

Frank Sinatra "Here's To The Losers"

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Here's to those who love not too wisely, know not
wisely, but too well
To the girl who sighs with envy when she hears that
wedding bell
To the guy who'd throw a party if he knew someone to
call
Here's to the losers, bless them all

Here's to those who drink their dinners when that lady
doesn't show
To the girl who'll wait for kisses underneath that
mistletoe
To the lonely summer lovers when the leaves begin to
fall
Here's to the losers, a-bless them all

Hey, Tom, Dick and Harry, come in out of the rain
Those torches you carry must be drowned in
champagne

Here's the last toast of the evening, here's to those
who still believe
All the losers will be winners, all the givers shall receive
Here's to trouble-free tomorrows, may your sorrows all
be small
Here's to the losers, bless them all

[Musical Interlude]

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Those torches you carry must be drowned in
champagne

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Here's to trouble-free tomorrows, may your sorrows all
be small
Here's to the losers, here's to the losers, here's to the
losers
Bless them all!

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