

Frank Sinatra**"The Night We Called it a Day"**

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(Matt Dennis/Tom Adair)

There was a moon out in space
But a cloud drifted over its face
You kissed me and went on your way
The night we called it a day

I heard the song of the spheres
Like a minor lament in my ears
I hadn't the heart left to pray
The night we called it a day

Soft through the dark
The hoot of an owl in the sky
Sad though his song
No bluer was he than I

The moon went down stars were gone
But the sun didn't rise with the dawn

There wasn't a thing left to say
The night we called it a day
There wasn't a thing left to say
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Soft through the dark
The hoot of an owl in the sky
Sad though his song
No bluer was he than I

The moon went down stars were gone
But the sun didn't rise with the dawn

There wasn't a thing left to say
The night we called it a day

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