

Aretha Franklin

"Misty"

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Oh look, just look at me
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree
I feel like I'm clingin' to a cloud
I can't understand
Why I get misty, holding your hand

Walk my way
And a thousand violins begin to play
Or is it the sound of your hello dear
That music I hear
Oh why I get misty, whenever you're near

You can see that you're leading me on?
But it's just, just what I want you to do
Can I help it, how hopelessly I'm lost
That's why I'm following you

And on my own, see on my very own
That I wander through this great big wide world all
alone
Never knowing my right hand from my left
My hat from my glove
I'm too misty, too much in love
I say I'm just too misty
Very very very much in love

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