

Frank Sinatra

"Learning The Blues"

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The tables are empty, the dance floor's deserted.
You play the same love song - it's the 10th time you've heard it.

That's the beginning, just one of the clues.
You've had your first lesson in learnin' the blues.

The cigarettes you light, one after another,
Won't help you forget her, and the way that you love her.

You're only burnin' a torch you can't lose.
But you're on the right track for learnin' the blues.

When you're at home alone,
The blues will taunt you constantly.
When you're out in a crowd,
The blues will haunt your memory.

The nights when you don't sleep, the whole night you're crying.
But you can't forget her, soon you even stop trying.
You'll walk that floor and wear out your shoes.
When you feel your heart break, you're learnin' the blues.

When you're at home alone,
The blues will taunt you constantly.
When you're out in a crowd,
Those blues will haunt your memory.

The nights when you don't sleep, that whole night you're crying.
But you can't forget her, soon you even stop trying.
You'll walk the floor, and you'll wear out your shoes.
When you feel your heart break, you're learnin' those blues.

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