

THE GIRL THAT I MARRY

Irving Berlin

The girl that I marry will have to be
As soft and as pink as a nursery
The girl I call my own
Will wear satins and laces and smell of cologne

Her nails will be polished and in her hair
She'll wear a gardenia and I'll be there
'Stead of flittin', I'll be sittin'
Next to her and she'll purr like a kitten

A doll I can carry, the girl that I marry must be

Her nails will be polished and, in her hair
She'll wear a gardenia and I'll be there
'Stead of flittin', I'll be sittin'
Next to her and she'll purr like a kitten