

Norma Jean, Heaven Help The Working Girl

Good morning sir what'll you have that's how I start my day
I spend nearly half my life in this little dim cafe
I listen to their troubles I'd try to be their friend
But heaven help the working girl in a world that's run by men
Oh heaven help the working girl then goin' gets rough in this old world
Filled with men who spend their time
Tellin' lies breathin' sighs gettin' wise havin' cries and drinkin' too much wine
[guitar - el.banjo]
Thank you sir you're very kind I think I'll pass this time
We'd both be sorry if I did go home to your wife and your kids
It's just the bottle talkin' I'm familiar with that sound
Oh heaven help the working girl till true love comes around
Oh heaven help the working girl...