

## Frank Sinatra

### "Girls I Never Kissed"

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The old wolf sniffs the summer breeze, and dreams  
about his youth,  
For the sight of skirts above the knees turns his  
hardboiled brain to tears.  
And the scent of honey in the tree whets an old sweet  
tooth.  
The pretty girls go strolling by, I smile at them, and  
heave a sigh.  
And think of all the things I've missed, and all the  
pretty girls I've never kissed.  
They smile from field of daffodils, they wave from high  
and windy hills,  
In secret places by the sea, the girls I've never kissed  
still wait for me.  
All the girls whose names I can't recall, their faces  
haunt me still,  
All the pretty girls I've never kissed and never will.  
The girls of spring, the girls of fall, the girls of summer  
most of all,  
If only time did not exist, if only I could catch that boat I  
always missed,  
I'd go back and kiss all the pretty girls I've never  
kissed.

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