

The Gentleman Is a Dope

Sarah Vaughan

The gentleman is a dope,
A man of many faults,
A clumsy Joe
Who wouldn't know
A rumba 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 beatin' 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,
But look at me cryin' my eyes out
As if he belonged to me;
He'll never belong to me!

The gentleman doesn't know
How happy he could be,
But look at me cryin' my eyes out
As if he belonged to me;
He'll never ever,
He'll never belong to me!