

Billie Holiday, DAY IN, DAY OUT

Johnny Mercer / Rube Bloom

Day in - day out

That same old voodoo follows me about

That same old pounding in my heart, whenever I think of you

And baby I think of you

Day in and day out

Day out - day in

I needn't tell you how my days begin

When I awake I get up with a tingle

One possibility in view

That possibility of maybe seeing you

Come rain - come shine

I meet you and to me the day is fine

Then I kiss your lips, and the pounding becomes

An oceans roar, a thousand drums

Can't you see it's love, can there be any doubt

When there it is, day in - day out