

Mathilde Santing

"The Gentleman Is A Dope"

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The gentleman is a dope
A man of many faults
A clumsy Joe who wouldn't know
A rhumba from a waltz
The gentleman is a dope
And not my cup of tea
Why do I get in a dither
He doesn't belong to me

The gentleman isn't bright
He doesn't know the score
A cake will come, he'll take a crumb
But never ask for more
The gentleman's eyes are blue
But little do they see
Why am I beating my brains out
He doesn't belong to me

He's somebody else's problem
And she's welcome to the guy
But she will never never understand him
Half as well as I

The gentleman is a dope
He isn't very smart
He's just a lug you'd like to hug
Hold against your heart
The gentleman doesn't know
How happy he could be
Look at me crying my eyes out
As if he belong to me
But he will never belong to me

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