

It's Got to Be Love

Sarah Vaughan

It's gotta be love
It couldn't be tonsillitis
It feels like neuritis
But, nevertheless, it's love

Don't tell me the pickles
And pie à la mode they served me
Unnerved me
And made my heart a broken-down pump
It couldn't be love
It isn't the morning after
That makes every rafter
Go spinning around above

I'm sure that it's fatal
Why do I get that sinking feeling?
I think that I'm dead
But, nevertheless, it's only love

It couldn't be love
Couldn't be tonsillitis
It feels like neuritis
But, nevertheless, it's love

Don't tell me the pickles
Pie à la mode they served me
Unnerved me
And made my heart a broken-down pump
It couldn't be love
It isn't the morning after
That makes every rafter
Go spinning around above

I'm sure that it's fatal
Why do I get that sinking feeling?
I think that I'm dead
But, nevertheless, it's only love