

When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love

Words & Music:
E.Y. Harburg & Burton Lane

Oh my heart is beating wildly
And it's all because you're here.
When I'm not near the girl I love,
I love the girl I'm near.
Ev'ry femme that flutters by me
Is a flame that must be fanned.
When I can't fondle the hand I'm fond of,
I fondle the hand at hand.
My heart's in a pickle,
It's constantly fickle
And not too partickle, I fear.
When I'm not near the girl I love,
I love the girl I'm near.

I'm confessing a confession
And I hope I'm not verbose
When I'm not close to the kiss that I cling to,
I cling to the kiss that's close
As I'm more and more a mortal
I am more and more a case.
When I'm not facing the face that I fancy.
I fancy the face I face.
For Sharon I'm carin',
But Susan I'm choosin'
I'm faithful to whos'n is here.
When I'm not near the girl I love,
I love the girl I'm near.