

# Embraceable You

**Bobby Short**

Dozens of girls would storm up;  
I had to lock my door,  
Somehow I couldn't warm up  
To one before.  
What was it that controlled me?  
What kept my love-life lean?  
My intuition told me  
You'd come on the scene.  
Lady[Baby], listen to the rhythm of my heartbeat,  
And you'll get just what I mean.

Embrace me,  
My sweet embraceable you.  
Embrace me,  
You irreplaceable you.  
Just one look at you - my heart grew tipsy in me.  
You and you alone bring out the gypsy in me.  
I love all  
The many charms about you;  
Above all,  
I want my arms about you.  
Don't be a naughty baby,  
Come to papa - come to papa - do!  
My sweet embraceable you.

I love all  
The many charms about you;  
Above all,  
I want my arms about you.  
Don't be a naughty baby,  
Come to papa - come to papa - do!  
My sweet embraceable you.

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