



Funny Girls' Blues

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I'm doing something wrong; I know I don't belong here.
I sing a little song to myself to make me feel better.
And then you come along; and you ask me what's wrong.
Honey please don't spread the news
But sometimes even funny girls get the blues.

I hide my disdain; my smile reveals no pain.
I sing that little song to myself; force me to feel better.
Don't say you admire me; it's the ties of laughter that bind me.
Oh yes, it's all a ruse
But sometimes even funny girls get the blues.

Even funny girls get the blues.
I'm the life of the crowd; my laugh is extra loud.
That little song screams in my head: "You must do better."
There's no wine on my dress, but the truth I must confess.
Oh yes, I've as much to lose
But sometimes even funny girls get the blues.
Even funny girls get the blues.