

She wishes for breast implants

for soprano and piano

by

F L Dunkin Wedd

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(More buxom ladies who wish to sing this song may like to introduce it with the words 'This is a song I used to sing before I had my operation...')

When I was a teenager my mother said,
'Don't envy others, it's not well-bred
Some men like girls who look under-fed
And it's not what's in your bra but what is in your head
That matters to a man who wants more than thrills.
So don't make mountains out of molehills'.
(Spoken) I said 'Oh Mother! If only I could!'

Short of attention, and in despair,
I ripped off my top in Trafalgar Square
Before a crowd could stop and stare
A policeman who was patrolling there
Said 'Move along, move along! (Bad luck, dear!)
Move along! There's nothing to look at here'.
(Spoken) How right he was.

I'm tired of being mistaken for a boy
By shop assistants and the *hoi polloi*
I want there to be more of me for men to enjoy.
I need some assets that I can deploy
To catch the kind of guy that I deserve
I need to get me some torpedoes of lurve.
(Spoken) Funbags... gazongas... you know what I mean.

Well-endowed I'm not it's a certainty
There's no doubt that I lack upholstery
One ex-boyfriend said, quite hurtfully,
Lie me flat and you could iron your shirt on me.

Don't dilly-dally – that's my motto
The minute I hear that I've won the lotto
I won't get hammered, I won't get blotto
I'm off to Harley Street like a shot. Oh
I won't shilly and I will not shally
I'll get my very own silicon valley.
(Spoken) A cleavage – at last!

With these improvements to my chest
I'll look and feel my very best
I'll look at life with extra zest
I'll ride the Tube from east to west
And all the lads will be impressed
As I try out *frottage* through my vest.
(Spoken) *Frottage*? Don't ask your mum...

When I was a teenager my mother said,
'Don't envy others, it's not well-bred
Some men like girls who look under-fed
And it's not what's in your bra but what is in your head
That matters to a man who looks for more than thrills.
So don't make mountains out of molehills'.
(Spoken) What a tactless remark....

NB: 'Frottage' - say it the French way, frō-tahzh' (NOT to rhyme with cottage!)

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$\bullet = 88$

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line with a whole rest and a piano accompaniment starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics 'When I was a tee · na · ger my mo · ther said' and a piano accompaniment. A diagonal watermark is present across the score.

mf

mf

When I was a tee · na · ger my mo · ther said

'Don't en - vy o - thers it's not well - bred Some men like girls who

look und - er - fed And it's not what's in your bra but what's in your head That

mat - ters to a man who wants more than thrills Don't make moun - tains

out of mole - hills.' *Spoken:* Oh! If only I could!

Short of at-tention and in des - pair I ripped off my top in Tra - fal - gar Square Be

fore a crowd could stop and stare a po - lice - man who was pa - trol - ling there Said

'Move a - long move a - long (Bad luck dear!) Move a - long there's no - thing to

look at here!' *Spoken:* How right he was. I'm tired of being mis - ta - ken for a

boy by shop as · sis · tants and the *hoi pol · loi* I

want there to be more of me for men to en · joy I need some as · sets that

I can de · ploy To catch the kind of man that I de · serve

I need to get me some tor · pe · does of lurve *Spoken:* Funbags. Gazongas. You know what I mean.

Well en · dowed I'm

not it's a certain-ty There's no doubt that I lack uphol-ste-ry One ex - boy · friend

said quite hurt-ful-ly Lie me flat and you could iron your shirt on me

GP

Don't dil·ly dal·ly That's my mot·to As

soon as I hear that I've won the lot·to I won't get trol·lied, I won't get blot·to I'm

off to Har·ley Street like a shot Oh I will not shil·ly and I won't shal·ly I'll

get my ve·ry own si·li·con val·ley *Spoken:* A cleavage - at last!

With these im·prove·ments to my chest I'll look and feel my

ve·ry best I'll go through life with ex·tra zest I'll ride the Tube from

East to West And all the lads will be im·pressed As I try out *frot·tage*

through my vest *Spoken: Frottage? Don't ask your mum...*

When I was a tee-na-ger my mo-ther said 'Don't en-vy o-thers it's

not well-bred Some men like girls who look und er fed And it's not what's in your bra but what is

in your head That mat-ters to a man who looks for more than thrills

Don't make moun-tains out of mole-hills.' *Spoken:* What a tactless remark...

Musical score for three staves in G major, 4/4 time. The top staff is empty. The middle staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The bottom staff has a bass line starting on G2, moving to A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

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