Chris Rea, Bows And Bangles

Born and raised in wilderness
Of suburban shops and schools
How she tried and tried to be satisfied
With a job on the typing pool
She hated the smell of carbon paper
The office so smoky and dry
How she longed for the day she would make her get away
And say her last goodbye

Bows and bangles on her fingers
And silver bells on her toes
That lady has music where she wonders
That lady has music where she goes

Married a guy with prospects
And so became his wife
And that my friend is the end of the story
'Cos that was the rest of his life
She could have been a movie star
She could have made the scene
Right or wrong she still hangs on
Each night to her favourite dream

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And silver bells on her toes
That lady has music where she wonders
That lady has music where she goes