

My Discarded Men

Eartha Kitt

I'd like to tell a little story
Thats been told time and time again
About the foolish men who chased me
My discarded menThey used to tell me they loved me
But I knew better than them
I'd find them looking around the corner
My discarded menPiercing eyes with a vension
Tell them to count to ten
They'd bribe me with their diamonds
My discarded menTelephone calls in the evening
They'd drive me round the bend
Cavayar champagne and roses
From my discarded menChased me after a fashion
I could never pretend
No substitute for passion
My discarded menYou think you can thrill me
Ha Ha Ha
You can think again
Watch out or you might become
One of my discarded men(Whisteling)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 menHa Ha Ha
You think you can win me
And be my special friend
Just take a tip from the others
Grrrrrrrr
My discarded men(whisteling and laughing)My discarded men(laughing)

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