

Johnny Mathis, Chances Are

(Words by Al Stillman Music by Robert Allen)

Chances are cause I wear a silly grin
The moment you come into view
Chances are you think that I'm in love with you

Just because my composure sort of slips
The moment that your lips meet mine
Chances are you think my heart's your Valentine

In the magic of moonlight
When I sigh, "Hold me close, dear"
Chances are you believe the stars
That fill the skies are in my eyes

Guess you feel you'll always be
The one and only one for me
And if you think you could
Well, chances are your chances are awfully good

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Guess you feel you'll always be
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The chances are your chances are awfully good