

Shirley Bassey

"It Must Be Him"

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I tell myself "What's done is done"
I tell myself "Don't be a fool
Play the field, have a lot of fun
It's easy when you play it cool"
I tell myself "Don't be a chump
Who cares, let him stay away"
That's when the phone rings, and I jump
And as I grab the phone I pray

"Let it please be him
Oh dear God it must be him
It must be him, or I shall die

I shall die"
After a while I'm myself again
I pick the pieces off the floor
I put my heart on the shelf again
He'll never hurt me anymore
I'm not a puppet on a string
I'll find somebody new someday
That's when the phone begins to ring
And once again I start to pray

"Let it please be him
Oh dear God it must be him
It must be him, or I shall die

I shall die
Oh, hello, hello
My dear God, it must be him
But it's not him, and then I die

Again I die
Oh, hello, hello
My dear God, it must be him
But it's not him, and then I die

Again I die
I shall die"
(transcribed by Roman)

