

Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps

Perry Como

You won't admit you love me.
And so how am I ever to know?
You always tell me
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.
A million times I've asked you,
And then I ask you over again,
You only answer
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

If you can't make your mind up,
We'll never get started.
And I don't want to wind up
Being parted, broken-hearted.
So if you really love me,
Say yes.
But if you don't, dear, confess.
And please don't tell me
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps

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And please don't tell me
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Quizás, quizás, perhaps.