

# Modesty Personified

Dramarama

I met a girl called Ian  
She was a European  
I guess I wasn't seein' too straight

I left my friends behind me  
I knew that they would find me  
I'm great, ya, ya, ya

I met a girl called Phyllis  
She talked like Dobie Gillis  
And Willis Reed was her favorite Knick

I told her she was gorgeous  
Heard all about the Bourges  
I'm sick, ya, ya, ya

I never thought  
I was the king of my men  
I never wanted eleven  
Because I always got ten  
If I tell someone, do it over  
Then they do it again

I never ever come on silly or odd  
I never liked the competition  
So I don't worship God  
I'm never stupid or mistaken  
Or a jerk or a clod, oh yeah

I met a girl called Rifle  
She changed her name to Trifle  
Her life all bright  
And now with a 'T'

We lay out in the garden  
I tried to beg her pardon  
I'm free, ya, ya, ya

I never ever come on silly or odd  
I never liked the competition  
So I don't worship God  
I'm never stupid or mistaken  
Or a jerk or a clod

I never laugh at you or sing mere O's  
I know you said nobody's perfect  
But I figure I'm close  
Somebody said I was a trifle verbose

Yeah, I don't care  
I can do anything I want to  
Anytime I want to  
Anywhere I want to