

Seth MacFarlane

"The Sadder But Wiser Girl"

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No sweet and pure angelic lass for me
That kinda girl can spin a web you'll see
She trades on wholesome innocence galore
But it's my independence that she's trading for

The only affirmative she will file
Refers to marching down the aisle
No golden, glorious, gleaming pristine goddess, no sir
For no Diana do I play faun, I can tell you that right now

I snarl, I hiss, how can ignorance be compared with
bliss?
I spark, I fizz for the lady who knows what time it is
I cheer, I rave for the virtue I'm too late to save
The sadder but wiser girl for me

No bright-eyed, blushing, breathless baby doll baby
No sir, that kinda child ties knots no sailor ever knew

I prefer to take a chance on more adult romance
No dewy young miss who keeps resisting
All the time she keeps insisting
No wide-eyed, wholesome, innocent female
Why, she's the fisherman, I'm the fish, you'll see

I flinch, I shy when the lass with the delicate air goes by
I smile, I grin when the girl with a touch of sin walks in
I hope and I pray for Hester to win just one more "A"
The sadder but wiser girl for me

No giggling ice cream soda drinker
Out to hook you line and sinker
No honey throated beckoning siren
I plug my ears and I grab my oars and I flee

I cheer, I boo at the Pruitan hearted un jeune
I yearn, I long for the woman
Who's Pop says, "What went wrong?"

I root and I clap for the dame
In the gown-less evening strap

The sadder but wiser girl's the girl for me
The sadder but wiser girl for me

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