

Funny Face

Ella Fitzgerald

Frankie, dear, your birthday gift reveals to me
That at heart you're really not so bad.
If I add, why our funny face appeals to me.
Please don't think I've suddenly gone mad.
You have all the qualities of Peter Pan;
I'd go far before I'd find a sweeter pan
And yet

I love your funny face,
Your sunny, funny face;
For you're a cutie
With more than beauty
You've got a lot
Of personality N.T.
A thousand laughs I've found
In having you around.
Through you're not Gloria Swanson,
For worlds I'd not replace
Your sunny, funny face.

Needn't tell me that I'm not so pretty, dear,
When my looking glass and I agree,
In the contest at Atlantic City, dear,
Miss America I'd never be,

Truth to tell, though, you're not such a bad lot yourself;
As a Paul Swan, you are not so hot yourself.
And yet.

I love your funny face,
Your sunny, funny face;
You can't repair it,
So I declare it
Is quite all right -

Like Ronald Colman?

So's your ol' man!
Yet it's very clear,
I'm glad when you are near.
Though you're no Handsome Harry

For worlds I'd not replace
Your sunny funny face.

I love that funny face,
That sunny, funny face;
Thought it upsets one,
In time, it gets one -

That's true, for you
Have personality for two.
Those eyes! Those nose! Those cheek!
Won't make a movie sheik,

But though you're not patootie,
For worlds I'd not replace

Your sunny, funny face.

I love your funny face,
Your sunny, funny face;
You never bother
About your father.

Have you no shame?
You're just a mutt and nothing but!
Yet when you wag your tail,
You'll never be for sale.

Though you're no Rin Tin Tin, dear,
For worlds I'd not replace
Your sunny, funny face.