Find Me a Primitive Man

Lee Wiley

Now, before this modern idea had burst
About the women and children first,
The men had much more charm than they have today.
And if only one of that type survived,
The very moment that he arrived,
I know I'd fall in love in a great big way.
I can't imagine being bad
With any Arrow collar ad,
Nor could I take the slightest joy
In waking up a college boy.
I've no desire to be alone
With Rudy Vallee's megaphone,
So when I'm saying my prayers, I say:Find me a primitive man,
Built on a primitive plan.
Someone with vigor and vim.
I don't mean a kind that belongs to a club,
But the kind that has a club that belongs to him.
I could be the personal slave
Of someone just out of a cave.
The only man who'll ever win me
Has gotta wake up the gypsy in me,
Find me a primitive man,
Find me a primitive man.Trouve moi un homme primitif
Trouve moi un garcon naif.
Quelqu'un tout plein de vigeur,
Ces p'tits maquereaux qu'on appelle gigolos ne
Pourraient jamais donner le vrai bonheur.
J'ai besoin d'un bel animal
Pour chauffeur mon chaffage centrale.
Et l'homme qui me veut pour capitane
Devrait reveiler mon sang tzigane,
Trouve moi un homme primitif, vif,
Trouve moi un homme primitif.(Find me a primitive man,
Find me a forthright young lad,
Someone with vigor to spare,
Those fatuous beaux they call gigolos could never give me happiness.
I must have a gorgeous beast
To heat up my own central heat.
And he who aspires to be my stud

Must reawake my gypsy blood.
Find me a primitive man.)

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