I Feel Pretty

Leonard Bernstein

I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty,
I feel pretty and witty and bright!
And I pity
Any girl who isn't me tonight.

I feel charming,
Oh, so charming
It's alarming how charming I feel!
And so pretty
That I hardly can believe I'm real.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there:
Who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!

I feel stunning
And entrancing,
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved
By a pretty wonderful boy!

Have you met my good friend Maria,
The craziest girl on the block?
You'll know her the minute you see her,
She's the one who is in an advanced state of shock.

She thinks she's in love.
She thinks she's in Spain.
She isn't in love,
She's merely insane.

It must be the heat
Or some rare disease,
Or too much to eat
Or maybe it's fleas.

Keep away from her,
Send for Chino!
This is not the
Maria we know!

Modest and pure,
Polite and refined,
Well-bred and mature
And out of her mind!

I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty
That the city should give me its key.
A committee
Should be organized to honor me.

La la la la . . .

I feel dizzy,
I feel sunny,
I feel fizzy and funny and fine,
And so pretty,
Miss America can just resign!

La la la la

See the pretty girl in that mirror there:

What mirror where?

Who can that attractive girl be?

Which? What? Where? Whom?

Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!

Such a pretty me!

I feel stunning
And entrancing,
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved
By a pretty wonderful boy!

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