

Too Many Cooks **"Lucy"**

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(Georgesco D'Anjou)
She smiles like doll
If I shake her up will she crawl
It will be the same tomorrow
Can't you see she's running out of time
All the time
What's she gonna do
It's hard to tell what she's been through
When will her eyes open up
Can't you see she's just wasting time
Lucy No one's home
Lucy She's alone
Lucy No I won't phone
Lucy
She satisfies them on the streets
And that gold watch is hers to keep
Another needle hits the floor
God bless her heart she's running out of time
Out of time
She can't help the way it is
So give her cash no more promises
It will be to late tomorrow
Can't you see she's running out of time
She's wasting time
Lucy No one's home
Lucy She's alone
Lucy No I won't phone
Lucy

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