

Small Fred, Big Italian Rose

She was riding on the airline leafing through their magazine
They said, "We'll fly you to the homeland that you have never seen"
Smiling tourists in the picture back in sunny Italy
Said she, "These pretty people don't look anything like me!"

CHORUS:

"I'm a big Italian woman and I want the world to see
All the big Italian women who look just like me
You can take your slender models and their Fifth Avenue clothes
But you'll never find a flower like the big Italian rose!"
Well, the more she thought about it, the more it made her mad
How they make you feel so ugly, they make you feel so bad
Sell you junk food and booze then make you diet till you're dead
She sat and wrote a letter and this is what it said:

CHORUS

"Well, I'm nearly fifty-seven, my hair is turning gray
The dress I wore at twenty I cannot wear today
Just an ordinary woman and it sure would make me glad
Just for once to see someone like me in your ad."

CHORUS

Three weeks later came an answer, from New York it was sent
Said, "We'd like to take your picture for our next advertisement."
Soon magazines across the nation in a prominent place
Showed a big Italian woman with a smile on her face.

CHORUS