

John Conlee

"Domestic Life"

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Cruising in my Station Wagon
Trying to keep my muffler from dragging
Sometimes it seems so defeating
As I'm hustling to make it to the Cub Scout meeting

I dream about Mexico
Where all the pretty people go
But we're on a budget that just won't budge
Not much money but a whole lot of love

Living that domestic life
Happy children and a pretty wife
Our Cocker Spaniel's always having puppies
How could anybody be so lucky?

See me mowing my domestic yard
Lord, I owe my soul to Master Card
But it seems to suit me to a tee
That domestic life's all right with me

Our neighbor's names are Fred and Ruth
He wears a lot of leisure suits
She sells Avon and Tupperware too
We're always ducking all the bull they shoot

I'll never be president
And we never seem to save a cent
But things are looking better everyday
Hell I'm Sergeant At Arms of the P.T.A.

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Our Cocker Spaniel's always having puppies
How could anybody be so lucky?

See me mowing my domestic yard
Lord, I owe my soul to Master Card
But it seems to suit me to a tee
That domestic life's all right with me

Living that domestic life
Happy children and a pretty wife

Our Cocker Spaniel's always having puppies
How could anybody be so lucky?

See me mowing my domestic yard
Lord, I owe my soul to Master Card
But it seems to suit me to a tee
That domestic life's all right with me

We're living that domestic life
And loving that domestic life

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