"My Sugar Is So Refined" by Sydney Lippman

Intro:

My sugar is so refined, she's one of them high-class kind
My sugar is so refined, she's got a real high-class mind

She doesn't wear a hat, she wears a cha-peau
She never buys a dress, it's always a frock

She goes to see a cinema, but never a show (2nd verse)
She always winds her timepiece up, but never her clock

She says "to-mahto" in stead of "toma-to." She says "po-tahto" in stead of "pota-to"

And you should see how she holds a cup of tea. With just two fingers while she sticks out three.

My sugar is so refined, she's one of them high-class kind

She never shares a kiss, she lets our lips u-nite, but, oh, it feels like kissin' and each kiss is dyna-mite

I wonder what she thinks of each time I hold her tight, ooh, she's so re-fined
My sugar is so refined, got the finest kind of mind

She never eats a meal, she “dines” or “sups”

And of the little canine friends, they’re never “pups”

She says “ba-nahna,” in stead of “banan-na” She says “pi-ahno,” in stead of “pian-na”

And you should see how she sits on her set-tee With cake and coffee balanced on one knee

My sugar is so refined, she’s one of them high-class kind

She acts just like her name is Mrs. Vander-loo, And, though I love her, and we’ll be married too

I wonder what she’ll do when we’re on our honey-moon,

Ooh, she’s so re-fined she’s so re-fined yeah, she’s so re-fined
Intro:  | F  Dm | Gm7  C7 |  (X2)

F  Fadd9  F  F6  G9  G7  Dm7  G7
My sugar is so re-fined,  She's one of them high-class kind

Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7
She doesn't wear a hat, she wears a cha-peau

Am7  Abdim  Gm7  C7
She goes to see a cinema, but never a show

F  Fadd9  F  F6  G9  G7  Dm7  G7
My sugar is so re-fined,  She's got a real high-class mind

Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7
She never buys a dress, it's always a frock

Am7  Abdim  Gm7  C7
She always winds her timepiece up, but never her clock

F7  Cm7  F7  F7+
She says "to-mahto" in-stead of "toma-to"

BbMA7  Bb6  BMA7  Bb6
She says"po-tahto" in-stead of "pota-to"

Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7
And you should see how she holds a cup of tea

C7  Gm7  C7  C7+
With just two fingers while she sticks out three.

F  Fadd9  F  F6  G9  G7  Dm7  G7
My sugar is so re-fined,  She's one of them high-class kind

Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7
She never shares a kiss, she lets our lips u-nite

F  Eb  D  D7+
But, oh, it feels like kissin' and each kiss is dyna-mite

Bb  Bdim  F  D7  G9  C7  F
I wonder what she thinks of each time I hold her tight, ooh, she’s so re-fined

Interlude:  (F)  Dm  Gm7  C7  F  Dm  Gm7  C7  C7+
My sugar is so refined,

She never eats a meal, she “dines” or “supps”

And of the little canine friends, they’re never “pups”

She says “ba-nah-na,” in stead of “banan-na”

She says “pi-ah-no,” in stead of “pian-na”

And you should see how she sits on her set-tee

With cake and coffee balanced on one knee

My sugar is so refined,

She acts just like her name is Mrs. Vander-loo,

And though I love her, and we’ll be married too

I wonder what she’ll do when we’re on our honey-moon,

Ooh, she’s so re-fined she’s so re-fined yeah, she’s so re-fined