

Nina Simone, That's Him Over There

Marilyn Bergman, Lew Spence

I see your face in this room full of faces,
I'm trying hard not to stare,
Strange to see you again, here of all places,
That's him over there.
My baby looks the same as he did when I met him,
I'd know that laugh anywhere,
It was foolish of me to think I'd forget him,
That's him over there.
I wish I could be the girl at his side,
The one who has taken my place,
Can everyone see what I'm trying to hide,
Isn't it written all over my face?
I guess that you know what extremes I have gone to,
To prove that I didn't care,
You were so anxious to meet the dream I've hung onto,
Well, that's him, that's my Jim, over there.