

# Private Hell

## The Jam

Closer than close, you see yourself  
A mirrored image of what you wanted to be  
As each day goes by, a little more  
You can't remember what it was you wanted, anyway  
The fingers feel the lines, they prod the space  
Your ageing face  
The face that once was so beautiful is still there, but unrecognisable  
Private Hell  
Private Hell

The man that you once loved is bald and fat  
And seldom in, working late as usual  
Your interest has waned, you feel the strain  
The bed springs snap on the occasions he lies upon you  
Close your eyes and think of nothing but  
Private Hell  
Private Hell

Think of Emma, wonder what she's doing  
And her husband, Terry, and your grandchildren  
Think of Edward, still at college  
You send him letters which he doesn't acknowledge  
'Cause he don't care, they don't care  
'Cause they're all going through their own  
Private Hell  
Private Hell

The morning slips away in a Valium haze  
And catalogues and numerous cups of coffee  
In the afternoon, the weekly food  
Is put in bags as you float off down the High Street  
The shop windows reflect, play a nameless host  
To a closet ghost  
A picture of your fantasy, a victim of your misery and  
Private Hell  
Private Hell

Think of Emma, wonder what she's doing  
And her husband, Terry, and your grandchildren  
Think of Edward, still at college

You send him letters which he doesn't acknowledge  
'Cause he don't care, they don't care  
'Cause they're all going through their own  
Private Hell  
Private Hell

Alone at 6 o'clock, you drop a cup  
You see it smash; inside you crack  
You can't go on but you sweep it up  
Safe at last inside your  
Private Hell  
Sanity at last inside your  
Private Hell  
Sanity at last inside your  
Private Hell  
Private Hell  
Private Hell  
Private Hell

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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