

Spirit Of The West, Mildred

...I know we've shared those days...

Mildred says her life is alright
She does her job and sleeps well at night
And her days are filled with underwear and idle conversations
Mildred says her life is alright

Mildred leaves the day well behind
With her uniform and place in the line
Punch the clock and start the car
She's a thing of adulation
Mildred says her life is alright

Mildred is it OK?
This never ending day to day
And I need to say to you
If only I had the courage to

Mildred's pushing on twenty-eight
And she doesn't have a mark on her slate
She's been nowhere, she's done nothing
She's coasting to a standstill
Mildred says her life is alright

She comes over, she doesn't have a lot to say
As she gets older, nothing happens anyway
It's just the same old play-by-play

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