

# Vicki Carr, It Must Be Him

I tell myself what's done is done  
I tell myself don't be a fool  
Play the field have a lot of fun  
It's easy when you play it cool  
I tell myself don't be a chump  
Who cares let him stay away  
That's when the phone rings  
And I jump  
And as I grab the phone I pray  
Let it please be him  
Oh dear God  
It must be him  
It must be him  
Or I shall die  
Or I shall die  
Oh hello, hello,  
My dear God, it must be him  
But it's not him and then I die  
That's when I die  
After a while  
I'm myself again  
I pick the pieces off the floor  
Put my heart on the shelf again  
He'll never hurt me anymore  
I'm not a puppet on a string  
I'll find somebody else someday  
That's when the phone rings  
And once again I start to pray  
Let it please be him  
Oh, dear God,  
It must be him  
It must be him  
Or I shall die  
Or I shall die  
Oh, hello, hello, my dear God  
It must be him  
But it's not him  
And then I die  
That's when I die  
Let it please be him  
My dear God, it must be him  
Or I shall die  
Or I shall die