

Squeeze, Sound Asleep

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Tonight there's wind
Tonight there's rain
Tonight I sleep with myself again
I punch the pillow into a mound
With this frustration that I have found
Today I hoped
Today I heard
There's still no contact
Still no word
I want to hear the front door slam
I want you back to hold my hand
Tonight there's hope you'll comfort me
All I can do is wait and see
But my eyes begin to close
As footsteps softly creep
To find me sound asleep

Tonight there's pain
Tonight there's fear
Tonight it's cold now you're not here
The sound of tyres out in the wet
That's as close to you as I can get
No turning handle on our front door
The more I hate you I want you more