

MAKE THE MAN LOVE ME

From A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

Arthur Schwartz (1900 – 1984)

Dorothy Fields (1905 -1974)

You kissed me once by mistake;
Thought I was somebody else.
I felt that kiss and I envied
That somebody else.
I wanted you for myself.
I guess I was shameless and bold.
But, I made a plan in my heart
I've never breathed, I've never told.

I must try to make the man love me,
Make the man love me now.
Bye and bye, I'll make the man happy;
I know how.
He must see how badly I want him,
Want him just as he is.
May I say that should the man ask me,
I'll be his.

Can I tell the man
Just how dearly blessed we would be?
All the beauty I see so clearly,
Oh, why can't he?
So, I pray to heaven above me,
Pray until day grows dim,
For a way to make the man love me
As I love him.