

Frank Sinatra**"It's A Long Way From Your House"**

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(Oh gosh darn it, there goes that last bus.)
(Come on, sweet, let's walk it. Here we go.)

It's a long way from your house to my house,
And the last bus left us long ago.
Goodnight, my sweet, I love you very very,
Oh my poor feet, is this trip necessary?

It's a long way from your lips to my lips,
And your lips to me are divine.
So have a little sympathy, say that you'll marry me,
It's such a long way from your house to mine.

(Walk those squares, and dodge those lines.)
(Gee, I feel light enough to skip home.)

(Instrumental)

It's a long way from your house to my house,
Your lips to me are divine.
So have a little sympathy, say that you'll marry me,
It's such a long way from your house to mine.

(Ahem, can I get in for five minutes more?)
(You mean this is goodnight after I walk you all the way home?)
It's such a long way from your house to mine.
(You know it is even longer going back to my house, sweet?)

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