

My Intuition

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I've read your pretty speeches
And I must admit they touched my heart
I don't know where you borrow them
But most of them are works of art

No school boy with his Valentines
Was ever more sincere
I've tried to read between the lines
To make the meaning clear

But there's a little voice that whispers
Softly, as I fall asleep:
"You better look before you leap."

My intuition says to me,
Don't ever give your heart away
And so I simply must obey my intuition

My intuition says to me
Those pretty words may not be true
So what am I supposed to do in my position?

I'd like to trust my heart
Believe in just my heart
But it is much too young to know

So though it may be bad advice
I guess I'll have to string along
Until you prove my intuition
Can be wrong.

My intuition goes like this:
I'm playing poker with a bunch
And all at once I get a hunch
That's intuition

I'm playing aces back to back
And I can see a pair of kings
But if there's one more of those things
What's my position?

Well, if you get the cards
Then you should bet the cards
At least, that's what I've always heard

You have your hunch, I'll have mine
Suppose we both just string along
Until we prove our intuition can be wrong.