Penelope

Gothica

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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