

For A Song

Michael Peterson

She learned to hate the limousine
The fancy full-length fur
Dom Perignon and French cuisine
Don't mean a thing to her
What good is her pedestal
When he works all though the night
So in time, she found a dance floor
And some arms to hold her tight

Now every night they dance with her to some brushes on a drum
A standup bass, and steel guitars, play a tune, she can hum
Ain't it sad, ain't it funny, how a man can be so wrong
He tried to buy her love with money
He could've had her for a song

She wanted him...but what a shame
He didn't realize
Love can never stay the same
It either grows or dies
What made him think his duty was to place her high above
He married her for beauty, she married him for love

Now every night they dance with her to some brushes on a drum
A standup bass, and steel guitars, play a tune, she can hum
Ain't it sad, ain't it funny, oh how a man can be so wrong
He tried to buy her love with money
He could've had her for a song
Now every night they dance with her to some brushes on a drum

(c) 1996 Stone Diamond Music Corporation
BMI