

Frank Sinatra

"You're Awful"

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Frank:

Gee I don't know, I'd like to whisper sweet nothings
Those words that everyone knows
But my thoughts gets mangled,
And all the words get tangled,
But since you asked me, here goes:

You're awful, awful good to look at,
Awful nice to be with, awful sweet to have and hold.

You're nothing, nothing if not lovely,
Nothing if not dazzling, nothing but pure gold,

You're frightening, frightening me when you say
That you might go away,
You're boring, boring into my heart to stay

.
You're cheap, dear, cheap at any price, dear,
Cheap for such a diamond,
Cheap for such a pearl,
What I said before, I'll say again,
You're awful, awful nice to be my girl.

Betty Garrett:

You're old, dear, old with worldly wisdom,
Old like Gordon Soda, old like finest French
champagne,

You're so-so, so-so, so-so kinda charming,
So-so kind of witty, so I can't explain,

Frank:

Can't stand you, I can't stand you to give some fellow
the eye,
Can't stand you in the arms of another guy,

Who needs you? Need you to distraction,
Need you too this crazy, need you rain or shine,

Both:

I'm the one who needs you,

And I think you're awful,
Awful nice to say you're mine.

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