

I Could Go On Singing (Till the Cows Come Home)

Judy Garland

When a dove is in love with a doll of a dove
He is out all night, coo, cooing
When the owl's on a prow or a feminine fowl
He goes out all night, woo, wooing Every bird and bee has it's lunacy
In the way he works his dream off
But when I feel high, here's the way
That I like to get my kind of steam off Owls hoo, hoo, others sigh
Doves coo, coo, ah, how I could go on singing till the cows come home
And the rooster starts to crow, crow, crow
When I see your eyes, I go all out
I must vocalize till you shout, "Enough already" I could go on singing till the moon turns pink
Anything from Faust to Ink-a-dink-a-dink
Love does funny things
When it hits you this way I could go on singing till the cows come home
And the rooster starts to crow, crow, crow
When I see your eyes, I go all out
I must vocalize till you shout, "Enough already" I could go on singing till the moon turns pink
Anything from Faust to Ink-a-dink-a-dink
Love does funny things
When it hits you this way I must keep on singing, like a lark, going strong
With my heart on the wings of a song, singing day

Songwriters

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