

# Doris Day, Once In A While

You won't admit you love me  
And so how am I ever to know?  
You always tell me  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
A million times I've asked you,  
And then I ask you over again  
You only answer  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
If you can't make your mind up  
We'll never get started  
And I don't wanna wind up  
Being parted, broken-hearted  
So if you really love me  
Say yes, but if you don't dear, confess  
And please don't tell me  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
If you can't make your mind up  
We'll never get started  
And I don't wanna wind up  
Being parted, broken-hearted  
So if you really love me  
Say yes, but if you don't dear, confess  
And please don't tell me  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
Perhaps, perhaps, (giggle) perhaps  
(giggle)