

Cab Calloway, Love Is The Reason

What is this thing that makes the birdies sing,
The flowers bloom out of season?
Sweetheart, I know the answer:
Love is the reason!

Why did the clouds of gray just roll away
The very moment I found you?
Why do I hang around you?
Love is the reason!

You came with the rainbow,
Right after the rain,
You brought me the sunshine,
Now I'm walking in clover all over again!

It is a thrill divine or just as fine
That comes from heaven above you;
Why do I say I love you?
Love is the reason!