

Mrs. Rita

Richard Thompson

Oh kind Mrs. Rita I never will tell
The way that you keep us poor girls here in hell
And I never will sneak to the News of the World

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
A friend to a stranger, a ma to a girl

With the chalking and cutting and stitching and such
We earn what we earn and it isn't too much
Enough to keep half a step higher than trash

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
So loose with the purse strings, so free with the cash

Some guardian angel take pity and sweep me away
Seems I work every hour God sends in a day
To line the pockets of Rita O'Connor
To line the pockets of Rita O'Connor

Oh you can't call it stealing, more helping yourself
If the odd pair of nylons should fall off the shelf
And fall into somebody's handbag let's say

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
It sort of makes up for the pitiful pay

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
God keep and preserve you, we'll love you always