

The Gentleman Is a Dope

Dinah Shore

The boss gets on my nerves;
I've got a good mind to quit.
I've taken all I can;
It's time to get up and git,
And move to another job
Or maybe another town.
The gentleman burns me up,
The gentleman gets me down.

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 lug
You'd like to hug
And hold against your heart.
The gentleman 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.)