

Frank Sinatra

"Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry"

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The torch I carry is handsome
It's worth its heartache in ransom
And 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 as the sky
Since love is gone, can't get myself together
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry

Friends ask me out and I tell them I'm busy
Must get a new alibi
I stay 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
Hanging on a stream of dreams
Fly little memories, my little memories
Remind her of our crazy schemes

Yes, somebody says, just forget about her
So I gave that treatment a try
And 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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