

My Valentine To Aleana

by George Albert Leddy

(a.k.a. Arlene Ring 1948)

When I have nothing else to do, I sit around and dream of you;
Dream of the day, so long gone-bye; when we together, you and I.
Then Roy came 'round, and butted in; things ne're will be the same again.
Your love grown cold, my heart grown sad—Oh Valentine, you drive me mad!
But don't despair, you pretty thing, someday you'll probably—get a Ring.
