

# Real Live Girl

Barry Manilow

Pardon me Miss  
But I've never done this with a real live girl  
What could be harmful in holding an armful  
Of real live girl? Pardon me if your affectionate squeeze  
Fogs up my goggles and buckles my knees  
I'm simply drowned in the sound  
And the sight 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 in your bunk don't compare with a hunk  
Of a real live girl  
Girls were too girlish was once my belief  
What a reversal and what a relief!  
I'll take the flowering hat and the towering heel  
And the squeal of a real live girl  
I've seen photographs and facsimiles  
That have set my heart off in a whirl  
But I'd overlook everyone in the book  
For a real live girl  
Take your Venetian or Roman or Grecian  
Ideal live girl  
Go be a holdout for Helen of Troy  
I am a healthy American boy  
And I'd rather gape at the dear  
Little shape of the stern  
And the keel of a real live  
Full-time vocational, all-operational girl

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