

Why Was I Born

Sarah Vaughan

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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