

Waltz Darling

Malcolm McLaren

A sweet tuxedo girl you see
Queen of ball society
Fond of fun
As fun as fond can be
When it's on the strict Q.T.
I'm not too young
I'm not too old
Not too timid
Not too bold
Just the kind you like to hold
Just the kind for sport I'm told
Hell's a poppin
When I'm waltzing
In my stockings
Hell's a poppin in the whole wide world
I'm a blushing bud of innocence
Says Papa at a big expense
Old maids say I have no sense
Boys declare I'm just immense
For my song I do conclude
I want it strictly understood
Though fond of fun, I'm never rude
Though not too bad I'm not too good
Never put your hands on a man except in dancing
Whispering, giggling at the same time have no place
In good society
Don't think you can be rude to anyone and escape
Wh, wh, whispering is always rude
Don't hang on to anyone for support
Don't stand or walk with your chest held in and
Your hips forward in an imitation of a reverse letter S