

Frank Sinatra "Dry Your Eyes"

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Dry your eyes, and take your song out, it's a newborn
afternoon.

If you can't recall the singer, you can still recall the
tune.

Dry your eyes and play it slowly, like you're marching
off to war,

Sing it like you know he'd want it, like we sang it once
before.

From the center of the circle to the midst of the waving
crowd.

If it ever be forgotten, sing it long and sing it loud.
Come, dry your eyes.

And he taught us more about giving than we ever
cared to know.

But we came to find the secret and we never let it go.
And it was more than being holy, though it was less
than being free,

And if you can't recall the reason, can you hear the
people sing,

Through the lightning and the thunder, to the dark side
of the moon,

To that distant calling angel who descended much too
soon.

And come, dry your eyes.

[musical interlude]

Come, dry your eyes.

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