

Chorus, Tempo di Beguine

Im an EX-TRA-CUR-RICK-EL-ER GIRL for gen-tle-men tir-ed of
 Im an EX-TRA-CUR-RICK-EL-ER GIRL the queen of the Soph-o-more

p-mf a tempo

school. I'm be-gin-ning to feel like a fish-er-man's reel, or a
 Prom. I'm the dream and de-light and the tar-get to-night, for a

pop-u-lar par-lor for pool. I'm an EX-TRA-CUR-RICK-EL-ER GIRL, a
 Har-ry, a Dick or a Tom. I'm an EX-TRA-CUR-RICK-EL-ER GIRL, the

la-dy with leas-es on life. I'm the dance-a-ble dame with the
 sweet-heart of old Sig-ma Chi. I'm the belle of the ball and the

flex-i-ble frame that no-bod-y wants for a wife. Like a bench you put your
 life of the brawl, wher-ev-er there's bour-bon and rye. I have dined with dukes and

(meno mosso)

Extracurricular Girl-