

Richland Woman Blues

Bonnie Raitt

Gimme red lipstick and a bright purple rouge
A shingle bob and a shot of good booze
Now hurry home, sweet baby, you come blow your horn
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

Come along young man, everything settin' right
My husband's goin' away till next Saturday night
Now hurry home, sweet baby, you come blow your horn
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

Well, I'm raring to go, pink toes on my feet
My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat
Now hurry home, sweet baby, come blow your horn
You come too late, your mama will be gone

Well, the skirts cut high, the dresses cut low
But you call me a sport, just watch me go
Now hurry home, sweet baby, come blow your horn
You come too late, your mama will be gone

Red rooster said, "Cockle doodle do do"
The rich woman said, "Any dude will do"
Now hurry home, sweet baby, you come blow your horn
You come too late, your mama will be gone