

Bobbie Gentry, Hurry, Tuesday Child

Hurry Tuesday child
Its time to be a goin'
Your good news day, child
Has come at last
Hold your chance in your dusty hand
One way ticket to a promised land
I understand
No more blues day child
Hard time is far behind you
Hurry Tuesday child
Your fortune's gonna find you
Oh the good life is just ahead
Satin shoes and a feather bed
Instead of

Yes ma'am, no sir, yes sir, right away sir
No more week's done, may I have my pay, sir
No more have to do, can't do, don't do
Here's your chance to do anything you want to do

Hurry Tuesday child
Go on before its too late
Dream comes trues-day child
Comes once and it won't wait
Slip all you own In a paper sack
Got nothing to hold you, got nothing to pack
You won't be back
Tuesday child