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Title: Fallen Women

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She reminds me some of a blue eyed doll a strange look there in her eyes  
Surprisingly quick with her movements like a woman who's learned to survive  
She empties the ashtrays and passes the booze in a crude but professional style  
And her facial contortions are painfully set in a look that resembles a smile  
The small crowded bar roars loud its approval of some verbal blow that she's dealt  
By telling a trucker from the Redball Express to have intercourse with himself  
In my mind I can see her room the place where the woman lives  
The rollers and the curlers and the old panty hose  
And the ceiling that leaks like a sieve  
And there's pictures of Merle and Johnny and June and Kennedy there with a flag  
And a letter from home that she's read ten times and an old blue traveling bag  
You know that man she loves ah he's puttin' her on  
But no queen could love him more  
And in her mind their ship will sail to a hundred exotic shores  
Lord she'll get no pity from me no she's tough and she wouldn't care  
But life is made up of wishes and dreams and she's had more than her share  
As I sit here and drink and look for a song I think I just found me one  
There's a difference in a fallen woman and one who is still hangin' on