

# I'm a Gigolo

Cole Porter

I should like you all to know,  
I'm a famous gigolo.  
And of lavender, my nature's got just a dash in it.  
As I'm slightly undersexed,  
You will always find me next  
To some dowager who's wealthy rather than passionate.  
Go to one of those night club places  
And you'll find me stretching my braces  
Pushing ladies with lifted faces 'round the floor.  
But I must confess to you  
There are moments when I'm blue.  
And I ask myself whatever I do it for.  
I'm a flower that blooms in the winter,  
Sinking deeper and deeper in snow.  
I'm a baby who has  
No mother but jazz,  
I'm a gigolo.  
Ev'ry morning, when labor is over,  
To my sweet-scented lodgings I go,  
Take the glass from the shelf  
And look at myself,  
I'm a gigolo.  
I get stocks and bonds  
From faded blondes  
Ev'ry twenty-fifth of December.  
Still I'm just a pet  
That men forget  
And only tailors remember.  
Yet when I see the way all the ladies  
Treat their husbands who put up the dough,  
You cannot think me odd  
If then I thank God  
I'm a gigolo.