

# Chris Botti, It Never Entered My Mind

I don't care if there's powder on my nose  
I don't care if my hairdo is in place  
I've lost the very meaning of repose  
I never put a mudpack on my face  
Oh who'd have thought that I'd walk in a daze  
Now I never go to shows at night but just to matinees  
Now I see the show  
And home I go  
Once I laughed when I heard you saying  
That I'd be playing solitaire  
Uneasy in my easy chair  
It never entered my mind  
Once you told me I was mistaken  
That I'd awaken with the sun  
And order orange juice for one  
It never entered my mind  
You have what I lack myself  
And now I even have to scratch my back myself  
Once you warned me  
That if you scorned me  
I'd sing the maiden's prayer again  
And wish that you were there again  
To get into my hair again  
It never entered my mind  
You have what I lack myself  
And now I even have to scratch my back myself  
Once you warned me  
That if you scorned me  
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