

## Frank Sinatra "Some Traveling Music"

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[music intro]

How can you say something new about being alone,  
Tell somebody you're a loner?  
Right away they think you're lonely,  
It's not the same thing, you know.  
It's not wanting to put all your marbles in one pocket.  
And that's caring enough not to care too much.  
Mostly, I guess it's letting yourself come first for a  
while.

[music interlude]

One day, I'm gonna find me an island, a think place,  
Go there with a mess of records and a ukulele,  
Just sit strumming, I might even do some thinking,  
About the women and the towns that I left behind.

[music to the end]

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