

Angel Eyes

Med. Ballad

Music by Matt Dennis
Lyric by Earl Brent

A

Try to think — that love's not a-round, — Still it's un-com-fort-'bly near, —

My old heart — ain't gain-in' no ground — be-cause my An-gel Eyes ain't here. —

An-gel Eyes — that old Dev-il sent, — They glow un-bear-a-bly bright, —

Need I say — that my love's mis-spent, — mis-spent with An-gel Eyes to-night. — So

B

drink up, — all you peo-ple, — Or-der an-y-thing you see, — Have

fun — you hap-py peo-ple, — The drink and the laugh's — on me. —

C

Par-don me, — but I got-ta run, — The fact's un-com-mon-ly clear, —

Got-ta find — who's now num-ber one — and why my An-gel Eyes ain't here. —