

## 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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