

# Everything Happens to Me

Frank Sinatra & Tommy Dorsey

I make a date for golf  
And you can bet your life it rains  
My flat warming got started  
But the bitch next door complained It seems ill spend my whole life  
Catching colds and missing trains I waited in the rain  
For a blind date who never showed  
Then a 4x4 drenched my jeans as I tried to cross the road  
Got back to the car in time to watch it being towed  
Everything happens to me At first I thought you might break this jinx for me  
You love would bring an end to my despair  
That would have been so cool  
Not how it's meant to be  
Instead you vanished into thin air I've emailed and I've phoned  
Sent a text message or two  
You told me to piss off and for that respect is due  
I fell in love just once  
Did it have to be with you?

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