

The Gentleman Is A Dope

Blossom Dearie

The gentleman is a dope a man of many faults.
A clumsy Joe who wouldn't know a Rhumba from a Waltz.
The gentleman is a dope and not my cup of tea
(Why do I get in a dither?
He doesn't belong to me!)

The gentleman isn't bright
He doesn't know the score.
A Cake will come, He'll take a crumb
And never ask for more.
The gentleman's eyes are blue
But little do they see
(Why am I beating my brains out?
He doesn't belong to me!)

He's somebody else's problem,
She's welcome to the guy!
She'll never understand him half as well as I
The gentleman is a dope
He isn't very smart
He's just a a lug you like to hug
And hold against you heart,
The gentleman is a dope doesn't know
How happy he could be.
Look at me crying my eyes out
As if he belonged to me.
He'll never belong to me.