

## Why Was i Born?

Vic Damone

Spending these lonesome evenings  
With nothing to do  
But to live in dreams that I make up  
All by myself

Dreaming that you're beside me  
I picture the prettiest stories  
Only to wake up  
All by myself

What is the good of me by myself?

Why was I born  
Why am I living  
What do I get  
What am I giving

Why do I want a thing  
I daren't hope for  
What can I hope for  
I wish I knew

Why do I try  
To draw you near me  
Why do I do I cry  
You never hear me

I'm a poor fool  
But what can I do  
Why was I born  
To love you

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