

Lady Madonna

Paul McCartney

Lady Madonna, children at your feet
Wonder how you manage to make ends meet
Who finds the money? When you pay the rent?
Did you think that money was Heaven sent?
Friday night arrives without a suitcase
Sunday morning creep in like a nun
Monday's child has learned to tie his bootlace
See how they run

Lady Madonna, baby at your breast
Wonder how you manage to feed the rest

See how they run
Lady Madonna, lying on the bed
Listen to the music playing in your head

Tuesday afternoon is never ending
Wednesday morning papers didn't come
Thursday night your stockings needed mending
See how they run

Lady Madonna, children at your feet
Wonder how you manage to make ends meet