

Marilyn Monroe, Incurably Romantic

I'm susceptible to stars in the skies,
I'm incurably romantic,
if they're told to me all covered with sighs,
the wildest of lies seems true.
Each time a lovebird sings,
I have no defenses,
my heart is off on wings
along with my senses.
I'm a set-up for the moon when it's bright,
I'm incurably romantic.
And I shouldn't be allowed out at night,
with anyone quite like you.
But, oh! Your arms are nice,
and it would be awfully nice
if you turned out to be starry-eyed like me,
and incurably romantic too.