

# Ella Fitzgerald, My Reverie

Our love  
Is a dream, but in my reverie  
I can see that this love was meant for me  
Only a poor fool  
Never schooled in the whirlpool  
Of romance could be so cruel  
As you are to me  
My dreams are as worthless as tin to me  
Without you life will never begin to be  
So love me  
As I love you in my reverie  
Make my dream a reality  
Let's dispense with formality  
Come to me in my reverie