

# 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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The chances are your chances are awfully good