

# Eddie Vedder, Mrs. Mills

Mrs. Mills waits in the dark  
For the red light to go on  
And the curtains will be drawn  
So none could see  
All the townsfolk they don't know  
What the men do down below  
In the shadows of  
A disco neon glow

In the spotlight  
She lifts her wings high  
And sings like nobody before

Oh, holds her own  
As their hands they roam  
O'er the ivory  
That is her flesh and bone

Oh, and every guitar gets their own song  
To none of them she ever will belong -  
'Cause no one takes a Mrs. Mills home

Mrs. Mills waits down the stairs  
Crimson carpet leads you there  
Leaving broken hearts  
A trail of those who dared

Mr. Wonder, then Sir John  
Miss Madonna played by Paul  
Even royalty  
They have to leave by dawn

As they play her  
A sound like a prayer  
She sings like nobody before

Oh holds her own  
As the sound unfolds  
O'er ivories, are hers and hers alone  
Still every guitar gets their own song  
To none of them she will ever belong  
'Cause no one takes a Mrs. Mills home

And no one's born to  
Feel like they are owned

(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)

Mrs. Mills, if I could find ya  
I would never do you wrong  
Mrs. Mills, could I oblige ya  
Would ya play me just one song  
Mrs. Mills, I am confiding  
I have loved you all along  
Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Mills

(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)  
(Mrs. Mills)

