

## Perry Blake

### "First Lady"

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( she?s the first lady, she?s the first lady,She?s the first lady of the land! )She might have been a teacherA job that she?d adore . . .She might have been a housewifeA wife and nothing more!She might have been an actressWho might have played broadway!But my husband had to be president ( hmm . . . )And what am I today? I?m the first lady of the land,The first lady of the landStanding on a receiving line,Winding up with an aching spineCalluses on my receiving hand,As the first lady of the land!For every week a different hairdo,Which means another dressThose meetings with committees,And sparing with the pressThose dreary formal dinners,When I stay up ?till dawnCounting all the silverWhen the guests have gone!When they march out in single file,And I must smile, smile, smile!!?d rather be the secondOr the third or the forthOr the fifth or the sixthOr the seventh insteadOf the first lady of the land!I?m the first lady of the land,The first lady of the landEntertaining at lunch or tea,Do do-gooders who call on meTelling of their noble deeds they?ve plannedFor the first lady of the land!And oh the presents that they send meAn awful lot of junkAn un-housebroken poodleA dehydrated skunkA turkey for thanksgivingPotat?as in a sackBut when they send me a diamondI must send it back!When the whole cabinet arrivesAnd bring their wives, wives, wives!!?d rather be the secondOr the third or the forthOr the fifth or the sixthOr the seventh insteadOf the first lady of the land!

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