

The dull parade, domestic scenne  
She makes a meal of toast and beans today  
The soaps play on her t.v. screen  
A mundane way to wash her dreams away  
And so she looks ahead another year  
Terrified to see that she's still here

Laura lives the straight life  
She plays the good wife at home  
But Laura thinks there's more to this life  
Wants to make a dream of her own

She holds her book on Paul Gauguin  
And sees herself paint distant lands someday  
She wonders how the day would look  
If this dreary veil was torn away  
If one night he should stumble through the door  
To find she doesn't live here anymore

Laura lives the straight life  
She plays the good wife at home  
But Laura thinks there's more to this life  
Wants to make a dream of her own

In some warm exotic place  
She'll dance naked to the waist  
Paint reclining dark skinned men  
Seduce them now and then  
Oh, Laura

One lonely, yellow, autumn leaf  
Clings to a barren tree today  
She racks the dishes up to dry  
And through the window sees it fly away  
Then she smiles to know that she'll be going soon  
But today her only trip's the laundry room

Laura lives the straight life  
She plays the good wife at home  
But Laura thinks there's more to this life  
Wants to make a dream of her own  
Oh Laura thinks there's more to this life  
Wants to make a dream of her own