

The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else

Al Jolson

I'm unhappy, so unhappy, for I can see
The one I love don't care for me,
And I'd be happy, oh so happy, but it was fate
That it was too late when I happened to find her.

The one I love belongs to somebody else,
She means her tender song for somebody else,
And even when I have my arms around her,
I know her thoughts are strong for somebody else.

The hands I hold belong to somebody else,
I'll bet they're not so cold for somebody else.
It's tough enough to be on the shelf,
It's worse to fall in love by yourself,
The one I love belongs to somebody else.

The one, the one I love belongs to somebody else,
She means her tender song for somebody else,
And even when I have my arms around her,
I know her thoughts are strong for somebody else.

The hands, the hands I hold belong to somebody else, somebody else,
I'll bet they're not so cold to somebody else.
When I make love she's more like a pal,
She calls me John and my name is Al!
The one I love belongs to somebody else.