Heavy Comfort

You Am I

Did you catch her in the window?
Do I run or do I mend?
Praying for heavy comfort
To fill his pockets with his handsMen in chip shops, milk bars, postmen
Used to fork out for your mouth
And now the compliments have stopped
Since every asset's headed southHe was a sharp one, what a looker?
The last drunk to hang around
Get well, she could color knickers
Just for the mirror nowHad a dream once it was morning
In a dress that never frayed
And now your friends are like eyelashes
Too many dropping off these days

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