True

Billy Eckstine

Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree,
And I feel like I'm clinging 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.

*You can say that you're leading me on,
But 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, would 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.
I'm too misty, and too much in love.

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