

# I Concentrate On You (Alternate Take)

Ella Fitzgerald

Whenever skies look grey 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 love in your eyes when I surrender  
And once again, our arms intertwine And so, when wise men say to me  
That love's young dreams never come true  
To prove that even wise men can be wrong  
I concentrate on you

Songwriters

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