

## Bows and Bangles

Chris Rea

Born and raised in wilderness  
Of suburban shops and schools  
How she tried and tried to be satisfied  
With a job on the typing pool  
She hated the smell of carbon paper  
The office so smoky and dry  
How she longed for the day she would make her get away  
And say her last goodbye

Bows and bangles on her fingers  
And silver bells on her toes  
That lady has music where she wonders  
That lady has music where she goes

Married a guy with prospects  
And so became his wife  
And that my friend is the end of the story  
'Cos that was the rest of his life  
She could have been a movie star  
She could have made the scene  
Right or wrong she still hangs on  
Each night to her favourite dream

Bows and bangles on her fingers  
And silver bells on her toes  
That lady has music where she wonders  
That lady has music where she goes