

Jo Stafford

"Ivy"

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Ivy,
Why the sudden change?
Why so cold and why so strange?
Be sentimental
don't hang your fate
on jealousy and hate
Cause, Ivy
He was never born
for the touch of a witch's thorn
So please be gentle to his heart

Why do you take his arm tonight?
Then wander from his side
Can't understand you, Ivy
But remember this, if you really want his kiss
Be sweet and gentle lest you part
Remember, remember
If you love him
then you must be gentle to his heart
Ivy

Can't understand you, Ivy
Just remember this, if you really want his kiss
Be sweet and gentle lest you part
Remember, Ivy
If you love him
then you must be gentle to his heart,
Ivy

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