

# MISTY

-ERROLL GARNER/  
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(BALLAD)

Look at me, I'm as help-less as a kit-ten up a tree. And I feel like I'm  
way and a thou-sand vi-o-lins be-gin to play, or it might be the

cling-ing to a cloud, I can't un-der-stand, I get mist-y just hold-ing your  
sound of your hel-lo, that mu-sic I hear, I get mist-y the mo-moment you're

hand. Walk my near. You can say that you're

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

own, would I wan-der through this won-der-land a -

lone, nev-er know-ing my right foot from my left, my

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