

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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