

Squeeze, In The Morning

(Difford/Tilbrook)

In the morning
It is raining
And umbrellas block the pavement
In the caf
People waking
With a cigarette and coffee
And she sits there with her paper
Half asleep into a picture
In the morning
In the morning
It's all over
That's another night of business
With the punters
On the corner
Of estates around the river
And she adds up all the takings
Hid behind her wilting paper
In the morning

In the morning
Soaked in bath oil
Dressed in pink towels
And a sweater
Looking out at all the people
Walking under their umbrellas
In the morning
There's a feeling
Of resentment and expectance
It's a fear that comes with working
On the dark streets for a living

She's attending
To her wet hair
At the window in the evening
Getting ready in a short skirt
With her stockings around her ankles
It's a flame that gets attention
In a darkness without light
And the children need a cuddle
As she walks into the light
Of the morning