

Ella Fitzgerald, Ev'rything I've Got

Don't stamp your foot at me,
It's impolite
To stamp your foot at me
Is not quite right.
At man's ingratitude
A woman winks,
But such an attitude just stinks.

I have eyes for you to give you dirty looks.
I have words that do not come from children's books
there's a trick with a knife I'm learning to do
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.
I've a powerful anesthesia in my fist,
And the perfect wrist to give your neck atwist.
There are hammerlock holds,
I've mastered a few,
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.
Share for share, share alike,
You get struck each time I strike.
You for me- me for me-
I'll give you plenty of nothing.
I'm not yours for better but for worse,
And I've learned to give the well-known witches' curse.
I've a terrible tongue, a temper for two,
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.

Don't raise your voice at me,
That's very rude.
To raise your voice at me
Is rather crude.
It's wrong essentially when woman yells,
And confidentially, it smells.

I'll converse with you on politics at length,
I'll protect you with my superhuman strength.
If you're ever attacked I'll scream and say , "Boo!"
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.
I will never stray from home, I'll just stay put,
'Cause I've got a brand-new thing called athlete' s foot.
I'm a victim of colds, anemia, too,
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.
Off to bed we will creep,
Then we'll sleep and sleep and sleep
Till the birds start to peep.
I'll give you plenty of nothing.
I'll be yours forever and a day
If the first good breeze does not blow me away.
You're enough for one man, that's why I'll be true,
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.

You may have some things that I can't use at all.
When I look at you, your manly gifts are small.
I've a wonderful way of saying adieu,
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.
You won't know how good I am until you try
And you'll let my well of loneliness run dry.
I've a marvelous way of telling you no,
And ev'rything I've got belongs to you.
And ev'rything you want belongs to me!
And ev' rything you need belongs to me!

Life has no shape or form
And no design.
It isn't life without

That fool of mine.
I used to gad about
With any chap
And now I'm sad about my sap.

He's a living thing that isn't quite alive,
He has brains enough for any child of five.
Oh, he isn't too rich in vigor and vim,
But ev'rything I've got belongs to him.
He's a naughty brat that can't be left alone.
He has eyes for ev'ry skirt except my own.
Even under a tree, he grabs for the limb,
But ev'rything I've got belongs to him.
Something beats in his chest,
But it's just a pump at best.
I'm for him, he's for him.
He gives me plenty of nothing.
When I see that funny face, I know
Something scared his mother twenty years ago.
But I'll never let go, he'll never be free!
Till ev'rything he's got belongs to me!

And ev'rything I've got belongs to him!
And ev'rything I've got belongs to us!