

Frank Sinatra

"Monday Morning Quarterback"

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I know there were a hundred ways to tell her I loved her
It's funny how they're all so clear today
And when her face was burning with sadness and
yearning
I don't know why I turned my eyes away

But it's so easy looking at the game the morning after
Adding up the kisses and the laughter
Knowing how you'd play it if the chance to play it over
ever came
But then, a Monday morning quarterback never lost a
game

The room was so alive with all her feelings and
longings
I saw the spark of danger in her eyes
Well, how would it have hurt me if I'd turned back and
held her?
A moment passes, something lovely dies

But it's so easy looking at the game the morning after
Adding up the kisses and the laughter
Knowing how you'd play it if the chance to play it over
ever came
But then, a Monday morning quarterback never lost a
game

[instrumental-French horns-first two lines of chorus]

Yes, it's easier to win it when you know you'd never play
it quite the same
But then, this Monday morning quarterback never lost
a game

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