

I Could Write A Book

Ella Fitzgerald

A B C D E F G

I never learned to spell,
At least not well. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

I never learned to count,
A great amount. But my busy mind is burning to use what learning I've got,

I won't waste any time,
I'll strike while the iron is hot.

If they asked me, I could write a book
About the way you walk, and whisper, and look.

I could write a preface

On how we met

So the world would never forget. And the simple secret of the plot
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.

And the world discovers

As my book ends,

How to make two lovers

Of friends.

And the simple secret of the plot
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.

And the world discovers

As my book ends,

How to make two lovers

Of friends.

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