

Without Him

Astrud Gilberto

Love is a beautiful thing
when it knows how to swing
and it grooves like a clock
but the hands on the clock
tell the lovers to part
and it's breakin' my heart
to have to spend another day without him
doo dooo doo doo

I spend the night in a chair
thinking' he'll be there
but he never comes
then I wake up and wipe
the sleep from my eyes
and I rise, to face another day
without him

It's just no good anymore
when you walk through the door
of an empty room
then you go inside and set a table for one
it's not fun
to spend another day without him

We burst the pretty balloon
took us to the moon
such a beautiful thing
but it's ended now and it sounds like a lie
If I said I'd rather die,
than be without him

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