

Lonely Women

Laura Nyro

No one hurries home to lonely women
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A gal could die without her man
And no one knows it better than lonely women

And no one knows the blues like lonely women do
No one knows the blues like lonely women, yeah

Blues, blues that make the walls rush in
Walls that tell you where you've been
And you've been to the hollow lonely women, yeah

And let me die early morning
Whoa, whoa, whoa, bitter tears
Whoa, whoa, whoa, bitter tears
Uptight downpour

Don't got no children to be grandmother for, be grandmother for
She don't believe no more, she don't believe
No one hurries home to call you, baby

Everybody knows, everybody knows
Everybody knows but no one knows