

Billie Holiday, I Can't Face The Music

Breeze, stop moanin' those weird melodies
My (man, gal) has left me and I can't face the music
Without singin' the blues
Your rhythm on my window pane
Drives me insane because I can't face the music
Without singin' the blues
My heart is so broken, I've spoken
To the Lord for sympathy
And if He don't help me
So help me ! It's the bottom of the deap blue sea
For me, I'm gonna end this misery
My (man, gal) has left me and I can't face the music
Without singin' the blues