

Kenny Rogers, My Washington Woman

The wages of an unskilled
Working man never paid enough
From time to time a nickel on a race
Keeps him from giving up.

A blue collared man in Seattle
Never lives on white collared street
But there was food on the table
For my Washington woman and me.

The work slowed down and the one day
The foreman laid me off
That night in a tavern down on my last dime
I met a girl from Arkansas.

Her daddy was a banker in Little Rock
She had a mansion on white collared street
The next morning my Washington woman
Woke up without me.

From city to city, and state to state
I get her in shame
My Washington woman had six months left
Before our child would bring her pain.

That Arkansas woman hurt me
As we crossed the Arkansas line
But the arms of Seattle
Are the arms that kept huggin' mine.

For year I have basked in expensive wines
Taste champagne every day
I gave up all the things I loved
For all these things I hate.

I locked up all of her forgiveness
The day I set myself free
And the heart of my Washington woman
Stopped beating for me.

My Washington woman sends me a letter
Every once in a while
Inside a folded wordless page
Is a picture of my child

All but words, the room grows cold
With a feeling of jealousy
And there's a silence between
My Arkansas woman and me...