

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