

# Not My Girl

Fred Astaire

I've read about those tender girls  
Those ready to surrender girls  
I've got one of a tougher kind  
Rougher kind, the make men suffer kind  
Who's sweet to me, not my girl  
Who's kind to me, not my girl  
You want to know what my girl can be  
Well, listen to me  
The sight of her wakes men up  
A day with her shakes men up  
She practically breaks men up  
She's not an Annabelle Lee  
Without her, I could not exist  
The way that she loves is fright'ning  
And on the day when she and I first kissed  
I thought I was struck by lightning  
Who's heavenly, not my girl  
Who wants to be, not my girl  
If only you'd got my girl  
You'd know what's the matter with me  
Who's sweet to me, not my girl  
Who's kind to me, not my girl  
You want to know what my girl can be  
Well, listen to me  
The moment she chooses you  
Your family loses you  
Her kissing just bruises you  
You learn what loving can be  
Some girls knit socks, but she's not quite  
The sort to be neat and tidy  
And the socks she gave me Wednesday night  
Just put me to sleep till Friday  
Who's heavenly, not my girl  
Who wants to be, not my girl  
If only you'd got my girl  
You'd know what's the matter with me

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