

# Send the Man Over

Cher

In a rented room  
Above a Hollywood bar with my money gone  
The ragged curtains blowing in the window  
Lying hungry and alone  
With no one to call, not even my folks  
For the means to go on

Wondering if I lose my nerve  
Or answer the phone  
When the desk clerk calls to say  
A stranger's on his way  
Up the stairs to share my bed  
Will I stay or slip away

I know an actress has to make sacrifices  
But what a price to pay  
And when I called my agent today  
The conversation went this way

Send in anyone from Metro or Warners  
Leave a call from me  
Well then what about Paramount or NBC  
You say there's nothing today  
Just an interesting gentleman caller  
With a burning request  
I said send the man over, I guess  
With a script and the cash

Just some poor white trash  
From a bayou town and a driftwood shack  
I was craddled by a Cajun Mama  
Deserted by a Cherokee dad

Then at seventeen a Georgia drifter came  
And we made it to L.A.  
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Now I hear footsteps out in the hall  
Mama's pictures turned to the wall  
A young actress must give her all  
Pay her dues, play her role