

Just An Old Fashioned Girl

Eartha Kitt

I'm just an old-fashioned girl, with an old-fashioned mind
I'm not sophisticated, I'm the sweet and simple kind
I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence,
And an old-fashioned millionaire.

I'd like a plain simple car, a Celise Cadillac
Long enough to put a bowling alley in the back
I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence,
And an old-fashioned millionaire.

I'd stay weaving at my loom, be no trouble to my groom
If he'll keep the piles of money mounting
In our cottage there will be a soundproof nursery
Not to wake the baby while I'm counting

I like the old-fashioned flowers, violets are for me
Have them made in diamonds by the man at Tiffany
I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence,
And an old-fashioned millionaire.

I'm just a pilgrim at heart, oh so pure and genteel,
Watch me in Las Vegas when I'm at the spinning wheel
I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence,
And an old-fashioned millionaire.

I'll ask for such simple things when my birthday occurs
Two apartment buildings that are labeled 'Hers' and 'Hers'
I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence,
And an old-fashioned millionaire.

I like Chopin and Bizet, and the songs of yesterday
String quartets, and calm Venetian carols
But the music that excels is the sound of oil wells
As they slurp slurp slurp into the barrels

Our little home will be quaint as an old parasol
And instead of carpets I'll have money wall to wall
I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence,
And an old-fashioned millionaire.