

Dean Geyer**"Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Oh Boy!"**

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To be loved is a thrilling sensation as thrilling as can be

Though it happens in every nation they greet it
differently

Every mademoiselle with pasoolala, every Englishman
talks to his pater

Every spittin' Venetian goes tra la la and the Irish say
Mother McCree

But when I look at you and I thrill like I do there is only
one thing I can say

Oh boy! oh boy! oh boy! oh boy! oh boy!

Oh boy what a joy, a joy, a joy, a joy, a joy

To know that you love me by heaven above me

I never expected to pick you off the vine

(The others will try and try and try and try and try

To give you the eye, the eye, the eye, the eye, the eye)

But when they approach you I'll keep them in line

By telling them oh boy oh boy oh boy you're mine

Certain characters hi-diddle-diddle when cupid comes
along

Some mechanics shift gears in the middle and
drummers kick the gong

Every cowboy I know hollers yipee-a-ay

Every clown in the circus goes oopla

Every sailor in port hollers anchors aweigh

And an Indian gives you a ugg!
But when you hold me tight like you're doing tonight
There's only one thing I can say
Oh boy! oh boy! oh boy! oh boy! oh boy!
Oh boy what a joy, a joy, a joy, a joy, a joy
To know that you love me by heaven above me
I never expected to pick you off the vine
(The others will try and try and try and try and try
To give you the eye , the eye, the eye, the eye, the eye)
But when they approach you I'll keep them in line
By telling them oh boy oh boy oh boy
Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy you're mine

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