

He's got no eyes for any other
With gifts and flowers, you he smothers
Golly gee, what an n-u-t
The girls backstage don't get a look-in
He talks to you even when he's sleeping
Golly gee, what an s-a-p
He don't think it's funny if he spends all his money on you
What can the poor boy do?
He's got no eyes for any other
With gifts and flowers, you he smothers
Golly gee, what an n-u-t, what an s-a-p
That boy is me