

A Plain Old Song

by Peter Brunette

1. Oh, the life I'm living is a plain old life,
 And this ordinary life of mine,
It don't all seem to be peaches in cream.
 It ain't all champagne wine.
It's a little laughing, a little loving,
 And a whole lot of sweeping the floors.
And if I take a trip, it'll be on a ship
 That's powered by a couple of oars.

CHORUS 1: 'Cause it seems I spent
 Most of my money
 On the rent
 And the hydro, honey.
 The rest of it went
 On the peanut butter and jam.
 'Cause I'm just so plain
 And so ordinary,
 It numbs my brain
 Like a Bloody Mary.
 It's a doggone shame
 Just how ordinary I am.

2. Oh, the life I'm living is a plain old life.
 Been that way for a considerable while,
Since I gave up rambling, gave up my gambling—
 The family kind of cramped my style.
Now, a roll of the dice can be awfully nice
 When you don't care if you land on the skids,
And raising hell used to be pretty swell,
 But I'm too busy raising my kids.

CHORUS 2: And it seems I spent (*etc.*)

3. And the song I'm singing is a plain old song.
 It was fashioned for the common folk.

It ain't slick enough to be top-forty stuff.
Lady Gaga would call it a joke.
But it wasn't made for the hit parade
Or for glamorous Hollywood stars,
And if they don't play it on their old Broadway,
Well, you can join me when I hum a few bars.

CHORUS 3 (*hum or scat first six lines*):

Na, na, na.
Na-na, na, na-na.
Na, na, na.
Na-na, na, na-na.
Na-na-na, na.
Na-na-na, na. Na-na-na, na.
'Cause I'm just so plain
And so ordinary,
It numbs my brain
Like a Bloody Mary.
It's a doggone shame
Just how ordinary I am.

ENDING: Do I have to explain?
Well, I could draw you a diagram.
You can't hop on a train
When you're always pushing a pram.
It's a doggone shame
Just how ordinary I am.