

Marilyn Monroe, 2 Little Girls From Little Rock

We're just two little girls from Little Rock.
We lived on the wrong side of the tracks.
But the gentlemen friends who used to call,
they never did seem to mind at all.
They came to the wrong side of the tracks.

Then someone broke my heart in Little Rock,
so I up and left the pieces there.
Like a little lost lamb I roamed about,
I came to New York and I found out
that men are the same way everywhere.

I was young and determined to be wined and dined and ermined
and I worked at it all around the clock.
Now one of these days in my fancy clothes,
I'm a going back home and punch the nose
of the one who broke my heart (the one who broke my heart)
The one who broke my heart in Little Rock, Little Rock, Little Rock...Little Rock

I'm just a little girl from Little Rock,
a horse used to be my closest pal.
Though I never did learn to read or write,
I learned about love in the pale moonlight
and now I'm an educated gal.

I learned an awful lot in Little Rock,
and here's some advice I'd like to share:
find a gentleman who is shy or bold,
or short or tall, or young or old..
as long as the guy's a millionaire!

For a kid from the small street I did very well on Wall Street,
though I never owned a share of stock.
And now that I'm known in the biggest banks,
I'm going back home and give my thanks
to the one who broke my heart (the one who broke my heart)
The one who broke my heart in Little Rock!