

# Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Ella Fitzgerald

Thanks for the memory  
Of things I can't forget  
Journeys on a jet  
Our wond'rous week in Martinique  
And Vegas and Roulette  
How lucky I was  
And thanks for the memory  
Of summers by the sea  
Dawn in Waikiki  
We had a pad in London  
But we didn't stop for tea  
How cozy it was  
Now since our breakup  
I wake up alone on a gray morning-after  
I long for the sound of your laughter  
And then I see the laugh's on me  
But thanks for the memory  
Of every touch a thrill  
I've been through the mill  
I've lived a lot and learned a lot  
You loved me not and still  
I miss you so much  
Thanks for the memory  
Of how we used to jog  
Even in a fog  
That barbecue in Malibu  
Away from all the smog  
How rainy it was  
Thanks for the memory  
Of letters I destroyed  
Books that we enjoyed  
Tonight the way things look  
I need a book by Sigmund Freud  
How brainy he was  
Gone are those evenings on Broadway  
Together we'd go to a great show  
But now I begin with the late show  
And wish that you were watching, too  
I know it's a fallacy  
That grown men never cry  
Baby, that's a lie  
We had our bed of roses

But forgot that roses die  
And thank you so much

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>