

# Find Me A Primitive Man

Lee Wiley

Now, before this modern idea had burst  
About the women and children first,  
The men had much more charm than they have today.  
And if only one of that type survived,  
The very moment that he arrived,  
I know I'd fall in love in a great big way.  
I can't imagine being bad  
With any Arrow collar ad,  
Nor could I take the slightest joy  
In waking up a college boy.  
I've no desire to be alone  
With Rudy Vallee's megaphone,  
So when I'm saying my prayers, I say:

Find me a primitive man,  
Built on a primitive plan.  
Someone with vigor and vim.  
I don't mean a kind that belongs to a club,  
But the kind that has a club that belongs to him.  
I could be the personal slave  
Of someone just out of a cave.  
The only man who'll ever win me  
Has gotta wake up the gypsy in me,  
Find me a primitive man,  
Find me a primitive man.

Trouve moi un homme primitif  
Trouve moi un garçon naif.  
Quelqu'un tout plein de vigueur,  
Ces p'tits maquereaux qu'on appelle gigolos ne  
Pourraient jamais donner le vrai bonheur.  
J'ai besoin d'un bel animal  
Pour chauffeur mon chauffage centrale.  
Et l'homme qui me veut pour capitane  
Devrait reveiler mon sang tzigane,  
Trouve moi un homme primitif, vif,  
Trouve moi un homme primitif.

(Find me a primitive man,  
Find me a forthright young lad,  
Someone with vigor to spare,  
Those fatuous beaux they call gigolos could never give me happiness.  
I must have a gorgeous beast  
To heat up my own central heat.  
And he who aspires to be my stud  
Must reawake my gypsy blood.  
Find me a primitive man.)