

Song

CURVES

by

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There are all sorts of girls,
With all sorts of charms;
But give me a plump one
To hold in my arms;
One who is cuddly and eager to please,
A huggable baby to hold on my knees;
One whose proportions incline to soft curves,
Pleasantly pleasing and soothing to nerves.

Curves, curves, beautiful curves,
Shapely and supple,
Soothing to nerves,
Give me the girl with the hips and the bust!
Help yourself then to the bones if you must!

There are all sorts of girls,
Who diet and fast,
In the hope that the meat
On their bones will not last.
But I want an armful of substance to squeeze,
And a dame of real weight to hold on my knees,
One whose proportions incline to soft curves,
Pleasantly pleasing and soothing to nerves.

Curves, curves, wonderful curves,
Soft to the touch
And soothing to nerves.
Give me the girl with the hips and the bust,
Help yourself then to the bones if you must!