

Simile

A simile is: A figure of speech involving a comparison between two unlike entities, explicitly indicated by the actual or implied words “like” or “as.”

Examples:

crazy like a fox
cold as ice
like snowfall on a river
Multiply as the stars of heaven
unstable as water
melted like wax
somber like a cathedral
Love is like a river
I'm as corny as Kansas in August

Now the chimney was all of the house that stood,
Like a pistil after the petals go.

The words “like” or “as” do not have to present for the phrase to be a simile:

Life is (*like*) a cabaret
(*She is like*) a candle in the wind
You're (*like*) the cream in my coffee
You're (*like*) the salt in my stew
I could say life is just (*like*) a bowl of jello
Life is just (*like*) a bowl of cherries

Lyrics with prominent similes

A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody
(*Irving Berlin*)

A pretty girl is like a melody
That haunts you night and day.
Just like the strain of a haunting refrain,
She'll start upon a marathon
And run around your brain.
You can't escape, she's in your memory.
By morning, night and noon
She will leave you and then
Come back again.
A pretty girl is just like a pretty tune.

Most every year we're haunted
By some little popular tune,
Then someone writes another,
The old one's forgotten soon.
A pretty maiden with beauty laden
Is like that kind of song:
Just when you think you love her,
Another one comes along.

You're an Old Smoothie
(*Buddy DeSylva*)

You're an old smoothie,
I'm an old softie;
I'm just like putty in the hands
Of a girl like you.
You're an old meanie;
I'm a big boy;
I just go nutty in the hands
Of a girl like you.
Poor me,
You played me for a sap;
Poor you,
You thought you'd laid a trap!
Well, dear,
I think it's time you knew
You've done just what I wanted you to.
Silly old smoothie,
Crafty old softie,
I'll stick like putty to the hand
Of a girl like you.

It Might As Well Be Spring

(Oscar Hammerstein, *State Fair*)

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm,
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string!
I'd say that I had Spring fever,
But I know it isn't Spring.
I am starry-eyed and vaguely discontented,
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.
Oh, why should I have Spring fever
When it isn't even Spring?
I keep wishing I were somewhere else,
Walking down a strange new street,
Hearing words that I have never heard
From a man I've yet to meet.
I'm as busy as a spider, spinning daydreams,
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud
Or a robin on the wing.
But I feel so gay -- in a melancholy way --
That it might as well be Spring.
It might as well be Spring.

A Wonderful Guy

(Oscar Hammerstein, *South Pacific*)

I expect every one
Of my crowd to make fun
Of my proud protestations of faith in romance,
And they'll say I'm naive
As a babe to believe
Any fable I hear from a person in pants.

Fearlessly I'll face them and argue their doubts away.
Loudly I'll sing about flowers and spring.
Flatly I'll stand on my little flat feet and say,
Love is a grand and a beautiful thing!
I'm not ashamed to reveal
The world-famous feeling I feel.

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
I'm as normal as blueberry pie.
No more a smart
Little girl with no heart,
I have found me a wonderful guy.
I am in a conventional dither
With a conventional star in my eye,
And you will note
There's a lump in my throat
When I speak of that wonderful guy.

I'm as trite and as gay
As a daisy in May,
A cliché coming true!
I'm bromidic and bright
As a moon-happy night
Pouring light on the dew.
I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a flag on the Fourth of July!
If you'll excuse
An expression I use,
I'm in love, I'm in love,
I'm in love, I'm in love,
I'm in love with a wonderful guy!

Cabaret

(John Kander, *Cabaret*)

What good is sitting alone in your room?
Come here the music play:
Life is a cabaret, old chum,
Come to the cabaret.
Put down the knitting, the book and the broom,
Time for a holiday:
Life is a cabaret, old chum,
Come to the cabaret.
Come taste the wine,
Come hear the band,
Come blow your horn, start celebrating,
Right this way, your table's waiting.
No use permitting some prophet of doom
To wipe ev'ry smile away.
Life is a cabaret, old chum,
Come to the cabaret.
Start by admitting from cradle to tomb
Isn't that long a stay.
Life is a cabaret, old chum,
Come to the cabaret.
Only a cabaret, old chum.
So come to the cabaret.

Don't Do Sadness

(Steven Sater, *Spring Awakening*)

Awful sweet to be a little butterfly
Just wingin' over things, and nothin' deep inside.
Nothin' going, goin' wild in you --you know --
You're slowin' by the riverside, or floatin' high and
blue.

Or, maybe, cool to be a little summer wind.
Like, once through everything, and then away again.
With a taste of dust in your mouth all day.
But no need to know, like, sadness -- you just sail
away.

'Cause, you know, I don't do sadness -- not even a
little bit.
Just don't need it in my life -- don't want any part of it.
I don't do sadness. Hey, I've done my time.
Lookin' back on it all -- man, it blows my mind.

I don't do sadness. So been there.

My Junk

(Steven Slater, *Spring Awakening*)

It's like I'm your lover -- or, more like your ghost.
I spend the day wonderin' what you do, where you
go....
I try to just kick it, but then, what can I do?
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.

See us, winter walkin' after a storm.
It's chill in the wind -- but it's warm in your arms.
We stop, all snow-blind. May not be true.
But we've all got our junk, and my junk is you.