

Take Back Your Mink

Julie London

Take back your mink
Take back your pearls
What made you think
That I was one of those girls ?
Take back the gown
The gloves and the hat
I may be down
But I'm not flat as all that.

I thought that each expensive gift you'd arranged
Was a token of your esteem
Now when I think of what you want in exchange
It all seems a horrible dream.

Take back your mink
Those old worn out pelts
And go shorten the sleeves
For somebody else.

I thought that each expensive gift you'd arranged
Was a token of your esteem
Now when I think of what you want in exchange
It all seems a horrible dream.

So take back your mink.
To from whence it came
And tell them to alter and rise it
For some other dame.