

Lyin' To Myself

Louis Armstrong

I'm lyin' to myself, cryin' to myself
Tryin' to make believe my baby's on the shelf
But it's more than I can do
Tryin' to find a way to bluff it through
I miss my lovin' and kissin'
When I hear the radio playin' "I Love You So"
That's the time, you know, I start to feel like ten below
I'm lyin' to myself
Tryin' to chase the blues away
Just because of foolish pride I tried to hide
All feeling's for Cupid's art
And though I've cried out loud that two's a crowd
That don't convince my heart
When I think of my sweet pet and the places we met
I tell myself I'm not a doggone bit upset
But I'm lyin' to myself,
Tryin' to chase the blues away

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