

## Private Hell

The Jam

Closer than close - you see yourself -  
A mirrored image - of what you wanted to be.  
As each day goes by - a little more -  
You can't remember - what it was you wanted anyway.  
The fingers feel the lines - they prod the space -  
Your ageing face - the face that once was so beautiful,  
is still there but unrecognizable -  
Private Hell.

The man who you once loved - is bald and fat -  
And seldom in - working late as usual.  
Your interest has waned - you feel the strain -  
The bed springs snap - on the occasions he lies upon you -  
close your eyes and think of nothing but -  
Private Hell.

Think of Emma - wonder what she's doing -  
Her husband Terry - and your grandchildren.  
Think of Edward - who's still at college -  
You send him letters - which he doesn't acknowledge.  
'Cause he don't care,  
They don't care.  
'Cause they're all going through their own - Private Hell.

The morning slips away - in a valium haze,  
And catalogues - and numerous cups of coffee.  
In the afternoon - the weekly food,  
Is put in bags - as you float off down the high street

The shop windows reflect - play a nameless host,  
To a closet ghost - a picture of your fantasy -  
A victim of your misery - and Private Hell

Alone at 6 o'clock - you drop a cup -  
You see it smash - inside you crack -  
You can't go on - but you sweep it up -

Safe at last inside your Private Hell.  
Sanity at last inside your Private Hell.