

06. *Misty* [Ella Fitzgerald]

Look at me,
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree;
And I feel like I'm clingin' to a cloud,
I can' t understand
I get misty, just holding your hand.
Walk my way,
And a thousand violins begin to play,
Or it might be the sound of your hello,
That music I hear,
I get misty, the moment you're near.
Can't you see that you're leading me on?
And it's just what I want you to do,
Don't you notice how hopelessly
I'm lost
That's why I'm following you.
On my own,
When I wander through this wonderland alone,
Never knowing my right foot from my left
My hat from my glove
I'm too misty, and too much in love.
Too misty,
And too much
In love