

Ella Fitzgerald, Boy what love has done to me

I fetch his slippers, fill up the pipe he smokes
I cook the kippers, laugh at his oldest jokes
Yet here I anchor, I might have had a banker
Boy! what love has done to me
His nature's funny, quarrelsome half the time
And as for money, he hasn't got a dime
And here's the joker, I might have had a broker
Boy! what love has done to me
When a guy looks my way
Does he get emphatic, say he gets dramatic?
I just wanna fly 'way
But if I left him I'd be all at sea
I'm just a slavey, life is a funny thing
He's got the gravy, I got a wedding ring
And still I love him, there's nobody above him
Boy! what love has done to me
His brains are minus,
Never a thought in sight
And yet his highness
Lectures me day and night;
Oh where was my sense
To sign that wedding licence?
Boy! What love has done to me!
My life he's wrecking, bet you could find him now
Out somewhere necking somebody else's frau
You get to know life when married to a low life
Boy! what love has done to me
I can't hold my head up
The butcher, the baker, oh no he's a faker
Brother I am fed up
But if I left him he'd be up a tree
Where will it wind up, I don't know where I'm at
I make my mind up, I oughta leave him flat
But I have grown so, I love that dirty so-and-so
Boy! what love has done to me.