

Rodgers And Hammerstein, Stepsister Lament's

Why should a fellow want a girl like her
a frail and fluffy beauty
why can't a fellow ever once prefer
a solid girl like me

She's a frothy little bubble
with a flimsy kind of charm
and with very little trouble
I could break her little arm.

Oh, oh why would a fellow want a girl like her
so obviously unusual
why can't a fellow ever once prefer
a usual girl like me

Her face is exquisite I suppose but no more exquisite as a roses
Her skin may be delicate and soft, but not any softer than a dosies
Her neck is no whiter than a swan's
She's only as dainty as a daisy
She's only as graceful as a bird
So why is the fellow going crazy?

Oh why would a fellow want a girl like her,
a girl who's merely lovely,
why can't a fellow ever once prefer
a girl who's merely me

She's a frothy little bubble
with a frilly sort of air
And with very little trouble
I could pull out all her hair!

Oh why would a fellow want a girl like her,
a girl who's merely lovely,
why can't a fellow ever once prefer
a girl who's merely me

What's the matter with the man,
what's the matter with the man,
what's the matter with the man?!!