

## Deana Carter "Story of My Life"

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Story of my life, story of my life  
Well, let's just say it's a fork and a knife  
There's one thing on my mind, one thing all the time  
I got to fill my mouth

Got no favorite meal, got no favorite meal  
I say every meal is clean if it fills me up for real  
My belly's big and it's just a start, my appetite's my  
heart

And when I had enough, I just throw up and laugh

But this time, this time, it's not a cow  
Kind of personal, can't explain to you why  
Now this time, this time, it's not a cow  
Mr. PC, are you ready to bow?

Breakfast in bed, breakfast in bed  
The bed's in the kitchen so it's easy to be fed  
And when I'm fed, yes, when I'm fed, I go back to bed

Food and sleep-watch, food and sleep-watch  
The thing should keep me from having too much  
My belly is big and that's just a start, my appetite's my  
heart

Sometimes it feels that I could kill for desert

This time, this time, it's not a cow  
It's kind of personal, can't explain to you why  
No, this time, this time, it's not a cow  
So Mr. PC, are you ready to bow?

The story of my life, a big fork and the sharpest knife  
I guess this solid, solid, solid, solid, solid  
Bridge leads me on to the nearest fridge

But when I had enough, I just throw up and laugh

So this time, this time, it's not a cow  
It's kind of personal, can't explain to you why  
No, this time, this time, it's not a cow

Mr. PC, are you ready to bow?

This time, this time, it's not a cow, not a cow

Now this time, this time, this time, this time, it's not a  
cow

Not a pig, sheep, chicken, moose, duck, snake, horse  
or a frog

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