

# Murray McLauchlan, Barroom Ladies And Michael

She was naked in the smoky room  
The man were pressed up tight  
The painter, he was near her  
As she danced in the blue light  
A missionary wondered  
How it was she'd come to this  
Ah but the painter didn't judge her  
All he saw was what she is

Barroom ladies and Michaelangelos  
Caught in a freak show  
Barroom ladies and Michaelangelos

The lady and the painter  
Knew the violence in the place  
He knew of her slavery  
She knew too well the human race  
The painter froze her movements  
To the catcalls and the yells  
He only saw her beauty  
Her mind was somewhere else

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The Barroom is still open  
Nice people, they don't go  
They banned the painter's pictures  
Said it was a dirty show  
The story made the papers  
People couldn't read enough  
They said "we don't want our children  
To be looking at that stuff."

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