

# They Call Her Easy

Harry Chapin

It was just another night  
and I was out on a limb  
looking for someone  
to help me back in.  
A couple of hours of cruising around  
brought me into a bar  
and I sat me down  
nothing much to be found.  
So I got in to talking to the old bar man  
he said:

"You got a problem I can understand  
and I know a little lady  
who is all alone.  
If you find her she will take you home.  
She don't like to spend her nights alone!"

They call her Easy.  
They say it's not a way for a body to be.  
They call her Easy.  
She is giving out her love for free.

I found her on the street  
like the bartender said.  
She was not great looking  
but not that bad.  
I walked on up to her  
and didn't say a word  
but my eyes were talking  
and I think she heard.  
Yes, she heard me.  
We walked down the road  
to a rundown farm.  
She lit a couple of candles  
and she held out her arms.  
Lord, she was gentle as a windblown sigh  
in the morning while dressing I could hear her cry.  
She was crying and I went flying out of there.

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The next day found me walking in town.  
Saw the old bartender and I flagged him down.  
I thanked him for the girl  
and told him that she pleased me  
and laughed a little bit  
about how she was easy.  
But the old man stopped me  
with the look in his eye.  
He said,

"You know I had hoped  
you weren't that kind of guy.  
Dream of the kind of world it could be

if we were free with our loves like Easy"

It's a hard world we must learn to be easy.  
In a cold world I must love the ones who please me  
Easy!

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