

## **Billy Crystal**

# **"You Look Marvelous"**

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Saludos, my darlings  
And you know who you are  
Come on, let's mingle  
So nice to see you

Throw your hips into the air  
Like Cyd Charisse and Fred Astaire  
Let's crazy go nuts

Just looking into your eyes, darling  
I can tell that you have  
The legs of a dancer

So bring those legs and the  
Rest of your body over here  
And be Fernando's private prancer

Darling, I got to tell you something  
And I don't say this to everybody  
You look marvelous  
Absolutely marvelous

You know, my dear  
My father used to say to me  
Nando, don't be a schnook  
It's not how you feel  
It's how you look

He was marvelous but you, darling  
You look marvelous  
Absolutely marvelous

And this is from my heart  
Which is deep inside my body  
It is better to look good  
Than to feel good

Get down (that's right)

(Fernando) darlings  
(Who's marvelous) try me

(Cyndi Lauper) marvelous  
(Tina Turner) still marvelous  
(Jayne Meadows) she's marvelous  
(Grace Jones) humongous

(Cher) marvelous  
(Chaka Khan) marvelous  
(Vanity) marvelous  
(Appolonia) ditto  
(Madonna) her belly button  
Is absolutely marvelous

I'm about to lose control  
And I think I like it

Oh, look, there's Sting  
Looking for his last name in the dip

I am what love is all about  
I've got American teeth  
And a Spanish mouth

Please, hold me  
While I tango

So, my dear, it's been a blast  
You were not my first  
You won't be my last  
Ciao, I got to mambo

Nothing lasts forever, darling  
But it's not the end of the world  
When I was fired by Paramount  
They were still MGM

I love you young people today  
With your rock and roll  
Like an Eddie Van Heflin  
(Van Halen) whatever

When I look into your eyes, darling  
I see the reflection of me  
Look at me dancing around in there

I look marvelous  
Absolutely marvelous

You know, darling, I love dancing  
Dancing to me is like  
Standing still, only faster  
Do you know what I'm saying to you

My dear, do you understand  
The term, full grown midget  
Must be me

There are eight million stories  
In the naked city, darling  
Let's be two of them  
I'm kidding you, I'm a kidder

Let's you and I go back  
To my private hideaway  
Put on some soft music

I'll put on my Spiderman pajamas  
And we'll do things I'm gonna  
Tell my friends we did anyway

Darling, I'm worried about  
The Cabbage Patch Kids  
I mean, when they grow up  
Will they be confused that these  
People are not their real parents

You know, I went to a Madonna concert  
And the people come dressed like her  
With the navel showing and the brassiere  
And the ties with the pantyhose  
And the beauty mark

And these were some of the guys  
I tell you, this rock and roll  
Is really nuts

If a train is leaving Chicago  
At eleven A.M. in the morning  
With five thousand pounds of bluefish  
And another train is leaving Phoenix  
At exactly the same time and  
Bert Convy is still hosting Tattle Tales...

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