

Charles Aznavour

"I, In My Chair"

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He, he observes you from where he sits.
You, it unnerves you. You lose you wits.
He. He ignites you with eyes aflame.
You, it excites you. You like the game.

And I, in my chair, though I hardly speak,
I notice each inuendo.
And I, in my chair, I'm stricken with fear
At seeing the end so near.

He, out to win you. He woos with style.
You, you continue to coyly smile.
He, with his quarry on hunting ground.
You, only sorry that I'm around.

And I, in my chair, though I hardly speak.
I see just how well he's doing.
And I, in my chair, I'm trying to hide
The dread that I hold inside.

He, his eyes flatter. Your glances touch.
You, now you chatter a bit too much.
He, like a gypsy, he serenades.
You, you grow tipsy. Your laugh cascades.

And I, in my chair, though I hardly speak
My heart's on the verge of crying.
And I, in my chair, my heart understands
Love is now changing hands.

No... no, it's nothing. A little headache only.
Maybe I had one too many?
Well, we'd better go home now.
Yes, it was a beautiful evening.
Beautiful indeed.

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