

The Supremes, If A Girl Isn't Pretty

IF A GIRL ISN PRETTY

Jule Styne-Bob Merrill

If a girl isn't pretty, really pretty
Like a Miss Atlantic City.

If a girl isn't pretty like a Miss Atlantic City
All she gets in life is pity and a pat
Any nose with deviation
Is a crime against the nation
Throw her into jail or maybe drown the cat.

She must shine in every detail
Like a ring you buy in retail
With a mounting that can knock the public flat
If a girl isn't pretty like a Miss Atlantic City
There's just nothing more to say: that's that
(That's that).

If a girl isn't pretty like a Miss Atlantic City
She should dump the stage and try another route
Any guy that spends a quarter
For a seat just feels he ought-a
See a figure that his wife can't substitute.

Men with faces that can cause ya
To have a temporary nausea
Will demand a raving beauty and nothing less
When a girl's incidentals
Are no bigger than two lentils
Well, to me that doesn't spell success.

(No, no, no, no, no, no
If a girl isn't pretty, if a girl isn't pretty).

If a girl ain't perfection
She can take a pop election
Every girl must be a dazzler and a beaut'
Never mind the girl's equipment
If it ain't the right assortment
Even though she loves her mother
And she's nice to her brother
If her hair ain't too bright curly
Better go to China, girlie
Or to hell on a fast express.

If a girl isn't pretty like a Miss Atlantic City
That oblivion is hard, a drag.