

# Nobody Makes A Pass At Me

Barbra Streisand

I want men that I can squeeze, that I can please, that I can tease  
Two or three or four or more  
What are those fools waiting for?  
I want love and I want kissing I want more of what I'm missing  
Nobody comes knocking at my front door  
What do they think my knocker's for?  
If they don't come soon there won't be any more  
What can the matter be? I wash my clothes with lux, my etiquette's the best  
I spend my hard-earned bucks on just what the ads suggest  
Oh dear what can the matter be  
Nobody makes a pass at me I'm full of kellogg's bran, eat grapes on the sly  
A date is on the can of coffee that I buy  
Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Nobody makes a pass at me Oh beatrice fair-fax, give me the bare facts  
How do you make them fall?  
If you don't save me, the things the lord gave me  
Never will be any use to me at all I sprinkle on a dash of "fragrance de amour,"  
The ads say "makes men rash" but I guess their smell is pour  
Oh dear what can the matter be  
Nobody makes a pass at me I use ovaltine and listerine, barbasol and mustersole  
Lifebuoy soap and flit, so why ain't I got it?  
I use coca cola and marmola, crisco, lesco and mazola  
Ex-lax and vapex, so why ain't I got sex?  
I use albolene and maybellene, alka seltzer, bromo seltzer  
Odorono and sensation  
So why ain't I got fascination? My girdles come from the best, times ads say they're chic  
And up above I'm dressed in the brassier of the week  
Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Nobody makes a pass at me I use pond's on my skin, with rye-crisp I have thinned  
I get my culture in I began "gone with the wind"  
Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Nobody makes a pass at me Oh dorothy dix, please, show me some tricks  
Please, I want some men to hold  
I want attention and things I can't mention  
And I want them all before I get too old I use mum ev'ry day and angelus liplure  
But still men stay away just like iv'ry soap I'm pure  
Just like I result of 99 and 44  
One hundred percent p.o  
Oh dear what can the matter be?  
Nobody makes a pass at me

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>