

Frank Sinatra**"Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry/In The Wee Sma"**

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(Styne-Cahn / Mann-Hilliard)

The torch I carry is handsome
It's worth its heartache in ransom
Now when that twilight steals
I know how the lady in the harbor feels

When I want rain, I get sunny weather
I'm just as blue, blue as the sky
Since love has gone, can't get myself together
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

In the wee small hours of the morning
My friends ask me out, but I tell them I'm busy
Must get to get a new alibi
While the whole wide world is fast asleep
I stay at home, and ask myself: "Where is she?"
You lie awake and think about the girl
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

Dry little tear drops, my little tear drops
Hanging on a string of dreams
Fly little memories, those little memories
Remind her of our crazy schemes

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
Yes somebody said, just forget about her
You'd be his if only he'd call
So, I gave that treatment a try
And strangely enough, I got along without her
In the wee small hours of the morning
Then one day she passed me right by - oh well
I guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

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