

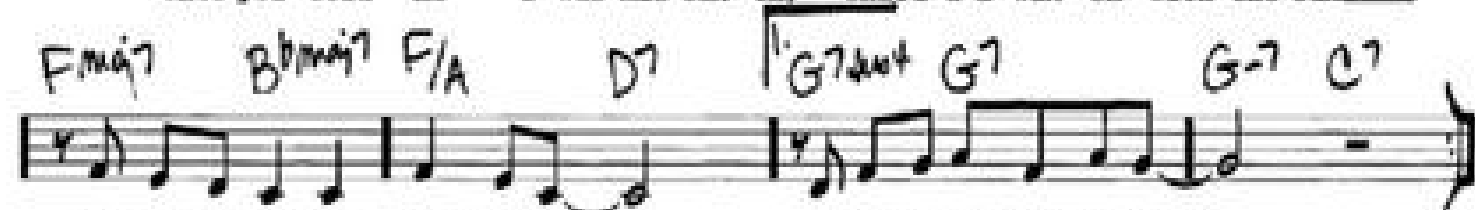
(BALLAD)

IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND

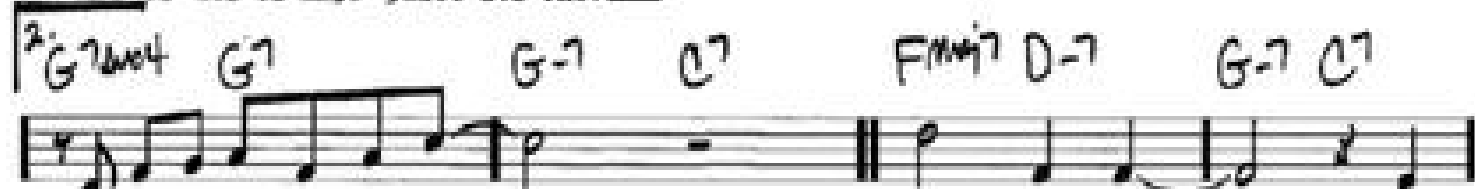
- RICHARD RODGERS / LORENZ HART



Once I laughed when I heard you say-ing that I'd be play-ing sol-i-taire, _
 Once you told me I was mis-tak-en, that I'd a-wak-en with the sun _



un-eas-y in my eas-y chair, _ It nev-er en-tered my mind. _
 and or-der or-ange juice for one. _



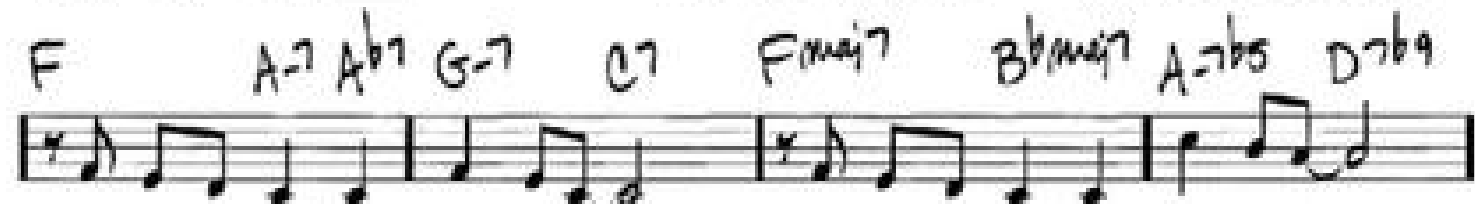
It nev-er en-tered my mind. _ You have what _ I



lack my-self, _ and now I e-ven have to scratch my



back my-self. _ Once you warn-ed me that if you scorn-ed me



I'd sing the maid-en's pray'r a-gain, _ and wish that you were there a-gain. _



to get in-to my hair a-gain, _ It nev-er en-tered my mind. _