

She Works Hard for the Money

Donna Summer

She works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
So you better treat her right. She works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
So you better treat her right. Onetta there in the corner stands
And she wonders where she is.
And the rain still hurts,
Some people seem to have everything.
Nine a.m. on the hour hand
And she's waiting for the bell.
And she's looking real pretty.
She's waiting for her clientele. She works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
So you better treat her right. She works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
So you better treat her right. Twenty-eight years have come and gone.
And she's seen a lot of tears
Of the ones who come in.
They really seem to need her there.
It's a sacrifice working day to day.
For little money just tips for pay.
But it's worth it all just to hear them say that they care. She works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
So you better treat her right. Already knows she's seen her bad times.
Already knows these are the good times.
She'll never sell out, she never will, not for a dollar bill.
She works hard She works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
So you better treat her right. Works hard for the money.
So hard for it, honey.
She works hard for the money.
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So hard for it, honey.

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So you better treat her right.

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