

Real Live Girl

Barry Manilow

Pardon me Miss
But I've never done this with a real live girl
What could be harmful in holding an armful
Of real live girl? Pardon me if your affectionate squeeze
Fogs up my goggles and buckles my knees
I'm simply drowned in the sound
And the sight and the scent and the feel of a real live girl
Nothing can beat getting swept off your feet
By a real live girl
Dreams in your bunk don't compare with a hunk
Of a real live girl
Girls were too girlish was once my belief
What a reversal and what a relief!
I'll take the flowering hat and the towering heel
And the squeal of a real live girl
I've seen photographs and facsimiles
That have set my heart off in a whirl
But I'd overlook everyone in the book
For a real live girl
Take your Venetian or Roman or Grecian
Ideal live girl
Go be a holdout for Helen of Troy
I am a healthy American boy
And I'd rather gape at the dear
Little shape of the stern
And the keel of a real live
Full-time vocational, all-operational girl

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