

Was Not Was "Maria Novarro"

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Maria called the police department
On a Sunday afternoon
"My husband's gonna kill me
Please send somebody soon"
"Where is he, ma'am, is he at your door?
Has he got you now? Can you tell me more?"

In the city of angels there's no mercy
And there's no tomorrow for Maria Novarro
No tomorrow for Maria Novarro

"Please," she said, "his brother called
He's on his way with a gun"
"Sorry ma'am, not good enough
Why'd you dial 911?"
She knew he was mean, he'd hit her before
She hung up the phone and she locked the door

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James Brown said it was a man's world
And women don't matter
A little slap, they'll claim they're battered
They're hysterical, emotional
And love will make them fall
Tomorrow she'll forget that it happened at all

Domestic quarrels are routine
There's no need to waste a cop
Especially in that neighborhood
Those people never stop
But her husband showed up just like she said
No one would listen, now Maria lays dead

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