Lady Madonna

By JOHN LENNON and
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Moderato

1. Lady Madonna, children at your feet,
2. Lady Madonna, baby at your breast,

Wonder how you manage to make ends meet?
Who finds Lady Madonna

when you pay the rent, Did you think that money was heaven sent?
Listen to the music playing in your head.

Friday night arrives without a suitcase,
Sunday morning

creeping like a snail, Monday's child has learned to tie his shoelace.

See how they run.