

# Hey Blondie

Maggie Rose

Up in New York City  
Strolling round The Bowery  
Can't help it, they want a piece of me  
They're tryna get my attention  
But they don't know my name  
Can't blame 'em, it happens every day

They say, hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Hey blondie

Glanced at a magazine cover  
She's this year's American dream  
And she'll make you forget perfection's a fantasy  
I bet she's got a real good story  
I bet she's got something to say  
And I bet you most people won't care anyway

But hey, hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Hey blondie

Ooh, hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Ooh...

I'm working real hard for my money  
I'm working for a little less pay  
Don't you think it's funny that some things'll never change  
But hey, hey, hey!

Hey blondie  
Hey red  
Get money  
Get bread

Hey blondie  
(Hey, hey, yeah) hey blondie  
(A-what's my name) hey blondie  
(A-what's my name) hey blondie  
(Oh, oh, oh) oh hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Hey blondie  
Hey blondie

Hey!