

Always True to You in My Fashion

Cole Porter

If a custom-tailored vet
Asks me out for something wet
When the vet begins to pet
I cry "Hooray!"
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

I enjoy a tender pass
By the boss of Boston, Mass.,
Though his pass is middle-class
And not Back Bay
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

There's a madman known as Mack
Who is planning to attack
If his mad attack means a Cadillac
Okay!
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

I've been asked to have a meal
By a big tycoon in steel
If the meal includes a deal
Accept I may
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way
I could never curl my lip
To a dazzlin' diamond clip
Though the clip meant "let 'er rip,"
I'd not say "Nay!"
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

There's an oilman known as Tex
Who is keen to give me checks
And his checks, I fear, mean that sex
Is here to stay!
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

There's a wealthy Hindu priest
Who's a wolf, to say the least
When the priest goes too far east
I also stray
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

There's a lush from Portland, Ore.,
Who is always such a bore
When the bore falls on the floor
I let him lay
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way
From Milwaukee, Mister Fritz
Often moves me to the Ritz

Mister Fritz is full of Schlitz
And full of play
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

Mister Harris, plutocrat
Wants to give my cheek a pat
If the Harris pat
Means a Paris hat
Bébé
(Ooh la la!)
Mais je suis toujours fidèle, darlin', in my fashion
Oui, je suis toujours fidèle, darlin', in my way

From Ohio, Mister Thorne
Calls me up from night 'til morn
Mister Thorne once cornered corn
And that ain't hay
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

Mister Gable, I mean Clark
Wants me on his boat to park
If the Gable boat means a sable coat
Anchors aweigh!
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way