

Woman's Work, A  
by Donovan

A woman in the bank looked tired today  
Someone called her name, she couldn't tell from where it came  
Stared out into the spaces between the faces  
Of the lonely people on that lon-lonely line

A woman's work is never done  
She love and care for everyone  
A man he work from sun till sun  
But a woman's work is never done

Some kid screamed from behind carrying-on  
I asked her had she any kids of her own  
Her face lit up, she said, "yeah, a set of two"  
As she handed me the bills her love shone through

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