

Plain Little Every-day Girl - song lyrics

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PLAIN LITTLE EVERY-DAY GIRL

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

My steady girl Is not the kind they flag about nowadays.
With eyes of blue and golden hair that poets love to praise;
She's not as pretty as a picture hanging on the wall,
For if she was, I'd really have no love for her at all.

Refrain.

My girl is a plain girl, my girl isn't proud.
She's just what you'd call a fair looking girl, a girl that would past In a crowd;
She's not an angel from heaven, she'd not set your brain in a whirl;
She's a good, bright, all right, plain little ev'ry-day girl.

She's just the kind of girl to make you happy all the while;
She never makes you jealous, for on others she won't smile;
A little dear, good, home-girl of the sort you read about,
And that's the reason, all the time, her praises I must shout.-Refrain.

She's pure gold, eighteen carat, and that's good enough for me;
She never pale on any airs like other girls you see;
Her heart she gave me long ago, and I have bought the ring,
And when I place it on her finger you will hear me sing:-Refrain.