9/78

Grown Lady's Blues

She's lost and lonly feelin mighty homely
Wishin she would only make do
Down 'n outa things like facial powder
But a cup a chowder'd pull her through
But oh aint gonna sing no song
Puttin down no poor little girl and pullin her through
and oh no condecending bull shit
From some dope head hippie rock star
Who cannot find his shoes
Let's face it she's somebody
Who's in need of a friend
But she's only got a grown lady's blues

She's havin trouble gom to the club ole
Henry thery'l double the shots
When she sits to rest she soon becomes grotesque
and eventually confesses to a dot
But oh if this were a man
We wouldn't moralize so bad we'd treat him like a friend
But oh she'll [illegible] way home
[illegible] without some preachin
Maybe I'll go over to her and say how do you do
But I'll try to Remember that she's got
a grown lady's Blues

Grown Lady's Blues oh grown lady's Blues - People got it through
Ah
G Em Am D G Em Am D - - -
Bet she'll be up to snuff