

I Concentrate On You

Lena Horne

Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew,
Whenever the Winter winds become too strong,
I concentrate on you.

When fortune cries "Nay! Nay!" to me
And people declare "You're through!",
Whenever the blues become my only song,
I concentrate on you.

On your smile so sweet, so tender,
When at first my kiss you decline.
On the light in your eyes when you surrender,
And once again our arms intertwine

And so, when wise men say to me
That love's young dream never comes true,
To prove that even wise men can be wrong,
I concentrate on you.

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