

My Discarded Men

Eartha Kitt

I'd like to tell a little story,
That's been told time and time again,
About the foolish men who chased me,
My discarded men.

They used to tell me they loved me,
But I knew better than them.
I'd find them looking around the corner,
My discarded men.

Piercing eyes with a vision.
Tell them to count to ten.
They'd bribe me with their diamonds,
My discarded men.

Telephone calls in the evening,
They'd drive me round the bend.
Cavayar champagne and roses
From my discarded men.

Chased me after a fashion.
But I could never pretend,
No substitute for passion.
My discarded men.

You think you can thrill me?
Hahaha
You can think again!
Watch out! Or you might become
One of my discarded men.

I'd like to dress up in sequins
And treat myself now and then.
Perhaps I'll give a little favor.
To one of my discarded men.

Hahaha
You think you can win me
And be my special friend?
Just take a tip from the others
Grrrrrrr
My discarded men.
My discarded men.