

Great Big Sea, Penelope

Penelope works in the market
Down in the coconut trees
She's savin' up all her money
To go to America across the sea

She once had an uncle
He lived in Detroit town
They got all his postcards
But his body has never been found

Till this day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Till this day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Till this day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Till this day-ay-ay-ay-yeah

She got a job as a domestic
Workin' for minimum wage
From all her friends back home in Jamaica
They say 'you really got it made in the shade'

But they don't see her sweat and grime
And bendin' on her knees
She wishes she were back in Jamaica
Beneath the coconut trees

Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah

Every day, yeah
Every day, yeah

Penelope's back in the market
She found out what it was all about
Nah, no she doesn't regret it
She's just glad that she got out

But other's aren't so lucky
They're there till the day they die
Trapped in the steel and concrete
No beach, no moon, no sky

Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah
Every day-ay-ay-ay-yeah