

You're Blasé

Ella Fitzgerald

You're deep just like a chasm
You've no, enthusiasm
You're tired and uninspired
You're blase

Your day is one of leisure
In which you search for pleasure
You're bored when you're adored
You're blase

While reaching for the moon
And the stars up in the sky
The simple things of normal life
Are slowly passing by

You sleep, the sun is shining
You wake, its time for dining
There's nothing new for you to do
You're blase

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Blase