

Something To Brag About

Barbara Mandrell

I've got a real important job in a large office building
Riding people in an elevator
I drive a '57 Chevy with busted tail lights
Burnt out valves and leaky radiator

I wear a twenty dollar suit I bought from JC Penny's
Back in '62
But I've got something to brag about, something to brag about
Something to brag about in you

I'm a short order cook at an all night cafe
Down on 18th Avenue and 12th Street
I wear a swinging mini dress that I made for myself
From mama's kitchen curtains and old bed sheets

I've got seventeen pages of top value stamps
And one old pair of shoes
But I've got something to brag about, something to brag about
Something to brag about in you

When you're with the fellas I know you start to bragging
'Bout my hour glass figure and my big blue eyes
You tell all your girlfriends about my sweet sweet loving
And that's one pleasure that money can't buy

Let's get married in the not too distant future
We'll rent a little flat on 29th Street
You know we'll hang our washing on a clothesline from the window
We'll feast on cornbread butter beans and lunchmeat

We won't have a thermostat or a big long Cadillac
But we'll have a love that's true
And I'll have something to brag about, (yeah and I'll have) something to brag about
Something to brag about in you