Tuesday

Yaz

Woman of thirty, seeing the sun
Packed up her suitcase, started to run
Looking for someone, looking for none
Pack up and drive awayIt was her birthday Tuesday morning
Realization gradually dawning
A man in a grey suit whispered, "I'm calling"
Pack up and drive awayWoman of thirty, husband and kids chained
Like a dog she had to rid
No point in coping, off came the lid
Pack up and drive awayThree thousand miles of honesty dreaming
Perfect imagery is a gleaming
No more shattered clouds were deeming
Pack up and drive awayIn her heart it wasn't easy
Mumbled words and feeling dizzy
Reasons fight against excuses
Driving slower she was losing
Dream was stirring only dozingEyelids awaken to the daydream
Just an illusion, broken sunshine
Woman of thirty, there's no choice
I can't help our helpless voice

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