

# Norma Jean, Future Ex-Mrs Jones

The next time you come home with lipstick fresh from that blonde  
Swearin' you've been at the office to twenty five past one  
And you've worked like a slave all night tired to your bones  
You'll be lyin' to the future ex-Mrs Jones  
Well I don't expect an angel after all you're a man  
But you run it in the ground and I'm a gonna break it all if I can  
Yeah the next time you go out with her and you come a dragging home  
You'll be looking at the future ex-Mrs Jones  
( steel )  
Well Jonesy boy now I'm not stupid that ain't red ink  
I'm familiar with the color that's a hanky panky thing  
I think the work you do at night you better do at home  
You'll be workin' for the future ex-Mrs Jones  
Well I don't expect an angel...  
You'll be looking at the future ex-Mrs Jones