

## Blossom Dearie

### "The Ballad Of The Shapes Of Things"

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Completely round is the perfect pearl,  
the oyster manufactures

Completely round is the steering wheel  
that leads to compound fractures

Completely round is the golden fruit,  
That hangs in the orange tree

Yes the circle shape is quite renown  
And sad to say it can be found  
In the dirty low-down run around  
My true love gave to me  
Yes my true love gave to me

Completely square is the velvet box,  
He said my ring would be in

Completely square is the envelope  
he wrote farewell to me in

Completely square is the handkerchief  
I flourish constantly

As it dries my eyes of the tears I've shed  
And it blows my nose 'till it turns bright red  
For a perfect square is my true love's head  
He will not marry me  
No he will not marry me

Rectangular is the hotel room,  
my true love tried to sneak through

Rectangular is the transom  
over which I had to peak through

Rectangular is the hotel room,  
I entered angrily

Now rectangular is the wooden box  
Where lies my love 'neath the grazing flocks

They say he died of the chicken pox  
In part I must agree  
One chick too many had he

Triangular is the piece of pie,  
I eat to ease my sorrow

Triangular is the hatchet blade  
I plan to hide tomorrow

Triangular the relationship  
Which now has ceased to be

And the self-same shape is a garment thin  
Which fastens on with a safety pin  
To a prize I had no wish to win  
It's a parting memory  
That my true love gave to me

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