

The Police, On Any Other Day

(Stewart Copeland)

You got it.
There's a house on my street
And it looks real neat
I'm the chap who lives in it

There's a tree on the sidewalk
There's a car by the door
I'll go for a drive in it

And when the wombat comes
He will find me gone
He'll look for a place to sit

My wife has burned the scrambled eggs
The dog just bit my leg
My teenage daughter ran away
My fine young son has turned out gay

Cut off my fingers in the
Door of my car
How could I do it?

My wife is proud to tell me
Of her love affairs
How could she do this to me?

My wife has burned the scrambled eggs
The dog just bit my leg
My teenage daughter ran away
My fine young son has turned out gay
And it would be O.K. on any other day
And it would be O.K. on any other day

Throw down the morning papers
And spill my tea
I don't know what's wrong with me

The cups and plates are in a
Conspiracy
I'm covered in misery

My wife has burned the scrambled eggs
The dog just bit my leg
My teenage daughter ran away
My fine young son has turned out gay
And it would be O.K. on any other day
And it would be O.K. on any other day

And it would be O.K. on any other day
(repeat to fade)