

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