

Christine Tyrell

"Fine brown frame"

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Oh, he's got a fine brown frame
I wonder what could be his name
He looks good to me, and all I can see
Is his fine brown frame

How long have you been around
Mister when did you hit this big town
I wanna scream 'cos I've never seen
Such a fine brown frame

All that I have is a broken down chair
But I would gladly make him king on my throne
Don't be a square, why don't you come over here
Together we would really be gone

Woh-ooh! he's got a fine brown frame
I wonder what could be his name
He is solid with me, and all I can see
Is his fine brown frame

Be be be be beep

He's got such a fine brown frame
I wonder what could be his name
He looks good to me, and all I can see
Is his fine brown frame

How long have you been around
Mister when did you hit this big town
I wanna scream, aahhhh, 'cos I've never seen
Such a fine brown frame

All that I have is a broken down chair
But I would gladly make him king on my throne
Don't be a square, why don't you come over here
Together we would really be gone

Ooohh, he's such a fine brown frame
Honey won't you tell me your name
He is solid with me and all I can see
Is his fine brown frame

Now Robert Taylor, Robert Young, Ameche and Gable
Are all as fine as mountain sable
You may not be classed with the elite
And you may not be hip to that jive-like foot, an' all reet

Oh-woh-woh-woh baby you, you look like Hercules done
up in bronze
And I know I'm a clown whenever you're around
Because I'm crazy 'bout, mad about, wild about
Your fine brown frame

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