That Certain Someone Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

I could take that certain someone for a stroll across the heather If my poor knees would just calm down and quit knocking together. But every time I pucker up and try to get romantic, The words I say get twisted round and turn out sounding frantic. **A7** My heart beats so that it sets my head to spinning. In the dating game, I got no chance of winning. 2. I went to see my doctor. He's a doctor of the mind. He said, "My boy, what's troubling you is easily defined. D I fear you are afflicted with all the symptoms of A neurotic fixation which is commonly called love. D But don't panic. There might still be hope for you. You'd be surprised what therapy can do. 3. "Now, science has decided that the cure for all your ills G Is to take a long vacation in the Himalayan hills, A cold shower each morning, and these little yellow pills, And forget all about this lady who's been causing you such thrills." **A7** I said, "Doctor, I've tried all these things before. **A7** They just seem to make me want her even more."

G **A**7 D My next stop was the preacher, but I found him charming snakes. He said, "My friend, this trade I'm in has seen a few tough shakes. G But the swami down the street taught me how business could be sweeter If I swapped in my gospel books for his Bhagavad Gita. **A7** So listen up, now, and don't you look so frightened. With Krishna's help, you too can be enlightened. 5. "Your girlfriend's just bad karma. She'll chain you to the earth For yet another go-round on the cosmic wheel of birth. The flesh is an illusion. Just concentrate on this. Abandon all attachments and you soon will find your bliss." **A7** I told the sage, "There's wisdom in your words, **A**7 But I'd sooner listen to the mockingbirds. 6. "The mockingbirds? Why, heck, I'd sooner listen to a pi-geon Than all his modern medicine and your old-time religion. Just give me love and I'll give you the meaning of ex-ist-ence." D G If I ain't got charisma, well, at least I got persistence. So, baby, won't you shed your rosy glow **A7** On this incorrigible, knock-kneed Romeo?