

Too Many Cooks, Lucy

(Georgesco D'Anjou)

She smiles like doll

If I shake her up will she crawl

It will be the same tomorrow

Can't you see she's running out of time

All the time

What's she gonna do

It's hard to tell what she's been through

When will her eyes open up

Can't you see she's just wasting time

Lucy No one's home

Lucy She's alone

Lucy No I won't phone

Lucy

She satisfies them on the streets

And that gold watch is hers to keep

Another needle hits the floor

God bless her heart she's running out of time

Out of time

She can't help the way it is

So give her cash no more promises

It will be to late tomorrow

Can't you see she's running out of time

She's wasting time

Lucy No one's home

Lucy She's alone

Lucy No I won't phone

Lucy