

Ella Fitzgerald, Lazy

Ev'ry time
I see a puppy upon a summer's day
A puppy dog at play
My heart is filled with envy
That's because
My heart is yearning to pass the time away
Like that pup
'Cause I'm all fed up
And tho' it's wrong to be
I long to be

Lazy
I want to be lazy
I want to be out in the sun
With no work to be done

Under that awning
They call the sky
Stretching and yawning
And let the world go drifting by

I want to peep
Through the deep
Tangled wildwood
Counting sheep
'Til I sleep
Like a child would

With a great big valise full
Of books to read where it's peaceful
While I'm
Killing time
Being lazy

Life is short
And getting shorter with each day that goes by
And how the time does fly
Before you know, it's over
That's why I'm
In such a hurry to pack my things and fly
To a spot
Where it's nice and hot
And hear the birdies sing
While I'm being