

# 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 verneccion or romanaprrrection  
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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