I want a gown of diamonds Long gloves and sweet perfumes Hats made of silks and satins Sequins and ostrich plumes I want to wear mascara Polish my nails real bright I want to be an actress Actresses play all night If I should sneeze it's a sign All that I want to will be mine Oh please, pretty, please Dear nose make me sneeze I want to find my true love Like all the love songs say I want to do what I want I want to get my way Wild dreams grow wise When sweet childhood flies Time waved a hand And the breeze blue the sand from my eyes I want a gown of gingham Diamonds would weigh me down Pompoms and plumes are pretty If you're a circus clown Funny how black mascara Streaks when the tears begin Nail polish, rouge and powder Can't paint the sparkle in Once I was slaved to a sneeze Now sneezing is just a disease A rose is a rose And a nose just a nose True love's a phrase for love songs Real love's a leaving thing I want the love worth living I want the things I sing I want the love worth living I want the things I sing