

The Sadder But Wiser Girl

Seth MacFarlane

No sweet and pure, angelic lass or me.
That kinda gal can spin a web you see
She trades on wholesome innocence galore.
But it's my independence that she's trading for
The only affirmative she will file
Refers to marching down the aisle.
No golden, glorious, gleaming pristine goddess--
No sir!
For no Diana do I play faun.
I can tell you that right now.
I snarl, I hiss: How can ignorance be compared to bliss?
I spark, I fizz for the lady who knows what time it is.
I cheer, I rave for the virtue I'm too late to save
The sadder-but-wiser girl for me.
No bright-eyed, blushing, breathless baby-doll baby
No sir.
That kinda child ties knots no sailor ever knew.
I prefer to take a chance on a more adult romance.
No dewy young miss
Who keeps resisting all the time she keeps insisting!
No wide-eyed, wholesome innocent female.
Why, she's the fisherman, I'm the fish you see?
I flinch, I shy, when the lass with the delicate air goes by
I smile, I grin, when the gal with a touch of sin walks in.
I hope, and I pray, for Hester to win just one more "A"
The sadder-but-wiser girl for me.
No giggling ice cream soda drinker out to hook you line and sinker
No honey brooded beaconing siren
I plug me ears and I grab my horns and I flee
I cheer and I boo at the puritan hearted aun jeune
I yearn, I long for the women who's pa says what went wrong
I root and I clap for the dame in the gown less evening strap
The sadder-but-wiser girl's the girl for me.
The sadder-but-wiser girl for me.

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