In the morning It is raining And umbrellas block the pavement In the café 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