

Ella Fitzgerald, You Took Advantage Of Me

I'm a sentimental sap, that's all
What's the use of trying not to fall?
I have no will, you've made your kill
'Cause you took advantage of me!

I'm just like an apple on a bough
And you're gonna shake me down somehow
So, what's the use,
you've cooked my goose
'Cause you took advantage of me!

I'm so hot and bothered that I don't
know my elbow from my ear
I suffer something awful each time you go
And much worse when you're near

Here I am with all my bridges burned
Just a babe in arms where
you're concerned
So lock the doors and call me yours
'Cause you took advantage of me.