

Anita Cochran, Wrong Side Of Town

Bobby Little lives on the other side of town
He's got a picture of a girl in a gown
He tells his daddy, "Someday you'll see
She will be with me";
His daddy tells him, "Son, it's just not right
She comes from money, boy, she's not your kind
Don't even call, she'll just turn you down
You're from the wrong side of town";
But every Sunday after Sunday school
Dressed in his finest, hopin' she never knew
He'd walk her home then he'd say good-bye
With tears in his eyes
She lives uptown in a big white house
He knows someday but he don't know how
Lord, it's not what he prefers
He'll have to break the news to her
He's from the wrong side of town
He doesn't have money
No, he doesn't have fortune or fame
He doesn't understand why
He has to live his life in shame
But he knows that he loves her
Can he make her see somehow
It shouldn't matter
If he's from the wrong side of town
Next Sunday it's the same routine
Oh, but this time he's wearin' his jeans
He thinks it's the last time he'll walk her home
Then he'll be alone
He takes her by the hand, the truth he'll face
He knows in his heart she's gonna walk away
But she takes him by surprise
She looks into his eyes and says
"You're from the wrong side of town";
I don't need money
No, I don't need fortune or fame
And I don't know why you have to live
Your life feeling ashamed
Don't you know that I love you
Well, I hope you do by now
It doesn't matter
If you're from the wrong side of town
No, it doesn't matter
If you're from the wrong side of town
Bobby Little lives on the other side of town
She stands beside him in her wedding gown