

# 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

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