

The Kingston Trio, The Ballad Of The Shape Of T

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
That my true love gave to me

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