

Ella Fitzgerald, Woe Is Me

Woe is me
Woe is me
I loved you so sincerely
Not knowing you were merely
Having fun with my heart

Ah woe is me
Woe is me
One night you held me tightly
The next night so politely
You were done with my heart

Where should I go and what should I do
And how should I behave
You set me free when I wanted only to be
Your humble slave

Ah woe is me
Woe is me
You aren't on the level
You got me twixt the devil
And the sea - woe is me

Where should I go and what should I do
And how should I behave
You set me free when I wanted only to be
Your humble slave

Ah woe is me
Woe is me
The more I try to hate you
The more I seem to love you
Who-oh, woe is me