

Chicago "I Know A Girl"

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Velma:

Can you imagine?
I mean can you imagine?
Do you believe it?
I mean, do you believe it?

I know a girl
A girl who lands on top
You could put her face
Into a pail of slop
And she'd come up smelling like a rose
How she does it, heaven knows.

Reporter:

Hold on, everybody, she's comin' out now.
(Roxie enters, followed by a very happy Doctor.)
Well, Doctor, is she or isn't she?

Velma:

She is.

Doctor:

She is!

Velma:

I know a girl
A girl with so much luck
She could get run over by a two-ton truck
Then brush herself off and walk away
How she does it, I couldn't say

Billy:

So, Doc, would you swear to that statement in court?

Doctor:

Oh, yeah.

Billy:

Good...you wanna button your fly?

Velma:

Whilst I on the other hand

Put my face in a pail of slop
And I would smell like a pail of slop
I, on the other hand
Get run over by a truck
And I am deader than a duck

I know a girl who tells so many lies
Anything that's true would truly cross her eyes
But what that mouse is selling
That whole world buys
And nobody smells a rat.

Roxie:
Oh, please Ladies and Gentlemen of the press - leave
the two
of us alone so that we can rest.

Velma:
The two of us?
Can you imagine?
I mean, can you imagine?

Reporter:
Can I have one last picture, please?

Roxie:
Oh, sure, anything for the press.

Velma:
Do you believe it?
I mean, do you believe it?

Roxie:
My dear little baby

Velma:
"My dear little baby."

Roxie:
My sweet little baby

Velma:
"My sweet little..."

Roxie:
Look at my baby and me!

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