

Prelude to a Kiss

Ella Fitzgerald

If you hear
A song in blue
Like a flower crying
For the dew
That was my heart serenading you
My prelude to a kissIf you hear a song that grows
From my tender sentimental woes
That was my heart trying to compose
A prelude to a kissThough it's just a simple melody
With nothing fancy
Nothing much
You could turn it to a symphony
A Shubert tune with a Gershwin touchOh how my love song gently cries
For the tenderness within your eyes
My love is a prelude that never dies
A prelude to a kissThough it's just a simple melody
With nothing fancy
Nothing much
You could turn it to a symphony
A Shubert tune with a Gershwin touchOh how my love song so gently cries
For the tenderness within your eyes
My love is a prelude that never dies
A prelude to a kiss

Songwriters

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