

Harold Arlen, The Man That Got Away

The night is bitter,
The stars have lost their glitter,
The winds grow colder,
And suddenly you're older
And all because of
The man that got away.

No more his eager call,
The writing's on the wall,
The dreams you dreamed have all
Gone astray.
The man that won you
Has run off and undone you.
That great beginning
Has seen it's final inning,
Don't know what happened
It's all a crazy game.

No more that all-time thrill
For you've been through the mill,
And never a new love will
Be the same.

Good riddance, good-bye.
Every trick of his you're on to -
But fools will be fools and where's he gone to?

The road gets rougher,
It's lonelier and tougher.
With hope you burn up,
Tomorrow he may turn up.
There's just no letup
The livelong night and day.

Ever since this world began
There is nothing sadder than
A one-man woman
Looking for the man that got away . . .

<interlude>

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