THE LOVE SONG OF THE PHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGIST

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOM LEHRER

NOTE: This song was prompted by the observation that all love songs which actually describe any physical aspect of the beloved limit their compliments to such things as hair, eyes, lips, hands, etc. Physical anthropologists, on the other hand, have a whole arsenal of descriptive adjectives at their disposal.

Let me tell you of the mammal that I love, she's touch is grand of her pentadactyl hand, she's my love-ly, she's charm- ing, she's di- vine.

That ec-to-mor-phic, mes-o-pro-so-pic val-en-tine

That eu-ry-ple-lie, hyp-si-cra-ni-al, ru-fi-pi-lous, lep-to-rhin-i-an,

Met-ri-o-ce-or-tho-rach-ic, brach-y-don-tic, sten-o-mer-i-c, do-li-cho-cne-mic

Phal-ic gal of mine. Oh, the mine. Though
YOU MIGHT WISH THIS CHOR - DATE. IN - STEAD OF MINE WERE YOUR DATE, YOU

HAVE-N'T GOT A CHANCE, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE, FOR NO - THING IS MORE

ALIEN TO THIS MAR - VE - LOUS MAM - MA - LIAN THAN AF - FE - CION SHOWN TO AN - Y - ONE BUT

ME. OH, HER EYES ARE BLUE AND THEY'RE OX - Y - BLEP - TIC TOO! SHE'S

EN - DO - THER - MIC AND THAT SUITS ME FINE. THAT EU - RY - PEL - LIC, OR - THO - RACH - IC,


PLAT - Y - HI - ER - IC, EC - TO - MOR - PHIC, RU - FI - PI - LUS, LEP - TOR - RHIN - NIAN,

MET - RI - O - CE - PHAL - IC LIT - TLE GAL OF MINE.