Painted Ladies

Ian Thomas

I remember setting out just to see what I could see
Streetcars rolling by and airplanes flying high they all meant nothing to me
No one ever looked my way or knew that I was there
I kept walking and the rain kept raining
Until all the streets were bareOoh ooh feeling fine mama
Painted ladies and a bottle of wine mama
Ooh ooh Feeling good mama
They took my money like I knew they would
La la la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la laCity lights were shining on me through my window pane
I kept thinking 'bout the day when I'd be home again
Rocking chairs and summer fairs and swimming in the sea
I kept drinkin', sinkin' 'till there was nothing left of meOoh ooh feeling fine mama
Painted ladies and a bottle of wine mama
Ooh ooh feeling good mama
They took my money like I knew they would
La la la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la la
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La la la la la

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