Tuesday

Yazoo

Woman of thirty seeing the sun
Packed up her suitcase started to run
Looking for someone looking for none
Pack up and drive awayIt was her birthday Tuesday morning
Realization gradually dawning
A man in a gray suit whispered 'I'm calling'
Pack up and drive awayWoman of thirty, husband and kids chained like a dog she had to rid
No point in coping off came the lid
Pack up and drive awayThree thousand miles of honesty dreaming
Perfect imagery is a gleaming
No more shattered clouds were deeming
Pack up and drive away

Songwriters
CLARKE, VINCEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/