

Randy Newman, My Life Is Good

A couple of week ago
My wife and I
Took a little trip down to
Mexico
Met this young girl there
We brought her back with us
Now she lives with us
In Our Home
She cleans the hallway
She cleans the stair
She cleans the livingroom
She wipes the baby's ass
She drives the kids to school
She does the laundry too
She wrote this song for me
Listen
Yeah
The other afternoon
My wife and I
Took a little ride into
Beverly Hills
Went to the private school
Our oldest child attends
Many famous people send their children there
This teacher says to us
"We have a problem here
This child just will not do
A thing I tell him to
And he's such a big old thing
He hurts the other children
All the games they play, he plays so rough
Hold it teacher
Wait a minute
Maybe my hears are clogged or somethin'
Maybe I'm not understanding
The English language
Dear, you don't seem to realize
My Life Is Good
My Life Is Good
My Life Is Good, you old bag
My Life, My Life
Just this evening
Some young associates of ours
Are flying to see us from
New York City
They're gonna stay with us
Oh, a couple of weeks or so
I'm gonna take 'em to
Restaurants and everything
Gonna get'em some
Real good cocaine
They don't get much
Where they come from
And this one's guy wife
Is such a pretty little brown thing
That I'm liable to give her a poke or two
Whaddaya think of that?
Teacher, let me tell you a little story
Just this morning
My wife and I
Went to this hotel in the hills
That's right
The Bel-Air Hotel
Where a very good friend of ours

Happens to be staying
And the name of this young man
Is Mr Bruce Springsteen
That's right, yeah
Oh, we talked about some kind of
woodblock or something
And this new guitar we like
And you know what he said to me
I'll tell you what he said to me
He said, "Rand, I'm tired
How would you like to be the Boss for awhile?"
Well, yeah
Blow, Big Man, blow
My Life Is Good
My Life Is Good
My Life Is Good
My Life, My Life Is Good