

# Hundred Dollar Lady

Ed Bruce

They call her a hundred dollar lady  
I don't really know what she's worth  
But ever since she walked  
Into this honky tonk  
I've counted all my money wantin' her  
Two fives, three ones, and two quarters  
And this cold glass of beer I just paid for  
And I could pay the rest first thing monday  
Ah, honey have mercy on a poor boy,  
But she said:

No down payments, no checks or credit cards  
I'm sorry but business is business  
I'm a workin' girl and you know times are hard  
But honey I'm off on wednesdays

Well I bought a few rounds  
And she took whiskey  
Gusto on tap ain't good enough  
She was wearin' high heeled boots  
And tight fittin' two piece levis  
So manhattan's more her kind of stuff  
Three ones, two dimes, four nickles  
I'll go without lunch and smokes tomorrow  
But she said no again to my question  
She likes me but she told me she was sorry  
She still said:  
Hundred dollar lady

No down payments, no checks or credit cards  
I'm sorry but business is business  
I'm a workin' girl and you know times are hard  
But honey I'm off on wednesdays

They call her a hundred dollar lady  
I don't really know what she's worth  
I've had me some of those  
Hundred dollar daydreams  
But none of them can come up to her  
No fives, no ones, just three nickles