

Mrs Rita
Richard Thompson

Mrs. Rita

Fm **Bbm**
Oh kind Mrs. Rita I never will tell
Fm **Bbm**
The way that you keep us poor girls here in hell
Fm **C**
And I never will sneak to the News of the World
C# **Bbm**
Oh kind Mrs. Rita, sincere Mrs. Rita
C# **D#** **Fm** **Bbm** **Fm** **Bbm**
A friend to a stranger, a ma to a girl

With the chalking and cutting and stitching and such
We earn what we earn and it isnâ€™t too much
Enough to keep half a step higher than trash
Oh kind Mrs. Rita, sincere Mrs. Rita
So loose with the purse strings, so free with the cash

E **Bm** **Am**
Some guardian angel take pity and sweep me away
Dm **Am** **Gm**
Seems I work every hour God sends in a day
Bbm
To line the pockets of Rita Oâ€™Connor
F#
To line the pockets of Rita Oâ€™Connor

Oh you canâ€™t call it stealing, more helping yourself
If the odd pair of nylons should fall off the shelf
And fall into somebodyâ€™s handbag letâ€™s say
Oh kind Mrs. Rita, sincere Mrs. Rita
It sort of makes up for the pitiful pay

Oh kind Mrs. Rita, sincere Mrs. Rita
God keep and preserve you, weâ€™ll love you always