

Ella Fitzgerald, Prelude To A Kiss

If you hear
A song in blue
Like a flower crying
For the dew
That was my heart serenading you
My prelude to a kiss

If you hear a song that grows
From my tender sentimental woes
That was my heart trying to compose
A prelude to a kiss

Though it's just a simple melody
With nothing fancy
Nothing much
You could turn it to a symphony
A Schubert tune with a Gershwin touch

Oh how my love song gently cries
For the tenderness within your eyes
My love is a prelude that never dies
A prelude to a kiss

[Bridge]

Though it's just a simple melody
With nothing fancy
Nothing much
You could turn it to a symphony
A Schubert tune with a Gershwin touch

Oh how my love song so gently cries
For the tenderness within your eyes
My love is a prelude that never dies
A prelude to a kiss