
I'll be your pillow
I'll be your pillow