

Gowan, Laura

The dull parade, domestic scenne
She makes a meal of toast and beans today
The soaps play on her t.v. screen
A mundane way to wash her dreams away
And so she looks ahead another year
Terrified to see that she's still here

Laura lives the straight life
She plays the good wife at home
But Laura thinks there's more to this life
Wants to make a dream of her own

She holds her book on Paul Gauguin
And sees herself paint distant lands someday
She wonders how the day would look
If this dreary veil was torn away
If one night he should stumble through the door
To find she doesn't live here anymore

Laura lives the straight life
She plays the good wife at home
But Laura thinks there's more to this life
Wants to make a dream of her own

In some warm exotic place
She'll dance naked to the waist
Paint reclining dark skinned men
Seduce them now and then
Oh, Laura

One lonely, yellow, autumn leaf
Clings to a barren tree today
She racks the dishes up to dry
And through the window sees it fly away
Then she smiles to know that she'll be going soon
But today her only trip's the laundry room

Laura lives the straight life
She plays the good wife at home
But Laura thinks there's more to this life
Wants to make a dream of her own
Oh Laura thinks there's more to this life
Wants to make a dream of her own