

John Conlee, Domestic Life

Cruising in my station wagon
Trying to keep my muffler from draggin'
Sometimes it seems so defeating
As I'm hustling to make it to the Cub Scout meeting

I dream about Mexico
Where all the pretty people go
But we're on a budget that just won't budge
Not much money but a whole lot of love

Living that domestic life
Happy children and a pretty wife
Our Cocker Spaniel's always having puppies
How could anybody be so lucky?

See me mowing my domestic yard
Lord, I owe my soul to MasterCard
But it seems to suit me to a tee
That domestic life's alright with me

Our neighbor's names are Fred and Ruth
He wears a lot of leisure suits
She sells Avon and Tupperware too
But we're always ducking all the bull they shoot

I'll never be president
And we never seem to save a cent
But things are looking better every day
I'm Sergeant At Arms of the P.T.A.

Living that domestic life
Happy children and a pretty wife
Our Cocker Spaniel's always having puppies
How could anybody be so lucky?

See me mowing my domestic yard
Lord, I owe my soul to MasterCard
But it seems to suit me to a tee
That domestic life's alright with me

Living that domestic life
Happy children and a pretty wife
Our Cocker Spaniel's always having puppies
How could anybody be so lucky?

See me mowing my domestic yard
Lord, I owe my soul to MasterCard
But it seems to suit me to a tee
That domestic life's alright with me

We're living that domestic life
And loving that domestic life