

Perry Como, First Lady

(she's the first lady, she's the first lady,
She's the first lady of the land!)

She might have been a teacher
A job that she'd adore . . .
She might have been a housewife
A wife and nothing more!
She might have been an actress
Who might have played Broadway!
But my husband had to be president (hmm . . .)
And what am I today?

I'm the "first" lady of the land,
The "first" lady of the land
Standing on a receiving line,
Winding up with an aching spine
Calluses on my receiving hand,
As the "first" lady of the land!

For every week a different hairdo,
Which means another dress
Those meetings with committees,
And sparing with the "press";
Those dreary formal dinners,
When I stay up 'till dawn
Counting all the silver
When the guests have gone!

When they march out in single file,
And I must smile, smile, smile!

I'd rather be the second
Or the third or the fourth
Or the fifth or the sixth
Or the seventh instead
Of the "first" lady of the land!

I'm the "first" lady of the land,
The "first" lady of the land
Entertaining at lunch or tea,
Do do-gooders who call on me
Telling of their noble deeds they've planned
For the "first" lady of the land!

And oh the presents that they send me
An awful lot of junk
An un-housebroken poodle
A dehydrated skunk
A turkey for "thanksgiving";
Potat'as in a sack
But when they send me a "diamond";
I must send it back!

When the whole cabinet arrives
And bring their wives, wives, wives!
I'd rather be the second
Or the third or the fourth
Or the fifth or the sixth
Or the seventh instead
Of the "first" lady of the land!