

Ruby

Janis Ian

They say she's not a lady
'Cause every love has its price
Night after night, Ruby
Another man at her side
And each one colder than the last
The men get older
And the bed lies
The dream dies
And the looks fade too fast
Ruby's got a past

But when she's sleeping alone
She dreams of cleansing her soul
Just like they promised in church
But the Sundays seem to come and go
Like the preachers on the radio

Above the noise, and the neon
There's a saxophone
Playing smoky old familiar notes
That float up the stairs
Ruby takes a rose from her hair
Sees her face in the mirror
Wipes her cheek with a tear
Under the make-up, she longs to be touched
Ruby don't ask for much

And when she's sleeping alone
She dreams of cleansing her soul
Just like they promised in church
But the Sundays seem to come and go
Like the preachers on the radio

Some sell their bodies for dimes
While others marry
For the houses, and the jewelry
It's a real thin line
What you charge for your time