

Robbie Fulks

"Jean arthur"

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Any woman God's made yet
Stands like a rough draft by her
She could light one cigarette
And smile while the world caught fire
And a voice so pure and sweet
Violins admit defeat
And the angel of whom I speak
That's God's Jean Arthur.

Space rockets and cell clones
Atom bombs and picturephones, but
God sure threw man a curve
When He made Jean Arthur.
A kid's temper and a queen's will
Wrapped pretty and made to kill
Whoever'd outsmart her
Didn't know Jean Arthur.

Her talent was not the kind
Learned at some school for actors
Her beauty might stump the minds
Of all the experts at Max Factor
There's work in His home beyond
God's got a corner on
Only one, and now she's gone
And that's God's Jean Arthur.

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