Perry Como, Complete Medley: (All By Myself ...)

All By Myself
I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face
So In Love

Sing to me, Mr. C., sing to me
the song that I've been waiting to hear,
just for me, Mr. C., just for me,
and everybody else will disappear . . .

I'd love to rest my weary head
on somebody's shoulder
I hate to grow older
all by myself!

All by myself, in the mornin'
all by myself in the night
I sit alone with a table and a chair
so unhappy there, playin' solitaire

All by myself, I get lonely
watchin' the clock on the shelf
I'd love to rest my weary head
on somebody's shoulder
I hate to grow older
all by myself!

All by myself, I get lonely
watchin' the clock on the shelf
I'd love to rest my weary head
on somebody's shoulder
I hate to grow older
all by myself!

I've grown accustomed to her face,
she almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed to the tune
she whistles night an' noon

Her smiles, her frowns,
her ups, her downs
are second nature to me now
like breathing out and breathing in

I was serenely independent
and content, before we met
surely I could always be that way again, and yet,
I've grown accustomed to her looks
accustomed to her voice
accustomed to her face!

Strange dear, but true dear
when I'm close to you dear
the stars fill the sky
so in love with you am I

Even without you
my arms fold about you
you know darling why?
so in love with you am I

In love with the night mysterious
the night when you first were there
in love with my joy, delirious,
when I knew that you could care!

So taunt me and hurt me
deceive me, desert me
I'm yours 'till I die
so in love, so in love,
so in love with you, my love, am I