

Fred Small

"Fifty-nine Cents"

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High school daydreams come easy and free
When you're a working woman whatcha gonna be?
A senator, a surgeon, aim for the heights
But the guidance office says lower your sights to
CHORUS:
Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar
Fifty-nine cents it's a lowdown deal
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler
They give you a diploma it's your paycheck they steal.
She's off to college, the elite kind
To polish her manners, sharpen her mind
Honors in English, letter in lacrosse
Types her to type for her favorite boss at
CHORUS (They give you a degree...)
Junior executive on her way up

Special assistant to the man at the top
She's one in a million and all she found
Was her own secretary now to order around at
CHORUS (They give you a title...)
But the word is being processed in the typing pool
A working woman ain't nobody's fool
She's telling the boss on Secretary's Day
You can keep your flowers, buddy, give me a raise
more than
Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar
Fifty-nine cents--oh, the deal has changed
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler
You can keep your flowers, buddy, give us a raise.

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