Real Live Girl

John Labelle

Pardon me miss
But I've never done this
With a real live girl
What could be harmful

In holding an armful
Of a real live girl
Pardon me if you're affectionate squeeze
Fogs up my goggles and

Buckles my knees
I'm simply drown in the sight, and the sounds,
And the scent and the feel
Of a real live girl

Nothing can beat getting swept off your feet
By a real live girl
Dreams of you but don't compare with a hunk
Of a real live girl

Girl's were to girlish
Was once my belief
What a reversal and what a relief
I'll take the flowering hat

And the towering hill
And the squeal of a real live girl
I've seen photographs and faximilies
That have set my heart off in a whirl

But I over look everyone in the book
For a real live girl
Take your vernecion or romanaprrection
Ideal live girl

Go be a hold out for Helen of Troy
I am a healthy American Boy
And I rather gape at the dear little shape of the stir
And the kill of a real live girl

Full time, occasional all operational girl

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