

The Ballad of the Shape of Things

The Kingston Trio

Completely round is the perfect pearl the oyster manufactures.
Completely round is the steering wheel that leads to compound fractures

Completely round is the golden fruit that hangs from the o-o-orange tree

Yes the circle shape is quite renown

But sad to say it can be found

In the lowdown, dirty run-around

That my true love gave to me

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Completely square is the little box he said my ring would be in

Completely square is the envelope he said good-bye to me in

Completely square is the handkerchief I flourish constantly

As I dry my eyes of the tears I've shed,

And blow my nose which turns bright red

For a perfect square is my true love's head

He will not marry me, no

He will not marry me

Rectangular is the hotel door my true love tried to sneak through

Rectangular is the transom hole by which I had to peek through,

Rectangular is the hotel room I entered angrily, and

Rectangular is the wooden box

Where lies my love neath the golden phlox

They say he died of the chicken pox

In part I must agree

One chick too many had he

Triangular is the piece of pie I eat to ease my sorrow

Triangular is the hatchet blade I plan to hide tomorrow

Triangular the relationship which now has ceased to be

And triangular is the garment thin

That fastens on with a safety pin

To a prize I had no wish to win

It's a lasting memory

That my true love gave to me