

Ella Fitzgerald, I Concentrate On You

Whenever skies look grey to me
And trouble begins to brew
Whenever the winter winds
Begin to blow
I concentrate on you

When fortune cries nay, nay to me
And people declare "You're through";
Whenever the blues becomes my only song
I concentrate on you

On your smile so sweet so tender
When first my kiss you deny
On the love in your eyes
When you surrender
And once again our arms intertwine

And so when wise men say to me
That loves young dreams never come true
To prove that even wise men can be wrong
I concentrate on you.