

# 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 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 tomorrow  
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, they 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 tomorrow  
Taking drugs was not for fun  
It made her feel like going on  
And now she hurts when it's all gone  
And she turns her face to the pillow  
She takes a blade and breaks her skin  
Sweet life's force flows from within  
The white clouds in her head grow dim  
And she turns her face to the pillow  
Sunlight creeps across her head  
Pale beauty in a crimson bed  
No dreams of happy days ahead  
She'll have no more tomorrows

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