After You

Mabel Mercer

Though with joy I should be reeling
That at last you came my way,
There's no further use concealing
That I'm feeling far from gay,
For the rare allure about you
Makes me all the plainer see
How inane, how vain, how empty life without you would be.

After you, who
Could supply my sky of blue?
After you, who
Could I love?
After you, why
Should I take the time to try,
For who else could qualify
After you, who?
Hold my hand and swear
You'll never cease to care,
For without you there what could I do?
I could search years
But who else could change my tears
Into laughter after you?

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