

# Nat Stuckey, Dreams Of The Everyday Housewife

She looks in the mirror and stares at the wrinkles that weren't there yesterday  
And thinks of the young man that she almost married  
What would he think if he saw her this way  
She picks up her apron in little girl fashion as something comes into her mind  
Then slowly starts dancing remembering her girlhood  
And all of the boys she had waiting in line  
Ah such are the dreams of the everyday housewife  
You see everywhere anytime of the day  
And everyday housewife who gave up the good time for me  
( ac.guitar )

The photograph album she takes from the closet and slowly turns the page  
Carefully picks up the crumbling flower  
The first one he gave her now withered with age  
She closes her eyes touches the housedress that suddenly disappears  
And just for a moment she's wearing the gown  
That broke all their minds back so many years  
Ah such are the dreams...  
Such are the dreams...  
Such are the dreams...  
Such are the dreams...