

I Concentrate on You

Ella Fitzgerald

Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew
Whenever the winter winds become too strong
I concentrate on you

When fortune cries nay, nay to me
And people declare "You're through"
Whenever the blues becomes my only song
I concentrate on you

On your smile, so sweet, so tender
When at first your kiss I decline
On that look in your eyes
When you surrender
And once again our arms intertwine

And so when wise men say to me
That love's young dream never comes true
To prove that even wise men can be wrong
I concentrate on you.