

Ella Fitzgerald, I Got A Guy

I Got A Guy
Chick Webb & his Orchestra
v Ella Fitzgerald (1937)

I got a guy
He don't dress me in sable
He looks nothing like Gable
But he's mine
And I think he's too divine
I got a guy
When he starts into pet me
He's the sauce on spaghetti
He's the kind that you can't keep off you mind
I got a guy
And he's tough
He's just a gem in the rough
But when I polish him up
I swear, he'll be a Tiffany solitaire
I'm riding high
'Cos I'm happy and carefree
There is nothing can scare me
'Cos I got a guy

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