

Ella Fitzgerald, You're Blase

You're deep just like a chasm
You've no, enthusiasm
You're tired and uninspired.
You're blase.

Your day is one of leisure
In which you search for pleasure.
You're bored when you're adored.
You're blase.

While reaching for the moon,
And the stars up in the sky,
The simple things of normal life
Are slowly passing by.

You sleep, the sun is shining;
You wake, its time for dining.
There's nothing new for you to do
You're blase.

[Instrumental Interlude]

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And the stars up in the sky,
The simple things of normal life
Are slowly passing by.

You sleep, the sun is shining;
You wake, its time for dining.
There's nothing new for you to do
You're blase.
Blase.