

Tommy Dorsey

"My Own"

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MUSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE!

Tommy Dorsey

- words by Herb Magidson, music by Allie Wrubel

A table near the band
A small one
Some cigarettes, a drink
Yes, a tall one
And, waiter, I could use
A chaser for my blues

Tonight I mustn't think of her
Music, maestro, please!
Tonight
Tonight I must forget
How much I need her
So, Mister Leader
Play your lilting melodies
Ragtime, jazztime, swing
Any old thing
To help me ease the pain
That solitude can bring
She used to like waltzes
So please don't play a waltz
She danced divinely
And I loved her so
But there I go
Tonight I mustn't think of her
No more memories
Swing out
Tonight I must forget
Music, maestro, please!

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