

# Ella Fitzgerald, Boy! What Love Has Done To Me

I fetch his slippers, fill up the pipe he smokes  
I cook the kippers, laugh at his oldest jokes  
Yet here I anchor, I might have had a banker  
Boy! what love has done to me

His nature's funny, quarrelsome half the time  
And as for money, he hasn't got a dime  
And here's the joker, I might have had a broker  
Boy! what love has done to me

When a guy looks my way  
Does he get emphatic, say he gets dramatic?  
I just wanna fly 'way  
But if I left him I'd be all at sea

I'm just a slavey, life is a funny thing  
He's got the gravy, I got a wedding ring  
And still I love him, there's nobody above him  
Boy! what love has done to me

His brains are minus,  
Never a thought in sight  
And yet his highness  
Lectures me day and night;  
Oh where was my sense  
To sign that wedding licence?  
Boy! What love has done to me!

My life he's wrecking, bet you could find him now  
Out somewhere necking somebody else's frau  
You get to know life when married to a low life  
Boy! what love has done to me

I can't hold my head up  
The butcher, the baker, oh no he's a faker  
Brother I am fed up  
But if I left him he'd be up a tree

Where will it wind up, I don't know where I'm at  
I make my mind up, I oughta leave him flat  
But I have grown so, I love that dirty so-and-so  
Boy! what love has done to me.