Heaven Help the Working Girl

Norma Jean

"Good morning, sir, what'll you have?" That's how I start my day
I spend nearly half my life in this little dim cafe
I listen to their troubles, I'd try to be their friend
But heaven help the working girl in a world that's run by menOh, heaven help the working girl
Then goin' gets rough in this old world
Filled with men who spend their time
Tellin' lies, breathin' sighs, gettin' wise
Havin' cries and drinkin' too much wineThank you, sir, you're very kind, I think I'll pass this time
We'd both be sorry if I did go home to your wife and your kids
It's just the bottle talkin', I'm familiar with that sound
Oh, heaven help the working girl till true love comes aroundOh, heaven help the working girl
Then goin' gets rough in this old world
Filled with men who spend their time
Tellin' lies, breathin' sighs, gettin' wise
Havin' cries and drinkin' too much wine

Songwriters
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