

# Ella Fitzgerald, I Could Write A Book

A B C D E F G

I never learned to spell,  
At least not well.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

I never learned to count,  
A great amount.

But my busy mind is burning to use what learning I've got,  
I won't waste any time,  
I'll strike while the iron is hot.

If they asked me, I could write a book  
About the way you walk, and whisper, and look.  
I could write a preface  
On how we met  
So the world would never forget.

And the simple secret of the plot  
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.  
And the world discovers  
As my book ends,  
How to make two lovers  
Of friends.

[Instrumental]

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