

Hundred Dollar Lady

Ed Bruce

They call her a hundred dollar lady
I don't really know what she's worth
But ever since she walked
Into this honky tonk
I've counted all my money wantin' her
Two fives, three ones, and two quarters
And this cold glass of beer I just paid for
And I could pay the rest first thing monday
Ah, honey have mercy on a poor boy,
But she said:

No down payments, no checks or credit cards
I'm sorry but business is business
I'm a workin' girl and you know times are hard
But honey I'm off on wednesdays

Well I bought a few rounds
And she took whiskey
Gusto on tap ain't good enough
She was wearin' high heeled boots
And tight fittin' two piece levis
So manhattan's more her kind of stuff
Three ones, two dimes, four nickles
I'll go without lunch and smokes tomorrow
But she said no again to my question
She likes me but she told me she was sorry
She still said:
Hundred dollar lady

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I'm a workin' girl and you know times are hard
But honey I'm off on wednesdays

They call her a hundred dollar lady
I don't really know what she's worth
I've had me some of those
Hundred dollar daydreams
But none of them can come up to her
No fives, no ones, just three nickles