Beauty School Dropout

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Freely

Your story's sad to tell: a teenage ne'er-do-well, most

mixed-up non-de-in-quent on the block. Your future's so un-clear now, What's

left of your career now? Can't even get a trade-in on your smock.
Ab/Bb

Eb
Cm
Fm7

Bb
Eb
Cm

Beauty school dropout,
no graduation day for you. Beauty school dropout,
missed your mid-

Fm7
Bb
Eb
Cm

Ab
Bb
Eb
Cm

terms and flunked shampoo. Well, at least you could have taken time to
wash and clean your clothes up, after spending all that dough to have the doctor fix your nose up. Baby, get moving. Why keep your feeble hopes alive? What are you proving? You've got the dream, but not the drive. If you
go for your diploma, you could join the steno pool. Turn in your teasing comb and go back to high school. Beauty school drop-out, hanging around the corner store.
Beauty school drop-out, it's about time you knew the score. Well, they couldn't teach you anything. You think you're such a looker. But no customer would go to you unless she was a hooker. Baby, don't
sweat it. You're not cut out to hold a

job. Better forget it. Who wants their

hair done by a slob? Now your bangs are curled; your

lash-es twirled. But still the world is cruel. Wipe off that
Angel face and go back to high school.

Baby, don't blow it. Don't put my
good advice to shame. Baby, you know it.

Even Dear Abby'd say the same. Now, I've
called the shot. Get off the pot. I really gotta fly. Gotta be going to that malt shop in the freely sky. Beauty school a tempo drop-out, go back to high school