

Ladies Of The Evening

Ray Charles

Poor little daughters of the moon
When the sun is dawning
What is as sour as a day in June
For the ladies of the evening
In the morning?
Lost is the music of the night
For the daily clamor.
Noses are red and cheeks are white.
Where the hell's our glamour?
Where the hell's our glamour!

We let the burglars take their snatch
To the shop for pawning.
All that we ever aim to catch
Is the ladies of the evening in the morning.
All night they bring rich men to grief
Till they have no cash left.
Cops can't afford the good roast beef
But we have the hash left.

A plum becomes a prune.
A joke becomes a pun,
And daughters of the moon
Must stray beneath the sun.
Let them earn an honest drachma
While the moral girls are yawning.
A policeman's lost
Is ladies of the evening
In the morning.
So start the day
The Police Department way
With the ladies of the evening
In the morning.