

# My Old Flame

Ella Fitzgerald

My old flame, I can't even think of his name but it's funny now  
and then

How my thoughts go flashing back again to my old flame

My old flame, my new lovers all seem so tame

For I haven't met a gent so magnificent or elegant as my old flame

I've met so many who had fascinating ways

A fascinating gaze in their eyes, some who took me up to the skies

But their attempts at love were only imitations of my old flame

I can't even think of his name but I'll never be the same

Until I discover what became of my old flame

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