

# 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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