

# Laura Nyro, Lonely Women

No one hurries home to lonely women

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A gal could die without her man

and no one knows it better than

lonely women

No one knows the blues like lonely women do

No one knows the blues like lonely women, yeah

Blues that make the walls rush in

walls that tell you where you've been

and you've been to the hollow

lonely women yeah

let me die early morning

whoa bitter tears whoa bitter tears

uptight downpour

don't got no children to be grandmother for, be grandmother for

she don't believe no more

she don't believe no one hurries home to call you baby

everybody knows, everybody knows, everybody knows

but no one, no one knows