

Yaz, 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 morning
Realisation gradually dawning
A man in a grey suit whispered 'I'm 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 wasn't easy
Mumbled words and feeling dizzy
Reasons fight against excuses
Mothers have their ways and uses
Driving slower she was losing
Dream was stirring only dozing
Eyelids awaken to the daytime
Just an illusion broken sunshine
Woman of thirty there's no choice
I can't help your helpless voice