

Johnny Hartman, Lush Life

I used to visit all the very gay places
Those come-what-may places
Where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life
To get the feel of life
From jazz and cocktails

The girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces
With distingu traces
That used to be there
You could see where they'd been washed away
By too many through the day
Twelve o' clock tales

Then you came along with your siren song
To tempt me to madness
I thought for awhile that your poignant smile
Was tinged with the sadness
Of a great love for me
Ah, yes, I was wrong
Again I was wrong

Life is lonely again and only last year
Everything seemed so sure
Now life is awful
Again a trough full of hearts
Could only be a bore

A week in Paris would ease the bite of it
All I care is to smile in spite of it
I'll forget you I will
While yet you are still
Burning inside my brain

Romance is mush
Stifling those who strive
I'll live a lush life in some small dive
And there I'll be
While I rot with the rest
Of those whose lives are lonely too

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