

# 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