

I CONCENTRATE ON YOU

Cole Porter 1939

Whenever skies look grey to me, and trouble begins to brew,  
 When fortune cries "nay, nay" to me, and people declare "you're through",  
 when ev-er the win-ter winds be-come to strong, I con-cen-  
 trate on you. when ev-er the blues be-come my on-ly  
 song, I con-cen- trate on you. On your smile so  
 sweet, so ten-der, when at first my kiss you de-cline,  
 on the light in your eyes when you sur-ren-der and once a-gain our  
 arms in-ter-twine. And so when wise men say to me,  
 that love's young dream nev-er comes true, to prove that  
 ev-en wise men can be wrong, I con-cen- trate on you.