

## I Concentrate on You

Ella Fitzgerald

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 becomes my only song  
I concentrate on you

On your smile, so sweet, so tender  
When at first your kiss I decline  
On that look 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.