

Cook Barbara, A Wonderful Guy

I expect everyone of my crowd to make fun
Of my proud protestations of faith in romance,
And they'll say I'm naive as a babe to believe
Every fable I hear from a person in pants.

Fearlessly I'll face them and argue their doubts away,
Loudly I'll sing about flowers in spring,
Flatly I'll stand on my little flat feet and say
Love is a grand and a beautiful thing!
I'm not ashamed to reveal
The world famous feelin' I feel.

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
I'm as normal as blueberry pie.
No more a smart little girl with no heart,
I have found me a wonderful guy!

I am in a conventional dither,
With a conventional star in my eye.
And you will note there's a lump in my throat
When I speak of that wonderful guy!

I'm as trite and as gay as a daisy in May,

A cliché comin' true!
I'm bromidic and bright
As a moon-happy night
Pourin' light on the dew!

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a flag on the Fourth of July!
If you'll excuse an expression I use,
I'm in love, I'm in love,
I'm in love, I'm in love,
I'm in love with a wonderful guy!

I'm as trite and as gay as a daisy in May,
A cliché comin' true!
I'm bromidic and bright
As a moon-happy night
Pourin' light on the dew!

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a flag on the Fourth of July!
If you'll excuse an expression I use,
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love,
I'm in love with a wonderful guy!