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 out 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...