

“Cindy Brady”
Lyrics by Bill Nelson, Music by Bradford Proctor

Cindy Brady
Is my favorite Brady girl.
I love her big yarn ribbons
Tying every Brady curl.
I love her little voice, I love
Her Technicolor clothes.
I love her little nose.

I’m not creepy—
Just in case that’s what you thought.
She just seems really happy
In a way that I do not.
She grins and fits so perfect as
The bottom left-side kid
Within the Brady grid.

If I were Cindy Brady
I would give my mom a hug,
Then run up to my twin-size bed,
Jump in and get real snug.
I’d feel so safe, and say so in my evening prayer,
While watching Marcia comb her hair.

Cindy Brady
Doesn’t know that she struck gold,
Not every kid is blessed to
Stay forever ten years old
With Alice making deviled eggs
And laughing cares away.
I want one Brady day.

I wanna go out on the Astroturf,
Pet Tiger, run and play.
I want just one Brady day.