

Mainly Mornings

Kitchens of Distinction

I open my eyes and look at his face again.
Oh good god so nothing's changed.
The shopping to eat and the coffee to drink
The untrusty work in this miserable clink. He reaches for a packet of cigarettes on the table
And takes one and lights it and inhales again.
I close the front door behind him again
Oh yes dear child it's safe to come in why don't you come in. Where there's the television the radio the telephone
It all helps
There's the car the sex the love the alcohol
It all helps it all helps. Sometimes I want to push the pedal down a little further
Until the car is unhappy.
Mainly mornings.

Songwriters

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