

Always True to You in My Fashion

Blossom Dearie

Oh, Bill
Why can't you behave
Why can't you behave?
How in hell can you be jealous
When you know, baby, I'm your slave?
I'm just mad for you
And I'll always be
But naturally If a custom-tailored vet
Asks me out for something wet
When the vet begins to pet, I cry "hooray!"
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way I enjoy a tender pass
By the boss of Boston, Mass
Though his pass is middle-class and not Backa Bay
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way There's a madman known as Mack
Who is planning to attack
If his mad attack means a Cadillac, okay!
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way I've been asked to have a meal
By a big tycoon in steel
If the meal includes a deal, accept I may
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, Darlin' in my way I could never curl my lip
To a dazzlin' diamond clip
Though the clip meant "Let 'er rip", I'd not say "Nay!"
But I'm always true to to you, darlin, in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way There's an oil man known as "Tex"
Who is keen to give me checks
And his checks, I fear, mean that sex is here to stay!
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way There's a wealthy Hindu priest
Who's a wolf, to say the least
When the priest goes too far East, I also stray
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way There's a lush from Portland, Ore
Who is rich but such a bore
When the bore falls on the floor, I let him lay
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion

Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way
Mister Harris, plutocrat
Wants to give my cheek a pat
If the Harris pat means a Paris hat, ok. Oo-la-la!
Mais je suis toujours fidele, darlin', in my fashion
Oui, je suis toujours fidele, darlin', in my way
From Ohio, Mister Thorne
Calls me up from night 'til morn
Mister Thorne once corner'd corn and that ain't hay
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way
From Milwaukee, Mister Fritz
Often moves me to the Ritz
Mister Fritz is full of Schlitz and full of play
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way
Mister Gable, I mean Clark
Wants me on his boat to park
If the Gable boat means a sable coat, anchors aweigh!
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

Songwriters

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