

# Bing Crosby, Galway Bay

I need your love so badly,  
I love you, oh, so madly,  
But I don't stand a  
Ghost of a chance with you!  
I thought at last I'd found you,  
But other loves surround you,  
And I don't stand a  
Ghost of a chance with you.  
If you'd surrender,  
Just for a tender kiss or two,  
You might discover,  
that I'm the lover, meant for you,  
And I'd be true,  
But what's the good of scheming,  
I know I must be dreaming,  
For I don't stand a  
Ghost of a chance with you!