

Lisa Stansfield, All Woman

He's home again from another day
She smiles at him as he walks through the door
She wonders if it will be okay
It's hard for her when he doesn't respond
He says babe you look a mess
You look dowdy in that dress
It's just not like it used to be
Then she says...

I may not be a lady
But I'm all woman
From monday to sunday I work harder than you know
I'm no classy lady
But I'm all woman
And this woman needs a little love to make her strong
You're not the only one

She stands there and lets the tears flow
Tears that she's been holding back so long
She wonders where did all the loving go
The love they used to share when they were strong
She says yes I look a mess
But I don't love any less
I thought you always thought enough of me to always be impressed

He holds her and hangs his head in shame
He doesn't see her like he used to do
He's too wrapped up in working for his pay
He hasn't seen the pain he's put her through
Attention that he paid
Just vanished in the haze
He remembers how it used to be
When he used to say
You'll always be a lady
'Cos you're all woman
From monday to sunday I love you much more than you know
You're a classy lady
'Cos you're all woman
This woman needs a loving man to keep her warm
You're the only one
You're a classy lady
'Cos you're all woman
So sweet the love that used to be
So sweet the love that used to be
We can be sweet again...