The Shape Of Things
Album: An Evening with the Kingston Trio

Completely round is the perfect pearl the oyster manufactures.
Completely round is the steering wheel that leads to compound fractures.
Completely round is the golden fruit that hangs on the orange tree.
Yes, the circle shape is quite reknowned.
'Tis sad to say it can be found in the low-down dirty run around
My true love gave to me. Yes, my true love gave to me.

Completely square was the velvet box he said my ring would be in.
Completely square was the envelope he said farewell to me in.
Completely square was the handkerchief I burnish constantly.
As it dries my eyes of the tears I shed
And blows my nose 'til it turns bright red for a perfect square is my true love's head.
He will not marry me. No! He will not marry me.

Rectangular was the hotel door, my true love to sneak through.
Rectangular was the transom over which I had to peek through.
Rectangular was the hotel room I entered angrily.
Now rectangular was the wooden box
Where lies my love 'neath the golden flox. They say he died of the chicken pox.
In part, I must agree. One chick too many had he.

Triangular is the piece of pie I eat to ease my sorrow.
Triangular is the hatchet blade I plan to hide tomorrow.
Triangular the relationship that now has ceased to be,
And triangular is the garment thin that fastens on with a safety pin
To a prize I had no wish to win.
It's a lasting memory that my true love gave to me.