Tenderly

Maybe far away, or maybe real nearby,
Maybe in a house, all hidden by a hill,

He may be pouring her coffee, she may be straightening his tie.
She's sitting playing pia- nah,

He's sitting paying a bill.
Bet-cha they're young,

Bet-cha they're smart,
Bet they collect things like ash trays and art. Bet-cha they're good—why shouldn't they be,
Maybe she's made me a closet of clothes. May-be they're strict—As straight as a line,

Their one mistake was giving up me. So, may-be now it's time, and
Don't really care as long as they're mine. So, may-be now this prayer's the

may-be when I wake last one of it's kind; They'll be there calling me "Baby," May

won't you please come get your "Baby," May —