

Ella Fitzgerald, Why Was I Born?

Spending these lonesome evenings
With nothing to do
But to live in dreams that I make up
All by myself

Dreaming that you're beside me
I picture the prettiest stories
Only to wake up
All by myself

What is the good of me by myself?

Why was I born
Why am I living
What do I get
What am I giving

Why do I want a thing
I daren't hope for
What can I hope for
I wish I knew

Why do I try
To draw you near me
Why do I do I cry
You never hear me

I'm a poor fool
But what can I do
Why was I born
To love you

[Bridge]

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But what can I do
Why was I born
To love you