

## UB 40

### "The Pillow"

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(feat. John Holt)

A smile for every passing car

And when they stop with door ajar

She shrugs and whispers que sera

And turns her thoughts to the pillow

Her face is etched with memories

She finds now joy amid the sleaze

It's hard when you've been paid to please

So she turns her thoughts to the pillow

[Chorus:]

Daylight comes she rests her head

The beauty of an empty bed

She dreams of happy days instead

Of brooding on tomorrow

She swapped her dreams of shining knights

For pushers, bars and money fights

For nameless faces in red light

So she turns her head to the pillow

Those black eyes don't hurt any more

She's heard the jokes and jibes before

She's felt the long arm of the law

So she turns her head to the pillow

[Chorus]

Taking drugs was not for fun

It made her feel like going on

But now she hurts when its all gone

And she turns her head to the pillow

She take a blade and breaks her skin

Sweet life force flows from within

The white clouds in her head grow dim

And she turns her head to the pillow

[Chorus]

Sunlight creeps across her head

Pale beauty in a crimson bed

No dreams of happy days ahead

She'll have no more tomorrows

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