

Private Hell

From 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 unrecognisable
Private Hell
Private Hell

The man that 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
Private Hell

Think of Emma, wonder what she's doing
And her husband, Terry, and your grandchildren
Think of Edward, 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
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
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Think of Emma, wonder what she's doing
And her husband, Terry, and your grandchildren
Think of Edward, 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
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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
Sanity at last inside your
Private Hell
Private Hell
Private Hell
Private Hell

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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