

My Discarded Men

Eartha Kitt

I'd like to tell a little story
That's been told time and time again
About the foolish men who chased me
My discarded men They used to tell me they loved me
But I knew better than them
I'd find them looking around the corner
My discarded men Piercing eyes with a vision
Tell them to count to ten
They'd bribe me with their diamonds
My discarded men Telephone calls in the evening
They'd drive me round the bend
Cavayar champagne and roses
From my discarded men Chased me after a fashion
I could never pretend
No substitute for passion
My discarded men You think you can thrill me
Ha Ha Ha
You can think again
Watch out or you might become
One of my discarded men (Whistling) I'd like to dress up in sequins
And treat myself now and then
Perhaps I'll give a little favor
To one of my discarded men Ha Ha Ha
You think you can win me
And be my special friend
Just take a tip from the others
Grrrrrrr
My discarded men (whistling and laughing) My discarded men (laughing)

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