

After You

Tommy Dorsey and His Clambake Seven

Raining again
I ought to get out from under
Sometimes I wonder
Sometimes I don't wonder at all

And as for loving again
Someday somebody might need me
But where would it lead me?
I'd just be rising to fall

After you, what am I gonna do?
You took a part of me
As you were passing through

After you, what am I gonna find
The me I left behind
That I'll meet after you

Drifting again, from place to place without reason
Season to season
Like nothing matters at all

And as for people again
Somewhere somebody might need me
But where would it lead me?
I'd just be rising to fall

After you, what am I gonna do?
You took a part of me
As you were passing through

After you, what am I gonna find
The me I left behind
That I'll meet after you

After you, what am I gonna do?
You took a part of me
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