

Lari White, Woman Of The World

(Lari White/Chuck Jones)

She's worked her way from Paris, Texas to Moscow, Alabam'
Tended bars and tended babies from Rome to Bethlehem
She's been the checkout queen of Abilene
And busted flat somewhere bewteen
The pieces of her broken dreams
She's got scars on her heart and dirt on her hands

But like the stars on the water she was made to rise above
And she's done a lot of living just to find a little love
She won't be your mama, she won't be your little girl
She belongs to the road she's on, she's a woman of the world
She belongs to the road she's on, she's a woman of the world

Born and raised in South Dakota
She's never crossed the county line
With three young kids and a full-time job
She just never finds the time
The days are short and the nights are long
Since he left her all alone
But she's learned to make it on her own
It's a hard way to go, but she's gonna shine

Like the stars on the water she was made to rise above
And she does a lot of living just to find a little love
And she's somebody's mama, and she's someone's little girl
But she belongs to the road she's on, she's a woman of the world
She belongs to the road she's on, she's a woman of the world