

She's A New Kind Of Old-Fashioned Girl

Tiny Tim

Dressed in flapper clothes, shining silk and hose
You may think she's a trifle too gay
But those who criticize her mascara'ed eyes
Are too hard on the girl of today

She's a new kind of old fashioned girl
Loves to play around, cabaret around
She's as true as the old fashioned girl
Underneath the paint you will find a saint

Loves to dance til the break of the day
But her little fling doesn't mean a thing
Just as nice as her brother and as good as her mother
She's a new kind of old fashioned girl

Just what is wrong with the girl of today?
That's the problem the world has to face
We blame it on this and we blame it on that
We can't seem to get any place
Nothing, nothing is wrong with the girl of today
Why get away from the truth?
Mothers who fret over daughters who pet
Did the same thing in their youth
The girl of today is the same little girl
That used to wear hoop skirts and lace
She says the same prayers
And the short skirt she wears
Has nothing, nothing whatsoever to do with the case
It isn't the lipstick, the cocktails, the jazz
If some girl should happen to fall
No, it's the mother who says:
"If you're not home at ten, you don't have to come home at all"
There's many a young girl on the wrong road tonight
Who would have and could have been good
And each one is the living mistake of a parent
Who misunderstood
So make a pal of your daughter
And don't hide that book on the shelf
Because remember
It's the girl of today
Who's wise to the ways of the world
That can always take care of herself

Just as nice as her brother and as good as her mother
She's a new kind of old fashioned girl

Yes, a new kind of old fashioned girl