

Small Fred, Fifty-Nine Cents

High school daydreams come easy and free
When you're a working woman whatcha gonna be?
A senator, a surgeon, aim for the heights
But the guidance office says lower your sights to

CHORUS:

Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar
Fifty-nine cents it's a lowdown deal
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler
They give you a diploma it's your paycheck they steal.

She's off to college, the elite kind
To polish her manners, sharpen her mind
Honors in English, letter in lacrosse

Types her to type for her favorite boss at

CHORUS (They give you a degree...)

Junior executive on her way up
Special assistant to the man at the top

She's one in a million and all she found

Was her own secretary now to order around at

CHORUS (They give you a title...)

But the word is being processed in the typing pool

A working woman ain't nobody's fool

She's telling the boss on Secretary's Day

You can keep your flowers, buddy, give me a raise more than

Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar

Fifty-nine cents--oh, the deal has changed

Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler

You can keep your flowers, buddy, give us a raise.