

Yazz, Tuesday

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
Realisation gradually dawning
A man in a grey suit whispered `Im 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 wasnt 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 theres no choice
I cant help our helpless voice