

The Jam, Private Hell

Closer than close - you see yourself -
A mirrored image - of what you wanted to be.
As each day goes by - a little more -
You can't remember - what it was you wanted anyway.
The fingers feel the lines - they prod the space -
Your ageing face - the face that once was so beautiful,
is still there but unrecognizable -
Private Hell.

The man who you once loved - is bald and fat -
And seldom in - working late as usual.
Your interest has waned - you feel the strain -
The bed springs snap - on the occasions he lies upon you -
close your eyes and think of nothing but -
Private Hell.

Think of Emma - wonder what she's doing -
Her husband Terry - and your grandchildren.
Think of Edward - who's still at college -
You send him letters - which he doesn't acknowledge.
'Cause he don't care,
They don't care.
'Cause they're all going through their own - Private Hell.

The morning slips away - in a valium haze,
And catalogues - and numerous cups of coffee.
In the afternoon - the weekly food,
Is put in bags - as you float off down the high street

The shop windows reflect - play a nameless host,
To a closet ghost - a picture of your fantasy -
A victim of your misery - and Private Hell

Alone at 6 o'clock - you drop a cup -
You see it smash - inside you crack -
You can't go on - but you sweep it up -

Safe at last inside your Private Hell.
Sanity at last inside your Private Hell.