

Bobbie Gentry, Beverly

Beverly packs her lunch pail silently
In the light of the dawn's gray gloom
In her lonely room

Beverly works all day at the factory
On her feet from five to nine
On the assembly line

Beverly drifts away into a reverie
Dreaming of the girl she used to be
When her heart was alive

And there were nights
When Beverly would go out dancing
The stars lit up the Latin sky
Her eyes would flash, her feet would fly
Across the ballroom floor

En una linda noche nosotros bailamos
Dancamos hasta no ver mas las estrellas
Un gran amor - esto fue el pasado

Beverly goes about her way so quietly
And though she cries a little bit
No one seems to notice it

Hmmm, mmm, mmm