Martha in the mornin', Oprah in the afternoon, Weddings in the Garden, Watchin' TV on a sick day, Tel me: whats that mean to you?

They say I'm outta touch,
But they don't know much about my world
got a wing and a prayer and a job on the line.
And there ain't no time for a Working Girl.

Well, they say they respect me, in the fashion magazines,
Oh, honey all I see is these girls don't look like
me! Tell me: What's it like to be rich? and ever seventeen?

Starry nights on the beach, the worlds in my reach, But they don't take American Express.

Got A wing and A prayer and a boss and a job on the line. A Working Girl, I'm a Working Girl