

Harry Chapin, They Call Her Easy

It was just another night
and I was out on a limb
looking for someone
to help me back in.

A couple of hours of cruising around
brought me into a bar
and I sat me down
nothing much to be found.

So I got in to talking to the old bar man
he said:

"You got a problem I can understand
and I know a little lady
who is all alone."

If you find her she will take you home.
She don't like to spend her nights alone!"
They call her Easy.

They say it's not a way for a body to be.
They call her Easy.

She is giving out her love for free.

I found her on the street
like the bartender said.

She was not great looking
but not that bad.

Walked on up to her
and didn't say a word
but my eyes were talking
and I think she heard.

Yes, she heard me.

We walked down the road
to a rundown farm.

She lit a couple of candles
and she held out her arms.

Lord, she was gentle as a windblown sigh
in the morning while dressing I could hear her cry.

She was crying and I went flying out of there.

The next day found me walking in ton.

Saw the old bartender and I flagged him down.

I thanked him for the girl
and told him that she pleased me
and laughed a little bit
about how she was easy.

But the old man stopped me
with the look in his eye.

He said,
"You know I had hoped
you weren't that kind of guy."

Dream of the kind of world it could be
if we were with our loves like Easy"
It's a hard world we must learn to be easy.
In a cold world I must love the ones who please me
Easy!