

# I Could Go On Singing

Judy Garland

When a dove is in love with a doll of a dove  
He is out all night, coo, cooing  
When the owl's on a prowl or a feminine fowl  
He goes out all night, woo, wooing  
Every bird and bee has it's lunacy  
In the way he works his dream off  
But when I feel high, here's the way  
That I like to get my kind of steam off  
Owls hoo, hoo, others sigh  
Doves coo, coo, ah, how I  
I could go on singing till the cows come home  
And the rooster starts to crow, crow, crow  
When I see your eyes, I go all out  
I must vocalize till you shout, "Enough already"  
I could go on singing till the moon turns pink  
Anything from Faust to Ink-a-dink-a-dink  
Love does funny things  
When it hits you this way  
I could go on singing till the cows come home  
And the rooster starts to crow, crow, crow  
When I see your eyes, I go all out  
I must vocalize till you shout, "Enough already"  
I could go on singing till the moon turns pink  
Anything from Faust to Ink-a-dink-a-dink  
Love does funny things  
When it hits you this way  
I must keep on singing, like a lark, going strong  
With my heart on the wings of a song, singing day