

Hey toots, you put the life into living
You brought a sigh into sight
Ah hon, you make my legs turn to water
You bring the stars out at night
But they ain't half so bright
As your eyes

Gee whiz, you take the beauty out of beautiful
You play the strings of my heart
Oh babe, you take the wonder out of wonderful
Oh my, oh my, and my, if you were mine
The rain would turn to sweet sweet wine

Well he's been up all night
Breakin' his head in two to write
A little sonnet for his chickadee
But between you and me
I think its sssssssssssilly. Silly

Ooh treas, you got a smile like a Rembrandt
Aha, you got the style of a queen
Oh dear, you are the petal of a rosebud
Next to you all the others could be weeds
You're the only one my garden needs

Ooh, you know the art of conversation
Must be dying
Ooh, when a romance depends on
Cliches and toupees and threepes

We're up to here with moonin' and junin'
If you want to sound sincere -
Don't rely on Crosby's croonin' -
Take a little time
Make up your own rhyme
Don't rely on mine
'Cos it's sssssssssilly - silly - silly - silly