Ruth Etting "Don't Tell Him What Happened To Me"

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Hoved him, Host him; He craved a thrill, I can't forget him; I love him still. It's over, all over, And yet, I find, That he's always on my mind. Tell me where he is, tell me where he goes, Tell me what he does, tell me who he knows, But don't tell him what happened to me. If he says his life now is like a song, Tell him he was right, tell him I was wrong, But don't tell him what happened to me. Let him remember me as I used to be, When his love for me made me strong and free. Ask him if the new kisses are divine. Ask him if they thrill just as much as mine, But don't tell him what happened to me. Let him remember me as I used to be, When his love for me made me strong and free. I wonder if the new kisses are divine, I wonder if they thrill just as much as mine. Oh, don't tell him what happened to me.

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