

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