

Make the Man Love Me

Joanie Sommers

I must try to make the man love me,
Make the man love me now;
Bye and bye I'll make the man happy,
I know how! He must see how badly I want him,
Want him just as he is;
May I say that, should the man ask me,
I'll be his! Can I tell the man just how dearly
Blessed we would be?
All the beauty I see so clearly,
Oh why can't he? So I pray to heaven above me,
Pray until day grows dim,
For a way to make the man love me
As I love him.

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