

Frank Sinatra, Just One Of Those Things

Look at me
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree
and I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud
I can't understand
I get misty
just holding your hand
Walk my way
and a thousand violins begin to play
on it might be the sound of your hello
that music I hear
I get misty
the moment you're near
You can say
that you're leading me on
But it's just what I want you to do
don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost
that's why I'm following you
On my own
would I wonder through this wonderland alone
never knowing my right foot from my left
my hat from my glove
I'm too misty and too much in love
You can say...
On my own...