

# Lisa Stansfield, Change

He's home again from another day  
She smiles at him as he walks through the door. She wonders if it will be Okay  
It's hard for her when he doesn't respond  
He says babe you look a mess You look dowdy in that dress It's just not like it used to be  
Then she says. . .  
I may not be a lady But I'm All Woman  
From Monday to Sunday I work harder than you know I'm no classy lady But I'm All  
Woman  
And the woman needs a little love to make her strong You're not the only one  
She stands there and lets the tears flow  
Tears that she's been holding back so long She wonders where did all the loving go  
The love they used to share when they were strong  
She says yes I look a mess But I don't love you any less  
I thought you always thought enough of me To always be impressed  
I may not be a lady But I'm All Women  
From Monday to Sunday I work my fingers to the bone I'm no classy lady But I'm All  
Woman  
This woman needs a little love to make her strong You're not the only one  
He holds her and hangs his head in shame He doesn't see her like he used to do He's too  
wrepped up In working for his pay He hasn't seen the pain he's put her through  
Attention that he paid  
Just vanished in the haze  
He remembers how it used to be When he used to say  
You'll always be a lady 'Cos you're All Woman  
From Monday to Sunday I love you much more than you know You're a classy lady  
'Cos you're All Woman  
This woman needs a loving man to keep her warm  
You're the only one You're a classy lady 'Cos you're All Woman  
So sweet the love that used to be So sweet the love that used to be  
We can be sweet again. . .