

Louis Armstrong, Lyin' to myself

I'm lyin' to myself, cryin' to myself,
tryin' to make believe my baby's on the shelf
But it's more than I can do
tryin' to find a way to bluff it through
I miss my lovin' an' kissin'
When I hear the radio playin' "I Love You So"
that's the time, you know, I start to feel like ten below.
I'm lyin' to myself,
tryin' to chase the blues away.
Just because of foolish pride I tried to hide
all feeling's for Cupid's art.
And though I've cried out loud that two's a crowd
that don't convince my heart.
When I think of my sweet pet and the places we met
I tell myself I'm not a doggone bit upset
but I'm lyin' to myself,
tryin' to chase the blues away.