

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