

I Was Telling Him about You

Nancy Wilson

My arms were around him
My eyes were aglow
The moment was tender
The music was low
But while we were dancing
I think you should know
I was telling him about you

He kept coming closer
The magic was there
He wore an expression
That made people stare
It looked so romantic
But, my darling, I swear
I was telling him about you

When you passed by
Caught my eye
You didn't say a word
You turned about
Walked right out
And the silence
Was the loudest I ever heard

Come back to me, darling
I must make you see
That things aren't always
What they seem to be
The man in my arms
Meant nothing to me
I was telling him all about you
I was telling him about you