

Nobody Makes a Pass at Me

By:Pins and Needles

composed by Harold Rome

I want men that I can squeeze,
That I can please, that I can tease:
Two or three or four or more!
What are those fools waiting for?

I want love, and I want kissing.
I want more of what I'm missing.
Nobody comes knocking at my front door.
What do they think my knocker's for?

If they don't come soon, there won't be anymore.
What can the matter be?

I wash my clothes with Lux. My etiquette's the best.
I spend my hard-earned bucks on just what the ads suggest.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody makes a pass at me!

I'm full of Kellogg's Bran eat Grape Nuts on the sly.
A date is on the can of the coffee that I buy.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody makes a pass at me!

Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, give me the bare facts.
How do you make them fall?
If you don't save me, the things the Lord gave me
Never will be any use to me at all.

I sprinkle on a dash of Fragrance de Amour.
The ads say, "Makes Men Rash," but I guess their smell is poor.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody makes a pass at me!

I use Ovaltine and Listerine, Barbasol and Musterole,
Life Buoy Soap and Flit, so, why ain't I got it?

I use Coca Cola and Marmola, Crisco, Lesco, and Mazola,
Exlax, and Vapex, so, why ain't I got sex?

I use Albolene and Maybelline, Alka Seltzer, Bromo Seltzer,
Odorono, and Sensation, so, why don't I have fascination?

My girdles come from Best. The Times' ads say they're "chic."
And up above, I'm dressed in the brassiere of the week.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody makes a pass at me!

I use Pond's on my skin. With Rye Crisp, I have thinned.
I get my culture in. I began Gone with the Wind.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody makes a pass at me!

Oh, Dorthy Dix, please, show me some tricks, please.
I want some men to hold.
I want attention and things I can't mention.
And I want them all before I get too old!

I use Mum every day and Angelus Liplure.
But, still men stay away. Just like Iv'ry Soap, I'm pure.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Nobody makes a pass at me!