

# Ray Charles, Ladies Of The Evening

[Ladies]

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!

[Police]

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.

[All]

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.