

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