

Frank Sinatra "My Memoirs"

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We fell in love one summer night
The stars hang low the moon was white
That's where I'll start when I write my memoirs

The way you look the things you said
The clothes you wore the books you read
I'll tell of all these things in my memoirs

As the pages turn love lives anew
Worth paint a picture of you
Read between the lines dear if you will
And you will learn that I love you still

And there's a footnote referring you
Back to the night you said we're through
There's nothing more to say in my memoirs

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The stars hang low the moon was white
That's where I'll start when I write my memoirs

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