

# Billie Holiday

## "My Old Flame"

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Arthur Johnson / Sam Coslow

My old flame  
I can't even think of his name  
But it's funny now and then  
How my thoughts go flashing back again  
To my old flame  
My old flame  
My new lovers all seem so tame  
For I haven't met a gent

So innocent or elegant  
As my old flame

I've met so many men  
With fascinating ways  
A fascinating gaze in their eyes  
Som who sent me up to the skies  
But their attempts at love  
Were only imitations of

My old flame  
I can't even think of his name  
But I'll never be the same  
Untill I discover what became  
Of my old flame

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