

Frank Sinatra

"Hundred Years from Today, A"

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Don't save your kisses, just pass 'em around
You'll find my reason is logically sound
Who's gonna know that you pass them around
A hundred years from today

Why crave a penthouse, that's fit for a queen
You're nearer heaven on mother earth's green
If you had millions what would they all mean
One hundred years from today

So laugh and sing, make love the thing
Be happy while you may
There's always one beneath the sun
Who's bound to make you feel that way

The moon is shining and that's a good sign
Cling to me closer say you'll be mine
Remember, baby, we won't see it shine
A hundred years from today
One hundred years from today

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