

Tom T. Hall, Fallen Women

She reminds me some of a blue eyed doll a strange look there in her eyes
Surprisingly quick with her movements like a woman who's learned to survive
She empties the ashtrays and passes the booze in a crude but professional style
And her facial contortions are painfully set in a look that resembles a smile
The small crowded bar roars loud its approval of some verbal blow that she's dealt
By telling a trucker from the Redball Express to have intercourse with himself
In my mind I can see her room the place where the woman lives
The rollers and the curlers and the old panty hose
And the ceiling that leaks like a sieve
And there's pictures of Merle and Johnny and June and Kennedy there with a flag
And a letter from home that she's read ten times and an old blue traveling bag
You know that man she loves ah he's puttin' her on
But no queen could love him more
And in her mind their ship will sail to a hundred exotic shores
Lord she'll get no pity from me no she's tough and she wouldn't care
But life is made up of wishes and dreams and she's had more than her share
As I sit here and drink and look for a song I think I just found me one
There's a difference in a fallen woman and one who is still hangin' on