

Billy Strayhorn, Lush Life

I used to visit all the very gay places,
Those come-what-may places,
Where one relaxes on the axis,
Of the wheel of life,
To get the feel of life,
From jazz and cocktails.

The gals (girls) I knew had sad and sullen gray faces,
With distant gay traces,
That used to be there.
You could see where,
They'd been washed away,
By too many through the day.
Twelve o'clock tales.

Then you came along,
With your siren song,
To tempt me to madness.
I thought for awhile,
That your poignant smile,
Was tinged with the sadness,
Of a great love for me.
I guess (Ah, yes,) I was wrong.
Again, I was wrong.

Life is lonely again,
And only last year everything seemed so sure.
Now life is awful again.
A trouphful of hearts could only be a bore.

A week in Paris might (will) ease the bite of it.
All I care is to smile in spite of it.
I'll forget you I will,
While yet you are still,
Burning inside my brain.

Romance is mush,
Stifling those who strive.
I'll live a lush life,
In some small dive.

And there I'll be,
While I rot with the rest,
Of those whose lives are lonely, too.
Lush life.