

# Make Yourself Comfortable

## Andy Griffith

With Jean Wilson  
The song starts off and this boy  
Is writing a letter to Dorothy Dix  
He says, dear Dorothy Dix  
I am in worst fix that  
I have ever been in  
Says, just what does a boy do  
When right out of the blue  
She invites him in and says (Ooh, ooh  
Make yourself comfortable, baby) Yeah, now you can  
Tell right there, friends  
That he don't know nothing  
Because, he don't, because  
Let me tell you something  
It ain't outta no blue  
That she invited him in there  
No, sir, she had everything  
Squared away before she  
Ever got him to the door (I got some records here  
To put you in the mood) Yeah, see, she's got Hearts of Stone  
That's a real good courtin' record  
And all of Roy Acuff's songs (The phone is off the hook  
So no one can intrude) See, the reason she took the  
Phone off the hook is so  
He couldn't get no outside help (I feel romantic and the  
Record changer's automatic, baby) Yeah, I think, friends  
That by this time, it's pretty clear  
With her feeling romantic and  
Automatic record changers and everything  
That she ain't got that boy in there  
To eat no cake and ice cream  
All right, you all go ahead (Sweetheart, we've hurried  
Through the dinner  
Hurried through the dance  
Left before the picture show  
Was through) See, he spent all kinds  
Of money on her that night  
He did, there ain't telling how much  
He dropped at the Bluebird Cafe  
Right by itself And after going through  
All of the trouble to take her  
To the moving pictures

She yanked him out of there before  
Tex Ritter shot the first Indian  
And why did she do all this (To leave some time for this  
To hug a hug and kiss a kiss now) Look out now, look out  
See, she said right there  
That she wants him to kiss her  
And she does, friends, she does What I mean to tell you  
She wants him to flat  
Plant one on her (Take off your shoesies, dear  
And loosen up your tie) Do you notice that she never  
Does call him by his right name  
She don't know it, she don't  
They ain't even shook hands yet (I've got some kisses here  
Let's try one on for size  
I'll turn the lights low while) Yeah, hold, hold  
Hold it right there, everybody  
Hold it right there  
Now right there's his chance He can either, while  
She's up cutting that light down  
He can tip on out or he can  
Do the real all American  
Semper Paratis type of thing  
And I'd do it if I was him I'd put me a whole nother batch  
Of records on that machine  
I'd cut that light down one more notch  
I'd kick off my two-toned perforated shoes  
I'd get me an armful of that sweet thing  
And we'd both (Make ourselves comfortable, baby)

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