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^D She was riding on the airline leafing through their magazine
^A
^G They said, "We'll fly you to the homeland that you have never seen"
^D
^G Smiling tourists in the picture back in sunny Italy
^A Said she, "These pretty people don't look anything like me"
^G ^A ^D

^A I'm a big Italian woman and I want the world to see
^A
 All the big Italian women who look just like me
^{D7} ^G
 You can take your slender models and their Fifth Avenue clothes
^D ^G ^A ^D
 But you'll never find a flower like the big Italian rose

Well, the more she thought about it, the more it made her mad
 How they make you feel so ugly, how they make you feel so bad
 Sell you junk food and booze then make you diet till you're dead
 She sat and wrote a letter and this is what it said:

Refrain

"Well, I'm nearly fifty-seven, my hair is turning gray
 The dress I wore at twenty, I cannot wear today
 Just an ordinary woman and it sure would make me glad
 Just for once to see someone like me in your ad"

Refrain

Three weeks later came an answer, from New York it was sent
 Said "We'd like to take your picture for our next advertisement"
 Soon magazines across the nation in a prominent place
 Showed a big Italian woman with a smile on her face

Refrain