

## Ella Fitzgerald

### "Boy Wanted"

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I've just finished writing an advertisement  
Calling for a boy.  
No half-hearted Romeo or flirt is meant;  
That's the kind I'd not employ.  
Though anybody interested can apply,  
He must know a thing or two to qualify.  
For instance:

He must be able to dance.  
He must make life a romance.  
I said a boy wanted,  
One who can smile;  
Boy wanted, lovable style.

He must know how to say "Yes!"  
When I look at a new dress.  
Oh, I'll be ready when the right one calls,  
And I'll start vamping him until he falls;  
Yes, if he proves to be the right little laddie,  
I'll make him glad he answered my ad.

He must like musical shows,  
And he must wear snappy clothes.  
Yes, that is my story,  
And to it I'll stick;  
No glory  
In having a hick.

He needn't be such a saint,  
But, Oh! he dassent say 'ain't.'  
I don't care if his bankroll totals naught,  
For we can live on love and food for thought.  
If he's a scholar, when I see him I'll holler,  
My lad, I'm glad you answered my ad!'

Transcribed by Todd Peach

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Original Version:

Verse:

I've just finished writing an advertisement  
Calling for a boy.

No half-hearted Romeo or flirt is meant;  
That's the kind I'd not employ.  
Though anybody interested can apply,  
He must know a thing to qualify.  
For instance:

Refrain 1:

Teddy:

He must be able to dance.  
he must make life a romance.  
I said a boy wanted,  
One who can smile;  
Boy wanted,  
Lovable style.  
He must be tender and true,  
And he must know how to woo.  
I know we'll get acquainted mighty soon,  
Out in a garden 'neath a harvest moon;  
And if he proves to be the right little laddie,  
I'll make him glad  
He'll answer my ad!

Refrain 2:

Toots:

To be the boy of my choice,  
He needn't own a Rolls Royce.  
The kind of boy wanted\*  
Needn't have gold;  
Boy wanted,  
Mustn't be cold.  
If he has oodles of charm,  
I'll even live on a farm.  
if he fits into my picture of a home,  
I'll be so nice he'll never have to roam.\*\*  
Yes, if he proves to be the right little laddie,  
I'll make him glad  
He answered my ad.

Refrain 3:

Babe:

He must like musical shows,  
And he must wear snappy clothes.  
Yes, that is my story,  
And to it I'll stick;  
There's no glory  
In having a hick.  
He must know how to say "Yes!"\*\*\*  
When I look at a new dress.  
Oh, I'll be ready when the right one calls,  
And I'll start vamping him until he falls;  
And if he subsidises me, oh, sweet daddy!

I'll make him glad  
He answered my ad!

Refrain 4:

Bunny:  
The movies he must avoid,  
He'll know his Nietzsche and Freud.  
I said a boy wanted,  
One who knows books;  
Boy wanted  
Needn't have looks.  
He must be such a saint,  
But, Oh! he dassent say 'ain't.'

I don't care if his bankroll totals naught,  
For we can live on love and food for thought.  
If he's a scholar, when I see him I'll holler,  
'My lad, I'm glad  
You answered my ad!'

\*Alternative version of this line: 'The sort of boy  
wanted'

\*\* Alternative version of this line: 'I'll be so nice he'll  
never care  
to roam'

\*\*\* Alternative version of refrain 3, lines 7-8:  
'And so his boots mustn't squeak;  
And he must love like a sheik.'

Primrose Version:

Verse:  
I've just finished writing an advertisement  
Calling for a boy.  
No half-hearted Romeo or flirt is meant;  
That's the kind I won't employ.  
Though anybody interested can apply,  
He must know a thing to qualify.  
For instance:

Refrain 1:

To have a ghost of a chance,  
He must be able to dance.  
The sort of boy wanted  
Must have a smile  
Boy wanted,  
Lovable style.  
He must be tender and true,  
And if he knows what to do,  
I think I'll learn to love him very soon;  
I'll want him morning, night and afternoon.  
So if you know of one who's wanting employment,

Just tell him that  
I'm wanting a boy!

Refrain 2:

To be the boy of my choice,  
He's got to own a Rolls Royce.  
He must be quite reckless  
Buying me things:  
Pearl necklace,  
Diamond rings.  
He must be ready to pay  
A dozen bills ev'ry day.  
I'll simply smothering him with tender care  
If I could find a multimillionaire.  
So if you could see one dining at the Savoy-oh!  
Just tell him  
I'm wanting a boy!

Refrain 3:

I won't have anyone small,  
He must be handsome and tall.  
I said a boy wanted,  
Beautifully dressed;  
Boy wanted,  
Trousers well pressed.  
He must have wonderful eyes;  
He must wear wonderful ties.  
I want a boy who'll always look as though  
He's only just come out of Savile Row.  
So if some Paris wants a Helen of Troy-oh!  
Just tell him that  
I'm wanting a boy.

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