

Nat King Cole "When Sunny Gets Blue"

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When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get gray and cloudy
Then the rain begins to fall, pitter-patter, pitter-patter
Love is gone, what can matter
No sweet lover man comes to call

When Sunny gets blue, she breaths a sigh of sadness
Like the wind that stirs the trees
Wind that sets the leaves to swaying
Like some violin is playing strange and haunting
melodies

People used to love to hear her laugh, see her smile
That's how she got her name
Since that sad affair, she lost her smile, changed her
style
Somehow she's not the same

But memories will fade and pretty dreams will rise up
Where her other dreams fell through
Hurry new love, hurry here, to kiss away each lonely
tear
And hold her near when Sunny gets blue

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