

## **Kenny Rogers & The First Edition "My Washington Woman"**

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The wages of an unskilled  
Working man never paid enough  
From time to time, a nickel on a race  
Keeps him from giving up

The blue collared man in Seattle  
Never lives on white collared street  
But there was food on the table  
For my Washington woman and me

The work slowed down and then one day  
The foreman laid me off  
That night in a tavern down to my last dime  
I met a girl from Arkansas

Her daddy was a banker in Little Rock  
She had a mansion on white collared street  
The next morning my Washington woman  
Woke up without me

From city to city, and state to state  
I grew heavier with shame  
My Washington woman had six months left  
Before our child would bring her pain

My Arkansas woman hurt me  
As we crossed the Arkansas line  
But the arms of Seattle  
Were the arms that kept hugging mine, mine

For years I have basked in expensive wines  
Tasted champagne every day  
I gave up all the things I loved  
For all these things I hate

Locked up all of her forgiveness  
The day I set myself free  
And the heart of my Washington woman  
Stopped beating for me

My Washington woman sends me  
A letter every once in a while

Inside a folded wordless page  
Is a picture of my child

All at once, the room grows cold  
With a feeling of jealousy  
And there's a silence between  
My Arkansas woman and me

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