

My Heart is Taking Lessons

Bing Crosby

My heart is taking lessons, learning how to sing
Every morning la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, poor thing
My heart is taking lessons, conscientiously
Every moment la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, it amazes me

And oh, how hard it labors to try and make the grade
It must annoy the neighbors, practicing upon a serenade
My heart is taking lessons, and I notice too
It began to la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la when I looked at you

My heart's taking lessons to learn how to sing
Every morning la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, poor thing
My heart's taking lessons, so conscientiously
Every moment la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, it amazes me

And oh, how hard it labors to try and make the grade
It must annoy the neighbors, practicing upon a serenade
My heart's taking lessons, and I notice too
It began to la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la when I looked at you