

Ray Charles, Nobody's Heart

Nobody's heart belongs to me.
Heigh-ho, who cares?
Nobody writes his songs to me.
No one belongs to me --
That's the least of my cares.
I may be sad at times, and disinclined to play,
But it's not bad at times to go your own sweet way.
Nobody's arms belong to me,
No arms feel strong to me.
I admire the moon
As a moon,
Just a moon.
Nobody's heart belongs to me today.

[Interlude]

Ride, Amazon, ride.
Hunt your stags and bears.
Take life in its stride.
Heigh-ho, who cares?
Go hunting with pride,
Track bears to their lairs.
Ride, Amazon, ride.
Heigh-ho, who cares?

[Comic Reprise, Sung By Ray Bolger]

Nobody's heart belongs to me.
Heigh-ho, that's bad.
Love's never sung her songs to me.
I have never been had.
I've had no trial in the game of man and maid.
I'm like a violin that no one's ever played.
Words about love are Greek to me.
Nice girls won't speak to me.
I despise the moon
As a moon,
It's a prune.
Nobody's heart belongs to me today.