

For The Working Girl

Melissa Manchester

I work in the chorus doing three shows a night
Wearing fishnets and feathers under blinding white lights
I've served shorts to hard hats who had booze on their lips
Been fondled and leered at for an occasional tip
And it don't get no better, but it can't get no worse
For the working girl's world is the size of her purse

Chorus:

From Detroit to Des Moines it's the same ugly scene
I'm a cog; you're a wheel
He's a king; she's a queen
From the smokestacks to the meat racks
When you're eyelined and curled
There's a lot to be said for the working girl

Sweating for sweet water just to run through your hands
Six kids in Cleveland for one wedding band
Tied up to a mill loom for the minimum wage
A nest egg's a daydream that never gets laid
And it don't get no brighter, but it's clearer to see
There ain't no working girls like the ones on T.V.

Repeat Chorus