

Shelley Cousins Band

"Purple Room"

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Sally Ann designs the clothes
that she models on the concrete
moving her backwards
down a one way street
Home sweet home
for the beggar gypsy
Is where she counts your money
In her penthouse suite

Shaky Shaky Shaky

Shaky your making my old
Shaky Lady are you really that cold?
and what ever happened to your honesty?
And what made your pride
Turn into greed?

Contradiction
Is her specialty
What she isn't is exactly
What she appears to be.
Her pitiful illusion
Is only robbing you blind
While she drinks champagne
From her brown bag of lies

Shaky Lady

Shaky your making me old
Shaky Lady are you really that cold?
And what ever happened to your honesty?
And what made your pride
Turn into greed?

Shaky Shaky Shaky
Shaky Lady

You greedy soul
You hands only want
what our pocketbooks hold
You bank on our emotion
So you can wear gold

Shaky lady
You're making me old

Shaky Lady
your making my old
Shaky Lady
are you really that cold?
what ever happened to your honesty?
And what made your pride
Turn into greed?

Shaky Lady
Shaky Lady
Shaky Lady

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