

# Another Suitcase In Another Hall

Marti Webb

I don't expect my love affairs to last for long,  
Never fool myself that my dreams will come true.  
Being used to trouble, I anticipate it,  
But all the same, I hate it.  
Wouldn't you?

So, what happens now?  
(Another suitcase in another hall)  
So, what happens now?  
(Take your pictures off another wall)  
Where am I going to?  
(You'll get by, you always have before)  
Where am I going to?

Time and time again I've said that I don't care,  
That I'm immune to gloom,  
That I'm hard through and through.  
But every time it matters all my walls desert me  
So anyone can hurt me,  
And they do.

[Repeat Chorus]

Call in three months time and I'll be fine, I know.  
Well, maybe not that fine,  
But I'll survive anyhow.  
I won't recall the names and faces or the sad occasions,  
But that no consolation here and now.

[Repeat Chorus]

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