

Pick Yourself Up

Nothing's impossible, I have found
For when my chin is on the ground,
I pick myself up,
Dust myself off,
And start all over again.

Don't lose your confidence,
If you slip,
Be grateful for a pleasant trip
And pick yourself up,
Dust yourself off,
And start all over again.

Work like a soul inspired,
Until the battle of the day is won.
You may be sick and tired,
But you'll be a champ, right on.

Will you remember the famous men,
Who had to fall to rise again,
They picked themselves up,
Dust'd themselves off,
And start'd all over again.

Lyrics: Jerome Kern, Dorothy Fields.
Singer(s): Nat King Cole; Frank Sinatra

Pick Yourself Up

Nothing's impossible, I have found
For when my chin is on the ground,
I pick myself up,
Dust myself off,
And start all over again.

Don't lose your confidence,
If you slip,
Be grateful for a pleasant trip
And pick yourself up,
Dust yourself off,
And start all over again.

Work like a soul inspired,
Until the battle of the day is won.
You may be sick and tired,
But you'll be a champ, right on.

Will you remember the famous men,
Who had to fall to rise again,
They picked themselves up,
Dust'd themselves off,
And start'd all over again.

Lyrics: Jerome Kern, Dorothy Fields.
Singer(s): Nat King Cole; Frank Sinatra

Pick Yourself Up

Nothing's impossible, I have found
For when my chin is on the ground,
I pick myself up,
Dust myself off,
And start all over again.

Don't lose your confidence,
If you slip,
Be grateful for a pleasant trip
And pick yourself up,
Dust yourself off,
And start all over again.

Work like a soul inspired,
Until the battle of the day is won.
You may be sick and tired,
But you'll be a champ, right on.

Will you remember the famous men,
Who had to fall to rise again,
They picked themselves up,
Dust'd themselves off,
And start'd all over again.

Lyrics: Jerome Kern, Dorothy Fields.
Singer(s): Nat King Cole; Frank Sinatra

Pick Yourself Up

Nothing's impossible, I have found
For when my chin is on the ground,
I pick myself up,
Dust myself off,
And start all over again.

Don't lose your confidence,
If you slip,
Be grateful for a pleasant trip
And pick yourself up,
Dust yourself off,
And start all over again.

Work like a soul inspired,
Until the battle of the day is won.
You may be sick and tired,
But you'll be a champ, right on.

Will you remember the famous men,
Who had to fall to rise again,
They picked themselves up,
Dust'd themselves off,
And start'd all over again.

Lyrics: Jerome Kern, Dorothy Fields.
Singer(s): Nat King Cole; Frank Sinatra