# 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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