

## **Frank Sinatra**

### **"P.S. I Love You"**

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What is there to write? What is there to say?  
Same things happen everyday, not a thing to write, not  
a thing to say  
So I take my pen in hand and start the same old way

Dear, I thought I'd drop a line, the weather's cool, the  
folks are fine  
I'm in bed each night at nine, P. S. I love you

Yesterday we had some rain, but all in all, I can't  
complain  
Was it just beyond the train, P. S. I love you

Write to the Browns just as soon as you're able  
They came around to call, and I burned a hole in the  
dining room table  
And let me see, I guess that's all  
Nothing else for me to say, and so I'll close but by the  
way  
Everybody's thinking of you, P. S. I love you

I do my best to obey all your wishes, I put a sign up  
"Think"  
But I gotta buy us a new set of dishes, or wash the ones  
that are piled in the sink  
Nothing else to tell you dear, except each day seems  
like a year  
Every night I'm dreaming of you, P. S. I love you

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