

# She's Prettiest When She Pouts - song lyrics

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She's Prettiest when She Pouts.

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By W. C. Schroder.

She's a cherub if there ever was an angel without wings.  
Thin cunning charming chatty Coz, just out of leading strings;  
She's luscious as a ripened peer, all prudery she scouts.  
Egad! she's handsome, but I'll swear she's prettiest when she pouts.

Refrain.

Ah' yes, her nether lip, So tempting then, I press in token mute,  
That I will challenge all the men who dare her will dispute.  
Her heart is touched at my concern for woman's whims and doubts.  
And though her Cheeks with blushes burn, she's prettiest when she pouts.

Ah! little Coz, you cannot know the mischief that's been played  
Within my breast; sad overthrow of wise resolves you're made.  
I'm hooked and booked among the score of love-sick silly louts  
Who every grace and freak adore, And rave whene'er she pouts-  
Refrain.