

SHOW ME A PRETTY LITTLE NUMBER

(Tom Paxton)

All over this great big city
Can't find a woman who's nice and pretty
They all look like a page in a magazine
Legs are long and they eat like a sparrow
Figures stick to the straight and narrow
Top and bottom are the same as in between

Show me a pretty little number
When she walks, she rolls like thunder
Eyes as deep and dark as the deep blue sea
Round right here and round right there
Pretty red lips and her very own hair
Wrap her up, she's the natural girl for me

Went down in a coffeehouse palace
Met a little lady and her name was Alice
She had friends and her friends had her it seems
Face was dirty and her sweater was baggy
Pants were tight and her hair was shaggy
I've seen her like on college football teams

Way up in a penthouse pretty
Thirteen miles above the city
I met a lady from a wealthy family
She could cuss like a real longshoreman
She was making eyes at the doorman
She made a most unusual offer to me

Way up at a Broadway party
Met a little lady who was very arty
She took me home to see her studio
She took out her paints and she whispered to me
She said she wanted to do me
Some of that paint will never come off I know