

No Gala

Maria McKee

It's nothing special
Just a day in good health
Loads of free time
Ooh

Nothing to sing about
Just a night, clear as a bell
Glad I'm not blind
Ooh

And there's no gala
No magic
I'm fine, living for real
And no drama
No panic
My cup, so nearly full
Could it spill?
Ooh

It's nothing sacred
We're fine, doing just fine
No wonders or signs
Ooh

And it's so quiet
Nearly stable
I'm fine, living for real
And, no riots, no fables
My cup, so nearly full
Could it spill?
Ooh