

# I'll Be Your Pillow

Eliza Doolittle

There'll come times and like the time before  
When you're lying there, and your headache won't go  
You keep trying to sleep  
But your dreams won't come  
Cause you've pissed off everybody you know

I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your place to rest, when you get tired  
When your home address is expired

When you're looking too far, back and forth  
When your eyes sting from the strain of it all  
You keep trying to sleep  
But that's how it goes  
When you've pissed off everybody you know

I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your place to rest, when you get tired  
When your home address is expired  
I'll be your pillow

Come take a train with me, forget all you know  
Come take a train with me, forget all you know  
Take the strain from your shoulders  
I'll be your pillow

When your home address is expired  
I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your pillow