

Billie Holiday, WITH THEE I SWING

Basil George Adlam / Alexander Hyde / Stillman

With thee I swing, baby
With thee it's just not a trance
With thee I cling, baby
Whenever I get a chance
With thee I swing, baby
For thou art so entrancin'
My heart goes bing, baby
Whenever we start to dance
With all the others
I'm only marking time
But in your arms I melt away
Like ice cream on a summer's day
Just one more thing, baby
My life won't be worthwhile
Till down the middle aisle
With thee I swing, baby