

## Frank Sinatra

# "The Girls I've Never Kissed"

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The old wolf sniffs the summer breeze  
And dreams about his youth  
For the sight of skirts above the knees  
Turns his hardboiled brain to tears

And the scent of honey in the tree  
Whets an old sweet tooth  
The pretty girls go strolling by  
I smile at them and heave a sigh

And think of all the things I've missed  
And all the pretty girls I've never kissed  
They smile from field of daffodils  
They wave from high and windy hills

In secret places by the sea  
The girls I've never kissed still wait for me  
All the girls whose names I can't recall  
Their faces haunt me still

All the pretty girls I've never kissed  
And never will  
The girls of spring, the girls of fall  
The girls of summer most of all

If only time did not exist  
If only I could catch that boat I always missed  
I'd go back and kiss  
All the pretty girls I've never kissed

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