

Ella Fitzgerald, Boy Wanted

I've just finished writing an advertisement
Calling for a boy.
No half-hearted Romeo or flirt is meant;
That's the kind I'd not employ.
Though anybody interested can apply,
He must know a thing or two to qualify.
For instance:

He must be able to dance.
He must make life a romance.
I said a boy wanted,
One who can smile;
Boy wanted, lovable style.

He must know how to say "Yes!"
When I look at a new dress.
Oh, I'll be ready when the right one calls,
And I'll start vamping him until he falls;
Yes, if he proves to be the right little laddie,
I'll make him glad he answered my ad.

He must like musical shows,
And he must wear snappy clothes.
Yes, that is my story,
And to it I'll stick;
No glory
In having a hick.

He needn't be such a saint,
But, Oh! he dassent say 'ain't.'
I don't care if his bankroll totals naught,
For we can live on love and food for thought.
If he's a scholar, when I see him I'll holler,
My lad, I'm glad you answered my ad!