

George Jones, Something To Brag About

(G.J.)

I've got a real important job
In a large office buildin'
Ridin' people in an elevator
I drive a '57 Chevrolet
With busted tail lights
Burned out valves
And a leaky radiator
I wear a twenty dollar suit
I bought from J.C. Penney's
Back in 1962
But I've got somethin' to brag about
Somethin' to brag about
Somethin' to brag about in you

(T.W.)

I'm a short-order cook
At an all night cafe
Down on 18th avenue and 12th street
I wear a swingin' mini dress
That I made for myself
>From mama's kitchen curtains
And old bed sheets
I've got 17 pages
Of Top Value stamps
And one old pair of shoes
But I've got somethin' to brag about
Somethin' to brag about
Somethin' to brag about in you
When you're with the fellas, I know
You start braggin' 'bout
My hour glass figure
And my big brown eyes

(G.J.)

Tell 'em
You tell your girlfriends 'bout my
Sweet, sweet lovin'
And that's one better that
Money can't buy

(both)

So let's I get married
In the not-to-distant future
We'll rent a little flat
On 29th street
You know we'll hang our washin'
On the clothes line from the window
We'll feast on corn bread, butter beans and lunch meat
We won't have a thermostat
A big long Cadillac
But we'll have a love that's true

(G.J.)

Love has, somethin' to brag about

(T.W.)

Yeah and I'll have, somethin' to brag about

(both)

Yeah, somthin' to brag about in you.