

V: The women from the PTA whisper
They sideways glance when I walk by
They say look how far she's fallen,
and anit it just appallin'
While they gossip grocery line
V: But a woman's gotta do
What a woman's gotta do
Cause there's always rent to pay
But when your kids need new shoes,
There's nothin' left to do
But to put my pride away.
Ch But :I, I fly over this town
When the sky bleeds
And the bars all close down
But I still hope and I pray
For something, someday
V: I tried cleanin' houses
And worked at the dollar mart
But to see my baby boys go hungry
It very nearly broke my heart
V: I'm not cheap and I'm not easy
I'm just paradin' my groceries
And I can handle calls and stares
For just a few more years
'Til no one wants to look at me
Ch
V: I like to stop in after workin
For little kindness and a cup of joe
And the waitress is always nice to me
Even though I think she knows.
V: She always asks me how I doin
If my kids caught that awful flu
Once she put her hand on my hand
And said
"Honey, you just do whatcha gotta do."
Ch