

Ringo Starr, Woman Of The Night

By Sorrells Pickard

EV'RY NIGHT SHE'S ON THE CORNER,
SHE'S GOT HER BUSINESS IN THE STREET.
HER SMILE MAY MAKE YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN OWN HER,
BUT THAT SMILE'S RESERVED FOR EV'RYONE SHE SEES.

WOMAN OF THE NIGHT, I'VE HEARD THEM CALL HER,
BUT SHE'S STILL A WOMAN WHEN MORNING COMES AROUND.
SHE WALKS THROUGH THE MARKET AS A LADY
AND SHE'S KINDA NICE TO HAVE AROUND.

SHE'S A WOMAN OF THE NIGHT AND I LOVE HER,
ALTHO' HER LOVE, MY SILVER DOESN'T BUY.
IT'S WORTH THE RAIN TO HAVE A LITTLE SUNSHINE
AND YOU LAUGH MUCH LOUDER WHEN YOU LEARN TO CRY.

I'VE SEEN THEM PAY FOR HER AFFECTION,
BUT WHEN MORNING COMES, NO ONE CALLS HER NAME.
SHE WAKES TO FIND NO SIGN OF APPRECIATION,
STILL SHE ISN'T WEARING ANY SHAME.

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