

Ruth Etting "Body And Soul"

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I'm lost in the dark,
Where is the spark
For my love?
I'm lost in the night,
Holding the light
Of my love.
The heavens opened and closed,
As well I might have supposed,
And I am left in disabandon,
So far removed from all that I had planned on.
My days have grown so lonely,
For I have lost my one and only;
My pride has been humbled,
But I am his, body and soul.
I was a mere sensation,
My house of cards had no foundation,
Although it has tumbled,
I still am his, body and soul.
What lies before me?
The future is stormy,
A winter that's gray and old;
Unless there's magic
The end will be tragic,
And echo the tale that's been told so often.
My life revolves about him,
What earthly good am I without him?
My castles have crumbled,
But I am his, body and soul.
What lies before me?
The future is stormy,
A winter that's gray and old;
Unless there's magic
The end will be tragic,
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