

# Ella Fitzgerald, You're My Thrill

You're my thrill  
You do something to me  
You send chills right through me  
When I look at you  
'Cause you're my thrill  
You're my thrill  
How my pulse increases  
I just go to pieces  
When I look at you  
'Cause you're my thrill

Hmmm-nothing seems to matter  
Hmmm-here's my heart on a silver platter  
Where's my will  
Why this strange desire  
That keeps morning higher  
When I look at you  
I can't keep still  
You're my thrill