

# All I Need Is The Girl

Bette Midler

I pretend I'm at home getting dressed for a date  
I take a comb, comb my hair  
Take a flower, smell it and put it in my lapel  
And I spot the audience

Once my clothes were shabby  
Tailors called me Cabbie  
So I took a vow, said this bum'll be Beau Brummel

Now I'm smooth and snappy, now my tailor's happy  
I am the cats meow, my wardrobe is a wow  
Paris silk, Harris tweed, there's only one thing I need

Got my tweed pressed, got my best vest  
All I need now is the girl  
Got my striped tie, got my hopes high  
Got the time and the place and I got rhythm  
Now all I need is the girl to go with 'em

If she'll just appear we'll take this big town for a whirl  
And if she'll say my darling I'm yours  
I'll throw away my striped tie and my best pressed tweed  
All I really need is the girl

I start off easy, you see?  
Now I'm more debonair, ssh, break  
And I sell it here, I start this step, see?  
And then I build it, double it

She appears all in white, I take her hand, kiss it  
And lead her on the floor  
This step's good for the costume, Astaire's pat  
Yah, dah, dah, dah, yah, dah, yah, dah, dah, yah

Now we waltz, strings come in  
And I lift her again, once more  
And now the tempo changes and all the lights come up  
And I build for the finale

Louise that's it, do it over here  
Follow me, faster, Charleston  
Again, do it again, give me your hands