

Cook Barbara, It They Could See Me Now

If they could see me now,
That little gang of mine,
I'm eating fancy chow
And drinking fancy wine.
I'd like those stumble bums to see for a fact
The kind of top drawer, first rate chums I attract.
All I can say is "Wow-ee!
Looka where I am.
Tonight I landed, pow!
Right in a pot of jam.
What a set up! Holy cow!
They'd never believe it,
If my friends could see me now!
If they could see me now,
My little dusty group,
Traipsin' 'round this million dollar chicken coop.
I'd hear those thrift shop cats say:
"Brother, get her!
Draped on a bed spread made from three kinds of fur."
All I can say is, "Wow!
Wait till the riff an' raff
See just exactly how

He sign this autograph."
What a build up! Holy cow!
They'd never believe it,
If my friends could see me now!
If they could see me now
Alone with Mister V.,
Who's waiting on me like he was a matre d'
I'd hear my buddies saying:
"Crazy, what gives?
Tonight she's living like
The other half lives!"
To think the highest brow,
Which I must say is he,
Should pick the lowest brow,
Which there's no doubt is me!
What a step up! Holy cow!
They'd never believe it,
If my friends could see me now!
What a step up! Holy cow!
They'd never believe it...
They'd never believe it,
If my friends could see me now