

A Square in the Social Circle - 1945

Jay Livingston and Ray Evans

C//
When I was young, I found it grim,
C// C#dim7//
To gurgle in the social swim.
Dm7// F#dim7// C// Am//
The do's and donts, and la-de-da,
D9// G7// D7// G7//
To me were just a lot of blah.

C//
I used my silver spoon at birth,
C// C#dim7//
For throwing meatballs at my nurse.
G// F#dim7//
I always chose to thumb my nose,
G// F#dim7//
At smarty clothes and party pose.

Em// Em7// A9//
I've ditched the 'rich in sa_____ble set,
Am7// D9// D7// Dm7// G+//
To join the kitchen ta - ble set.

EASY SWING

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
I use the wrong fork, at the Stork in New York,
C C9
My manners ain't fit for a goop_____.
F Fm C F#dim7
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Dm7// Db// C
Who put that fly in my soup?

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
I'd rather go out to a bout that's a rout,
C C9
Then sleep in a symphony hall.
F Fm C F#dim7
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Dm7// Db// C// Db// C//
Who knocked my gum off the wall?

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
 When the utterly utter, flows like butter,
 F Gm7 F
 I wanna start pitchin' a curve.
 Am7 D7 Am7 D7
 On a first-nighter, with a mystery writer
 Dm7// Fm// G7// C#dim7// G7//
 I feel like a pickled hors d'oeuvre, no verve!

Dm7 G7 Dm7
 I never felt gay in a fancy be-ret,
 C C9
 I'll wear a straw hat or burst.
 F Fm C F#dim7
 I'm just a square in the social circle.
 Dm7 C#dim7
 Finger bowls irk me the worst_____.
 A7 Dm7 G7 C
 They just don't quench my thirst_____.

HUM/SCAT/WHISTLE

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
 When the utterly utter, flows like butter,
 F Gm7 F
 I wanna start pitchin' a curve.
 Am7 D7 Am7 D7
 On a first-nighter, with a mystery writer
 Dm7// Fm// G7// C#dim7// G7//
 I feel like a pickled hors d'oeuvre, no verve!

SING

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
 I wanna brush all the plush and the gush,
 C C9
 I'd rather get left than be right.
 F Fm C F#dim7
 I'm just a square in the social circle
 Dm7// Db// C
 Anyone here wanna fight?

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
None o' me fits with the wits at the Ritz.

 C C9
I'd rather relax on a stool.

F Fm C F#dim7
I'm just a square in the social circle,
Dm7// Db// C// Db// C//
Anyone wanna shoot pool?

 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
When a cookie with cabbage gets too savage,
 F Gm7 F
I wrastle her three out of four.
 Am7 D7 Am7 D7
I would rather a sailer hop in my trailer,
 Dm7// Fm// G7// C#dim7// G7
And show me her nautical lore; why shore!

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
Ladies in frills only fill me with chills,
 C C9

They're soft as a ball of che-nille.
F Fm C F#dim7
I'm just a square in the social circle.
Dm7 G Gm A7
I got a muscle of steel_____.
Dm7 G7 C
Anyone here wanna feel?

A7 Dm7 D#dim7 C A7
I'm as square as a pair in a bouton-niere,
 Am7 D7 Am7 D7

Fancy silk____ won't____ stay on;
 Fm
I'm de-signed for rayon.
 A9// A7// G7sus// G7// C C// Db// C//
But I just____ don't____ seem____ to____ care_____.