

## Yaz "Tuesday"

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Woman of thirty, seeing the sun  
Packed up her suitcase, started to run  
Looking for someone, looking for none  
Pack up and drive away

It was her birthday Tuesday morning  
Realization gradually dawning  
A man in a grey suit whispered, "I'm calling"  
Pack up and drive away

Woman 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 away

Three thousand miles of honesty dreaming  
Perfect imagery is a gleaming  
No more shattered clouds were deeming  
Pack up and drive away

In her heart it wasn't easy  
Mumbled words and feeling dizzy  
Reasons fight against excuses  
Driving slower she was losing  
Dream was stirring only dozing

Eyelids awaken to the daydream  
Just an illusion, broken sunshine  
Woman of thirty, there's no choice  
I can't help our helpless voice

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