

All The Little Ladies

Strawbs

Looking through their windows
Peering through lace curtains
All the little ladies
With grey haired hat-pinned heads
Watching people they know who don't understand
That they're living their lonely lives second hand
Even second hand's better than none.

Spreading all the gossip
Baking cakes for tea time
All the little ladies
With lonely single beds
Watching children they know as they jump and play
Trying giving them sweets but they run away
Even naughty boy's better than none.

Sunday lunch is coming
In a van of kindness
All the little ladies
With no friends but the dead
Watching doctor they know as he takes their pulse
Trying giving a smile for there's nothing else
Even this sad life's better than none.