

# You're My Lady Now

Mickey Newbury

Whoa, the lights of the city,  
Sparkle like diamonds.  
They dance like a harlot,  
Into the dawn.  
She was an angel of mercy,  
A vision of heaven.  
On earth in this garden,  
Of concrete and stone.

She stands on the corner,  
Spins on her toes.  
Tight skin and satin,  
Of shimmerin' gold.  
Sells her young body,  
To feed his mad soul.  
He was born with,  
A silver spoon in his nose.

He said, "You're my lady now.  
Girl, you're my lady now.  
Lady, lay down.  
Yes, you're my lady now.  
Yes, you're my lady now.  
Girl, you're my lady now.  
You're so lovely,  
In your satin gown."

He sits on a corner,  
In shoes made of snakeskin.  
Taylor-made silk,  
And a custom-built Rolls.  
Oh, his eyes are like midnight,  
And his teeth are like daggers.  
He speaks from the bottomless,  
Depths of his soul,

"Oh, you're my lady now.  
[Humming.]  
Yes, you're my lady now.  
Oh, you are so lovely,  
In your satin gown."

Yes, the lights of the city,  
Sparkle like diamonds.  
Down from the country  
And into the town.  
She was so lovely,  
And so sure to be climbin'  
A ladder that would take her,  
Right into the ground.