

All I Need Is the Girl

Bette Midler

I pretend I'm at home getting dressed for a date
I take a comb, comb my hair
Take a flower, smell it and put it in my lapel
And I spot the audience
Once my clothes were shabby
Tailors called me Cabbie
So I took a vow, said this bum'll be Beau Brummel
Now I'm smooth and snappy, now my tailor's happy
I am the cats meow, my wardrobe is a wow
Paris silk, Harris tweed, there's only one thing I need
Got my tweed pressed, got my best vest
All I need now is the girl
Got my striped tie, got my hopes high
Got the time and the place and I got rhythm
Now all I need is the girl to go with 'em
If she'll just appear we'll take this big town for a whirl
And if she'll say my darling I'm yours
I'll throw away my striped tie and my best pressed tweed
All I really need is the girl
I start off easy, you see?
Now I'm more debonair, ssh, break
And I sell it here, I start this step, see?
And then I build it, double it
She appears all in white, I take her hand, kiss it
And lead her on the floor
This step's good for the costume, Astaire's pat
Yah, dah, dah, dah, yah, dah, yah, dah, dah, yah
Now we waltz, strings come in
And I lift her again, once more
And now the tempo changes and all the lights come up
And I build for the finale
Louise that's it, do it over here
Follow me, faster, Charleston
Again, do it again, give me your hands

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