

Frank Sinatra**"Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry/In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning"**

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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, I can't get myself together
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

My friend ask me out, but I tell them I'm busy
I've got to get a new alibi
I hang around at home, and ask myself: "Where is she?"
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

Dry little tear drops, my little tear drops
Moving on a stream of dreams
My little memories, those precious memories
Remind me of our crazy schemes

Then somebody says, just forget about her
But I gave that treatment a try
Strangely enough, I got along without her
Then one day she passed me right by - oh well
I guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

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