

# Penelope

## Caravelli

Penelope works in the market  
Down in the coconut trees  
She's saving up all her money  
To go to America across the sea  
She once had an uncle  
He lived in Detroit town  
They got all his post cards  
But his body has never been found  
To this day  
To this day  
She got a job as a domestic  
Workin' for the minimum wage  
All her friends back home in Jamaica  
They say, 'You really got it made in the shade'  
But they don't see her sweat and grind  
And her bended on her knees  
She wishes she was back in Jamaica  
Beneath the coconut trees

[Chorus]Everyday, Everyday  
Everyday, Everyday  
[Solo][Chorus]Penelope's back in the market  
She found what it was all about  
Oh no, she doesn't regret it  
She's just glad that she got out  
But others aren't so lucky  
They're there till the day they die  
Trapped in steel and concrete  
No beach No moon No sky  
[Chorus][Solo][Chorus]

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