

Norma Jean "Future Ex-Mrs Jones"

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The next time you come home with lipstick fresh from
that blonde
Swearin' you've been at the office to twenty five past
one
And you've worked like a slave all night tired to your
bones
You'll be lyin' to the future ex-Mrs Jones
Well I don't expect an angel after all you're a man
But you run it in the ground and I'm a gonna break it all
if I can
Yeah the next time you go out with her and you come a
dragging home
You'll be looking at the future ex-Mrs Jones
[steel]
Well Jonesy boy now I'm not stupid that ain't red ink
I'm familiar with the color that's a hanky panky thing
I think the work you do at night you better do at home
You'll be workin' for the future ex-Mrs Jones
Well I don't expect an angel...
You'll be looking at the future ex-Mrs Jones

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