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# 9 to 5

Words and Music by DOLLY PARTON







They let you dream just to watch them shatter; You're just a step on the boss man's ladder, But you've got dreams he'll never take away. In the same boat with a lot of your friends; Waitin' for the day your ship'll come in, And the tide's gonna turn, and it's all gonna roll your way. *(To Chorus:)* 

## Chorus 4 , 6:

Nine to five, they've got you where they want you; There's a better life, and you dream about it, don't you? It's a rich man's game, no matter what they call it; And you spend your life putting money in his pocket. Sing For The Common Man







# Hush-A-Bye Hard Times

Words and Music by DOLLY PARTON



Hush-A-Bye Hard Times - 6 - 1





Chorus:



Hush-A-Bye Hard Times - 6 - 4





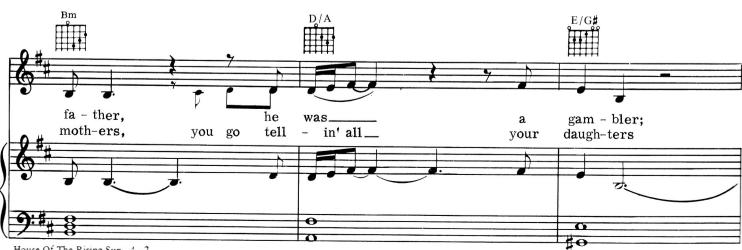
# The House Of The Rising Sun

Arrangement by **DOLLY PARTON** and MIKE POST

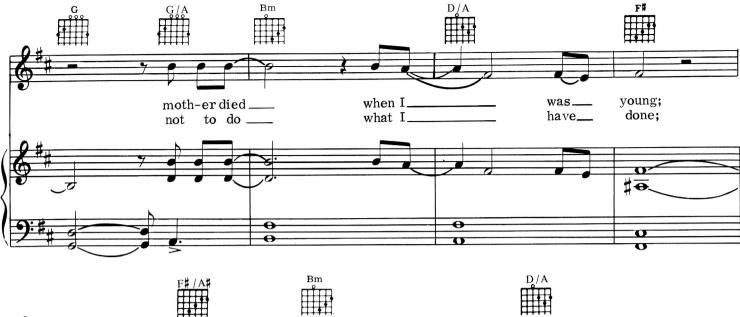


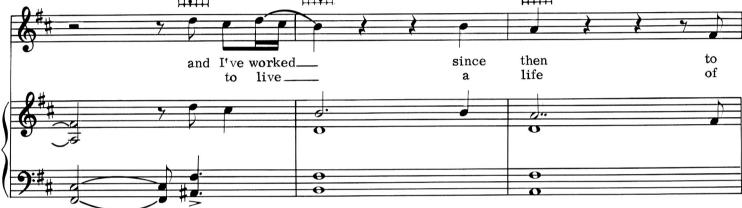
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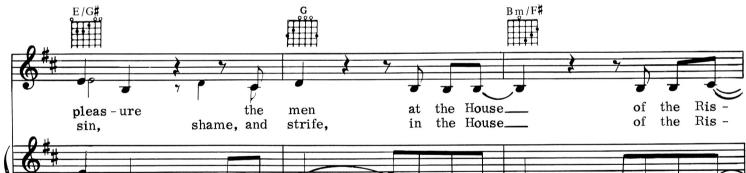


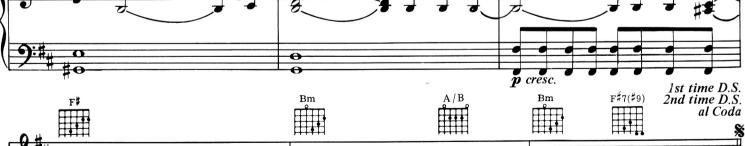


House Of The Rising Sun - 4 - 2

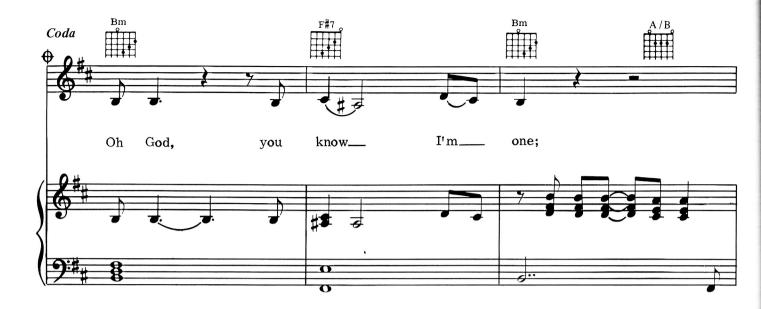


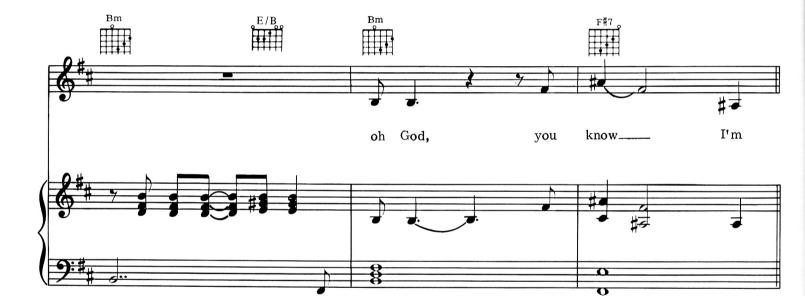












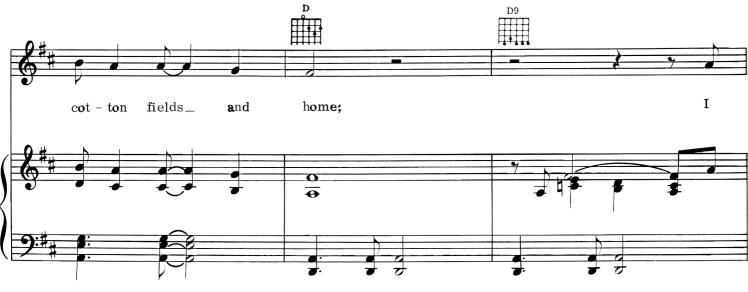


# **Detroit City**

Words and Music by







Detroit City - 3 - 1

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Verse 2: My kin folks think I'm big in Detroit City; From all the letters that I write, they think I'm fine. By day I make the cars, but by night I make all of the bars; Oh, if only they'd just read between the lines, They'd know I want to go ... (To Chorus:)

Verse 3: (Spoken:)

You know, I rode a freight train north to Detroit City; And after all these years, I find I just been wasting my time. (Sung:) Think I'll put my foolish pride on a south bound train, and ride; Head on back to the loved ones I left waiting there behind. I want to go ... (To Chorus:)





Working Girl







Verse 3:

Some find her too aggressive; she don't know how to stop, 'Cause she's the kind that don't look down until it's from the top.

#### Verse 4:

She's elegant and stylish; French perfume and a fur; Designer clothes by Halston and Diane von Furstenberg; And she's a working girl. (To Chorus:)

Verse 5:

You'll find her dressed according to standard uniform, 'Cause she must dress in comfort for the job she must perform.

Verse 6:

She has so many faces; she wears so many names; She goes so many places, and she does so many things; 'Cause she's a working girl. (To Chorus:)

Deportee (Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)

Music by MARTIN HOFFMAN



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#### Verse 2:

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted; Our work contract's out, and we have to move on; But it's six hundred miles to that Mexican border; They chase us like outlaws; like rustlers; like thieves. (To Chorus:)

#### Verse 3:

My father's own father, he waded that river; They took all the money he made in his life. My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees, And they rode the truck 'til they took down and died.

#### Verse 4:

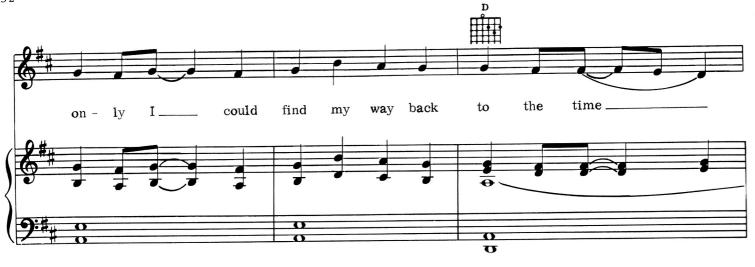
The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon; A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills. Who are these dear friends all scattered like dry leaves? The radio said they were just deportees. (To Chorus:) But You Know I Love You



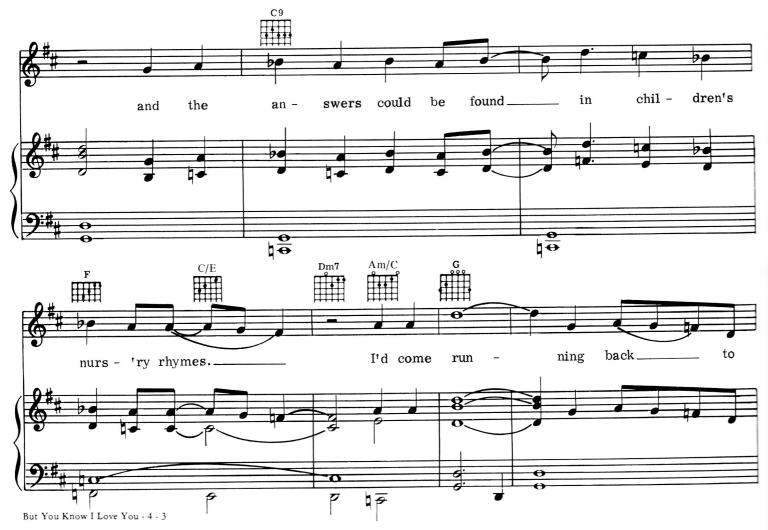
But You Know I Love You - 4 - 1

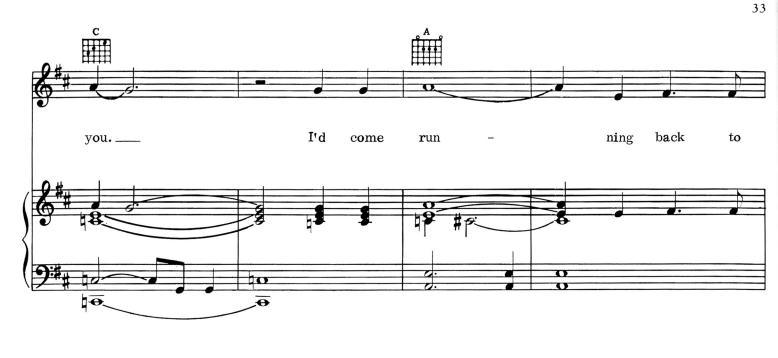
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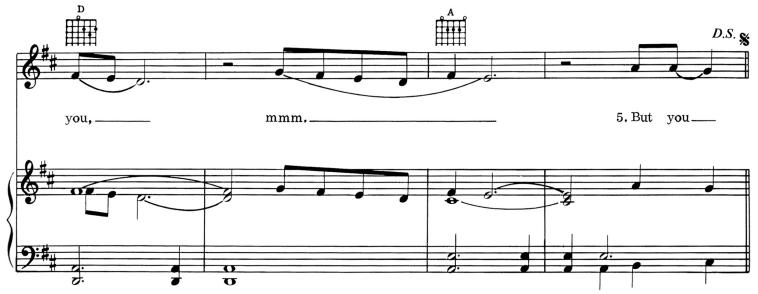












Verse 3:

And how I wish that love is all we'd need to live; What a life we'd have, 'cause I've got so much to give.

### Verse 4:

But you know I feel so sad, down inside my heart, That the dollar signs should be keeping us apart But you know that I love ... (*To Chorus:*)

## Verse 5:

But you know we can't live on dreams alone; Got to pay the rent, so I must leave you all alone.

#### Verse 6:

'Cause you know I made my choice many years ago; And now this traveling life; well, it's the only life I know; But you know that I love ... (*To Chorus:*)

Dark As A Dungeon



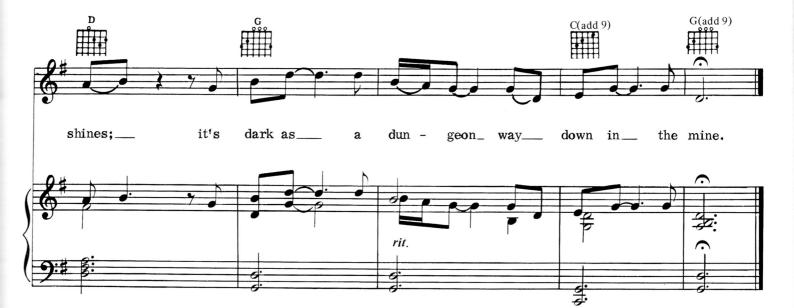
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Dark As A Dungeon - 4 - 2







## Verse 2:

There's many a man that I've known in my day, Who lived just to labor his whole life away. Like a fiend with his dope, and a drunkard his wine, A man will have lust for the lure of the mine. (To Chorus:)

#### Verse 3:

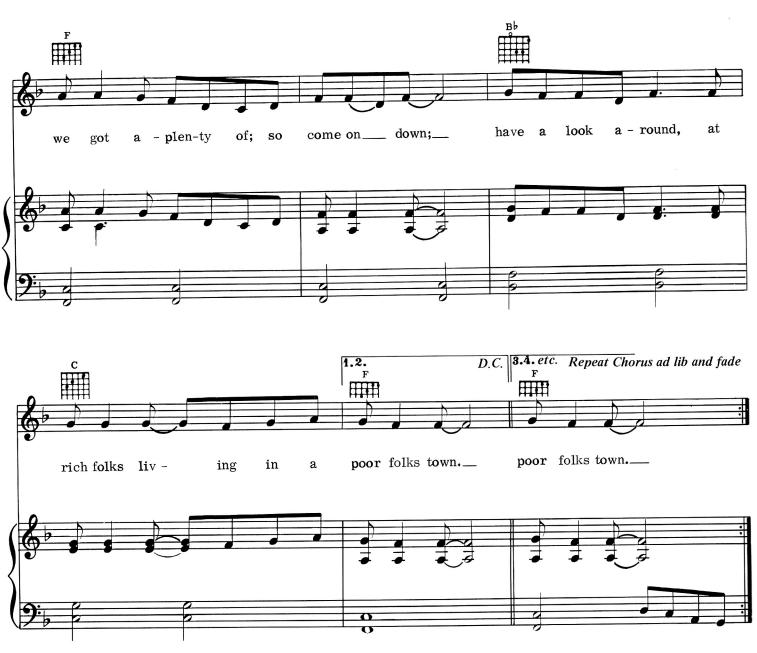
I hope when I'm gone, and the ages shall roll, My body will blacken, and turn into coal. Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly hold, And I'll pity the miners digging my bones. (To Chorus:) Poor Folks Town



Poor Folks Town - 3 - 1







Verse 2:

We got no carpets on the floor; We got wall-to-wall love; who could ask for more? We got no big fine things to show, Just a place to watch our children grow. -

#### Verse 3:

We got no big fine car to drive, And no fancy clothes to keep in style. What we've got we're paying on, But it's mostly love that we're living on. (To Chorus:)

#### Verse 4:

We got a little simple church nearby, And the promise of a mansion in the sky; A heart of gold; a million dollar smile, And a one-way ticket to paradise. (*To Chorus:*)