

Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend

Martine McCutcheon

The French are glad to die for love
They delight in fighting duels
But I prefer a man who lives
And gives expensive jewels

A kiss on the hand
May be quite continental
But diamonds are a girl's best friend
A kiss may be grand
But it won't pay the rental
On your humble flat
Or help you at the automat

Men grow cold
As girls grow old
And we all lose our charm in the end
But square cut or pear shape
These rocks don't lose their shape
Diamonds are a girl's best friend

There may come a time
When a lass needs a lawyer
But diamonds are a girl's best friend
There may come a time
When a hardboiled employer
Thinks you're awful nice
But get that ice or else "no dice!"

He's your guy when stocks are high
But beware when they start to descend
It's then that those louses
Go back to their spouses!
Diamonds are a girl's best friend

Romance is divine
And I'm not one to knock it
Oh but diamonds are a girl's best friend
Romance is divine
Yeah, but where can you hock it?
When the flame is gone
You just try and pawn a tired Don Juan!

Time rolls on
And youth is gone
And you can't straighten up when you bend
But stiff back or stiff knees
You stand straight at Tiff'ney's
Diamonds are a girl's best friend