

# Sting, On Any Other Day

Written by Stewart Copeland

The other ones are complete bullshit

You want something corny?  
You got it

There's a house on my street  
And it looks real neat  
I'm the chap who lives in it  
There's a tree on the sidewalk  
There's a car by the door  
I'll go for a drive in it  
And when the wombat comes  
He will find me gone  
He'll look for a place to sit

My wife has burned the scrambled eggs  
The dog just bit my leg  
My teenage daughter ran away  
My fine young son has turned out gay

Cut off my fingers in the door of my car  
How could I do it?  
My wife is proud to tell me

Of her love affairs  
How could she do this to me?

My wife has burned the scrambled eggs  
The dog just bit my leg  
My teenage daughter ran away  
My fine young son has turned out gay  
And it would be o.k. on any other day  
And it would be o.k. on any other day

Throw down the morning papers  
And spill my tea  
I don't know what's wrong with me  
The cups and plates are in a conspiracy  
I'm covered in misery

My wife has burned the scrambled eggs  
The dog just bit my leg  
My teenage daughter ran away  
My fine young son has turned out gay  
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