

Oh, My Goodness (From "Poor Little Rich Girl")

Shirley Temple

When I say it's day
you say it's night
When I say it's black
you say it's white
Tell me
What's wrong with you Baby? When I say it's left
you say it's right
But when you say it,
you say it for spite
Gee whiz! What is wrong with you?
Why can't I get along with you? At times I ought to hate you,
You make me feel so blue
But honest I can't hate you
when you smile at me the way you do
Oh, My Goodness! Sometimes I want to leave you,
You tell such awful lies
But I could never leave you
when I look into those great big eyes
Oh, My Goodness! I love you do you love me?
Honey if you don't, why don't cha?
Honey, if you won't, why won't cha?
Am I gonna have trouble with you? I really ought to scold you
You'll have me old and grey
But when it's time to scold you
I hold you in my arms and say
oh my, oh my,
Oh, My Goodness!

Songwriters

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