

# Ella Fitzgerald, Day In, Day Out

Day in - day out

That same old voodoo follows me about  
That same old pounding in my heart, whenever I think of you  
And baby I think of you

Day in and day out  
Day out - day in

I needn't tell you how my days begin  
When I awake I get up with a tingle  
One possibility in view  
That possibility of maybe seeing you  
Come rain - come shine  
I meet you and to me the day is fine  
Then I kiss your lips, and the pounding becomes  
An oceans roar, a thousand drums  
Can't you see it's love, can there be any doubt  
When there it is, day in - day out