I'll Be Your Pillow

Eliza Doolittle

There'll come times and like the time before,
When you're lying there, and your headache won't go,
You keep trying to sleep,
But your dreams won't come,
'Cause you've pissed off everybody you know.

I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your place to rest, when you get tired,
When your home address is expired.

When you're looking too far, back and forth,
When your eyes sting from the strain of it all,
you keep trying to sleep,
But that's how it goes,
When you've pissed off everybody you know.

I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your place to rest, when you get tired,
When your home address is expired,
I'll be your pillow.

Come take a train with me, forget all you know,
Come take a train with me, forget all you know,
Take the strain from your shoulders,
I'll be your pillow.

When your home address is expired,
I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your pillow,
I'll be your pillow.

Lyrics submitted by Steph.

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