

Don't Get Around Much Anymore

The Ink Spots

When I'm not playing solitaire
I take a book down from the shelf
And what with programs on the air
I keep pretty much to myself

Missed the Saturday dance
Heard they crowded the floor
Couldn't bare it without you
Don't get around much anymore

Oh, darling, I guess
My minds more at ease
But never the less
Why stir up memories

Been invited all day
Might have gone, but what for
Awfully different without you
Don't get around much anymore

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