

## **Richard Thompson**

### **"Mrs. Rita"**

Visit "[Mrs. Rita](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Oh kind Mrs. Rita I never will tell  
The way that you keep us poor girls here in hell  
And I never will sneak to the News of the World

Oh kind Mrs. Rita  
Sincere Mrs. Rita  
A friend to a stranger, a ma to a girl

With the chalking and cutting and stitching and such  
We earn what we earn and it isn't too much  
Enough to keep half a step higher than trash

Oh kind Mrs. Rita  
Sincere Mrs. Rita  
So loose with the purse strings, so free with the cash

Some guardian angel take pity and sweep me away  
Seems I work every hour God sends in a day  
To line the pockets of Rita O'Connor  
To line the pockets of Rita O'Connor

Oh you can't call it stealing, more helping yourself  
If the odd pair of nylons should fall off the shelf  
And fall into somebody's handbag let's say

Oh kind Mrs. Rita  
Sincere Mrs. Rita  
It sort of makes up for the pitiful pay

Oh kind Mrs. Rita  
Sincere Mrs. Rita  
God keep and preserve you, we'll love you always

Visit [Richard Thompson](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.