

Billie Holiday, THESE 'N' THAT 'N' THOSE

Milton Pascal / Edgar Fairchild

These are nights below
And that's the moon above
And those are eyes that say you're mine
Why can't we combine these'n that'n those
These are moments rare
And that's the comfy chair
And those are lips that should be kissed
How can we resist these'n that'n those
Holding conversation is no recreation
And we have so much more to do
I'd be disrespectful
If I were neglectful
Of all that nature gave to you
These two hearts are bold
And that's a hand to hold
And those two arms have room to spare
Where we both can share these'n that'n those