

## Whispering

Harry Belafonte

Don't worry I'm not looking at you  
Gorgeous and dressed in blue  
Don't worry I'm not looking at you  
Gorgeous and dressed in blue  
I know it drives you crazy  
When I pretend you don't exist  
When I'd like to lean in close  
And run my hands against your lips  
Though we haven't even spoken  
Still I sense there's a rapport  
So whisper me your number  
I'll call you up at home  
Whisper me your number  
I'll call you up at home  
Don't worry I'm not looking at you  
Don't worry I'm not looking at you  
Gorgeous and dressed in blue  
Don't worry I'm not looking at you  
I know you see me see you  
As you see me walk on past  
When there's nothing more I'd like to do  
Then come in close and hear you laugh  
Though we haven't even spoken  
Still I sense there's a rapport  
So whisper me your number  
I'll call you up at home  
Yea whisper me your number  
I'll call you up at home  
Whisper me your number  
I'll call you up at home  
Hmm whisper me your number  
I'll call you up at home