

When I'm Not Near the Boy I Love

Doris Day

Oh, my heart is beating wildly
And it's all because you're here
When I'm not near the boy I love
I love the boy I'm near

Every man that wanders by me
Is a flame that must be fanned
When I can't fondle the hand I'm fond of
I fondle the hand at hand

My heart's in a pickle, it's constantly fickle
And not too particule, I fear
When I'm not near the boy I love
I love the boy I'm near

(We're confessing a confession
And we hope we're not verbose)
When I'm not near the kiss that I cling to
I cling to the kiss that's close

My heart's in a pickle, it's constantly fickle
And not too particle, I fear
When I'm not near the boy I love
I love the boy I'm near