

Donna Summer, She Works Hard For The Money

She works hard for the money
So hard for it, honey
She works hard for the money
So you better treat her right

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I met her there in the corner stand
And wonders where she is
And it's strange to her
Some people seem to have everything
9 am on the hour hand
And she's waiting for the bell
And she's looking real pretty
She's waiting for her clientele

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Twenty-eight years have come and gone
And she's seen a lot of tears
Of the ones who come in
They really seem to need her there
It's a sacrifice working day to day
For little money just tips for pay
But it's worth it all
To hear them say that they care

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Already knows, she's seen her bad times
Already knows, these are the good times
She'll never sell out, she never will
Not for a dollar bill
She works haaaaard

[Instrumental Interlude]

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Alright...