

# Jo Stafford, IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

Hide your heart from sight,  
Lock your dreams at night,  
It could happen to you.  
Don't count stars  
Or you might stumble,  
Someone drops a sigh  
And down you tumble,  
Keep an eye on spring,  
Run when church bells ring.  
It could happen to you  
All I did was wonder  
How your arms would b e  
And it happened to me