

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