

Abbey Lincoln, I Concentrate On You

Whenever skies look grey to me,
And trouble begins to brew,
Whenever the winter winds become too strong,
I concentrate on you.
When fortune cries "nay, nay" to me,
And people declare "you're through,"
Whenever the blues become my only song,
I concentrate on you.
On your smile so sweet, so tender,
When at first my kiss you declined, (your kiss I declined)
On the light in your eyes when you surrender, (I surrender)
And once again our hearts intertwine.
And so when wise men say to me
That love's young dream never comes true;
To prove that even wise men can be wrong,
I concentrate you.
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