

# Sadie, Sadie

Diana Ross

Sadie, Sadie married lady  
See what's on my hand  
There's nothing quite as touching  
As a simple wedding band

Oh how that marriage license works  
On chamber maids and hotel clerks  
The honeymoon was such delight  
That we got married that same night

I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady  
Still in bed at noon  
Cracking my brain deciding  
Between orange juice and prune

He says nothing is too good for me  
And who am I not to agree  
I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady  
That's me

Sadie, Sadie married lady  
Meet a mortgagee,  
The owner of a ice-box  
With a ten year guarantee  
Oh, sit me in the softest seat

Quick a cushion for my feet  
Do for me buy for me  
Lift me carry me  
Finally got a guy to marry me

Do my nails, read up on the sales  
All day the records play  
Then he comes home I tell him  
Oh, what a day I had today

I swear I'll do my wifely job  
Just sit at home become a slob  
I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady  
I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady

I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady that's me

That's who?

That's you!

That's me

I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady that's me

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