

Lonely Women

[Laura Nyro](#)

No one hurries home to lonely women
No one hurries home to lonely womenA gal could die without her man
And no one knows it better than lonely womenAnd no one knows the blues like lonely women do
No one knows the blues like lonely women, yeahBlues, blues that make the walls rush in
Walls that tell you where you've been
And you've been to the hollow lonely women, yeahAnd let me die early morning
Whoa, whoa, whoa, bitter tears
Whoa, whoa, whoa, bitter tears
Uptight downpourDon't got no children to be grandmother for, be grandmother for
She don't believe no more, she don't believe
No one hurries home to call you, babyEverybody knows, everybody knows
Everybody knows but no one knows

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