

You're the ol' lady from the society pages
From a small town somewhere I used to be
You owned the paper and a bunch of other stuff
That didn't appeal to me

OL' LADY OL'LADY
OL' LADY OL'LADY
OL' LADY OL'LADY
OL' LADY OL'LADY

The hospital plans (yer brother drew 'em all)
You ran the paper 'n Charity Ball
Every day on the third or fourth page
There you was..you was quite the rage

Somehow you was all kinda cheap 'n wrong
Just like in a lotta small towns
Where folks like you
Hang around too long
And pass out jobs to yer relatives 'n such
So you all keeps a lot, 'n nobody else
Ever gets too much...to speak of...
So what? What can you say?

So long as the trash gets picked up
So long as the trash gets locked up
Just so the trash don't stack up
Some day you won't be on page three
Or page four anymore

OL' LADY OL'LADY
OL' LADY OL'LADY
OL' LADY OL'LADY
OL' LADY OL'LADY

By the grace of God you had a son
He's the one and only one
He grew up and by and by
He came to be a Beautiful Guy