

Frank Sinatra

"All The Things You Are"

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You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song

You are the angel glow that lights the star
The dearest things that I know are what you are
Someday my happy arms will hold you
And someday I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine

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