

# Ella Fitzgerald, Easy To Love

I know too well that I'm just wasting precious time  
In thinking such a thing could be  
That you could ever care for me  
I'm sure you hate to hear  
That I adore you, dear  
But grant me  
Just the same  
I'm not entirely to blame  
For love  
You'd be so easy to love  
So easy to idolize  
All others above  
So worth the yearning for  
So swell to keep every homefire burning for  
We'd be so grand at the game  
So carefree together  
That it does seem a shame  
That you can't see  
Your future with me  
'Cause you'd be oh, so easy to love