

I Concentrate On You

Fred Astaire

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 become my only song,
I concentrate on you. On your smile so sweet, so tender,
When at first your kiss I decline.
On the light in your eyes when I 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.

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