Ladies

Hudba z Marsu

Ladies of leisure
Oh, with their eyes on the back roads
All looking for strangers
To whom they extend welcomes
With a smile and a glimpse
Of pink knees and elbows
Of satin and velvet
Good ladies, good fortune
Ladies
(Ladies)
Ladies
(Ladies)
They sing of their heroes
Of solitary soldiers
Invested in good health
And manner most charming
Whose favors are numbered
None the less, well intended
By hours in a minute
By those ladies who bless them
Ladies
(Ladies)

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