Ev'rything I've Got

Blossom Dearie

Don't stamp your foot at me
It's impolite
To stamp your foot at me
Is not quite right
At man's ingratitude
A woman winks
But such an attitude just stinksI have eyes for you to give you dirty looks
I have words that do not come from children's books
there's a trick with a knife I'm learning to do
And everything I've got belongs to you
I've a powerful anesthesia in my fist
And the perfect wrist to give your neck a twist
There are hammerlock holds
I've mastered a few
And everything I've got belongs to you
Share for share, share alike
You get struck each time I strike
You for me- me for me
I'll give you plenty of nothing
I'm not yours for better but for worse
And I've learned to give the well-known witches' curse
I've a terrible tongue, a temper for two
And ev'rything I've got belongs to youDon't raise your voice at me
That's very rude
To raise your voice at me
Is rather crude
It's wrong essentially when woman yells
And confidentially, it smellsI'll converse with you on politics at length
I'll protect you with my superhuman strength
If you're ever attacked I'll scream and say , "Boo!"
And everything I've got belongs to you
I will never stray from home, I'll just stay put
Cause I've got a brand-new thing called athlete' s foot
I'm a victim of colds, anemia, too
And everything I've got belongs to you
Off to bed we will creep
Then we'll sleep and sleep and sleep
Till the birds start to peep
I'll give you plenty of nothing

I'll be yours forever and a day
If the first good breeze does not blow me away
You're enough for one man, that's why I'll be true
And everything I've got belongs to youYou may have some things that I can't use at all
When I look at you, your manly gifts are small
I've a wonderful way of saying adieu
And everything I've got belongs to you
You won't know how good I am until you try
And you'll let my well of loneliness run dry
I've a marvelous way of telling you no
And everything I've got belongs to you
And everything you want belongs to me!
And everything you need belongs to me!Life has no shape or form
And no design
It isn't life without
That fool of mine
I used to gad about
With any chap
And now I'm sad about my sapHe's a living thing that isn't quite alive
He has brains enough for any child of five
Oh, he isn't too rich in vigor and vim
But everything I've got belongs to him
He's a naughty brat that can't be left alone
He has eyes for every skirt except my own
Even under a tree, he grabs for the limb
But everything I've got belongs to him
Something beats in his chest
But it's just a pump at best
I'm for him, he's for him
He gives me plenty of nothing
When I see that funny face, I know
Something scared his mother twenty years ago
But I'll never let go, he'll never be free!
Till everything he's got belongs to me!And everything I've got belongs to him!
And everything I've got belongs to us!

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