

# Ella Fitzgerald, The Man That Got Away

The night is bitter,  
The stars have lost their glitter,  
The winds grow colder,  
And suddenly you're older  
And all because of  
The man that got away.

No more his eager call,  
The writing's on the wall,  
The dreams you dreamed have all  
Gone astray.  
The man that won you  
Has run off and undone you.  
That great beginning  
Has seen it's final inning,  
Don't know what happened  
It's all a crazy game.

No more that all-time thrill  
For you've been through the mill,  
And never a new love will  
Be the same.

Good riddance, good-bye.  
Every trick of his you're on to -  
But fools will be fools and where's he gone to?

The road gets rougher,  
It's lonelier and tougher.  
With hope you burn up,  
Tomorrow he may turn up.  
There's just no letup  
The livelong night and day.

Ever since this world began  
There is nothing sadder than  
A one-man woman  
Looking for the man that got away . . .

[Interlude]

The road gets rougher,  
It's lonelier and tougher.  
With hope you burn up,  
Tomorrow he may turn up.  
There's just no letup  
The livelong night and day.

Ever since this world began  
There is nothing sadder than  
A one-man woman  
Looking for the man  
The man that got away . . .

The man that got away . . .