

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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