

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