

Donna Fargo "Manhattan, Kansas"

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Manhattan, Kansas
Manhattan, Kansas ain't no place to have a baby
When you got no man to give it his last name
And my folks back in Manhattan didn't want me or my
bundle
So I took my child and caught an evening train.
And I found a job in Denver washing dishes in a diner
At least it buys my baby milk to drink
He once told me I was pretty but the only ring it got me
Was the ring of grease that runs around the sink
(Chorus)
Yes, I lay beside him gentle
'Cause he told me that he loved me
And he made me dance before the music played
But at least I didn't beg him
I'd rather wash his dishes
'Cause it makes me feel as if my hands are clean
At night I stand here thinkin'
'Bout the man back home in Kansas
And how his folks just turned away the shame
And I stare down through the soapsuds
And reached down and pull the drain plug
And I watch as Manhattan drains away
(Repeat chorus)
Yes it makes me feel as if my hands are clean

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