

# 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