

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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