

Bobby Short **"From Now On"**

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A fool there was
And he made his prayer
To light that glare, pucks that getter
And girls to fit her to care

But this fool that was
Had suddenly found life song
Since you appeared
So baby, be it resolved

From now on
No more floundering
No more hot spots
No scatterbrain

From now on
My fun will be meandering
With my darling

Down Lover's Lane

The old gang will never know me
When they find I've become
The kind people call homie

No more yearning for something new, dear
My address is you, dear, from now on

The old gang will never know me
When they find I've become the kind
People call homie

No more yearning for something new, dear
My address is you, dear, from now on

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