

# Ella Fitzgerald, 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 girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces  
With distingue 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  
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 trough full of hearts could only be a bore

A week in Paris could 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  
So 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