

Misty

Erroll Garner

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A

Look at me, I'm as help-less as a kit-ten up a tree, and I feel like I'm cling-ing to a cloud; I

can't under-stand, I get mist-y just hold-ing your hand. Walk my near. You can say that you're

B

lead-ing me on, but it's just what I want you to do; Don't you no-tice how

hope-less-ly I'm lost, that's why I'm fol-low-ing you. On my

A

own would I wn-der thru this won-der-land a-lone, nev-er knowing my right foot from my left, my

hat from my gloove, I'm too mist-y and too much in love.