

A Square In The Social Circle

Betty Hutton

I used my silver spoon at birth
For throwing meatballs at my nurse
And much to my regret
I can't mingle with the social set.

I used the wrong fork at the Stork in New York.
My manners ain't fit for a goop.
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Who put that fly in my soup?

I'd rather go out with a lout to about
Than sleep in a symphony hall.
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Who knocked my gum off that wall?

When the utterly utter flows like butter
I want to start pitching a curve.
With a silly old blighter on a first nighter
I feel like a pickled hors d'oeuvres,
No verve.

I never felt gay in a fancy beret
Or wear a babushka or bursk.
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Finger bowls hurt me the worst.
They just don't quench my thirst!

Mrs. Vanderpuss with greet me with a fourteen karat shout,
"My dear you simply must come to my daughter's coming out!"
Her daughter is a Frankenstein, a Dracula in mink.
When she comes out each stag will shout,
"Gadzooks, I need a drink!"

I'd dined and clubbed,
I've elbow rubbed from Yonkers to Cheyenne!
Boo to you bud;
Take your blue blood
And stuck it in your fountain pen!

I wanna brush all the flush in the gush.
I'd rather get left than be right.
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Anyone here wanna fight?

And none of me fits with the wits at the Ritz.
I'd rather relax on a stool.
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Anyone wanna shoot pool?

When a cookie with cabbage gets too savage
I'll wrestle him three out of four.
I would rather a sailor hop in my trailer
And show me his nautical lore.
Why sure!

The ladies will frills only fill me with chills.
They're soft as a ball of chenile.

I'm just a square in the social circle.
I've got a muscle of steel.
Anyone here want to feel?

I'm as square as a pear in a boutonniere.
Fancy silks won't stay on.
I'm designed for rayon.
But I just don't seem to care.
I'm a square!