

Sinatra Frank**"It Never Entered My Mind"**

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I don't care if there's powder on my nose.
I don't care if my hairdo is in place.
I've lost the very meaning of repose.
I never put a mudpack on my face.
Oh, who'd have thought
that I'd walk in the daze now?
I never go to shows at night,
but just to matinees now.
I see the show
and home I go.

Once I laughed when I heard you saying
that I'd be playing solitaire,
uneasy in my easy chair.
It never entered my mind.

Once you told me I was mistaken,
that I'd awaken with the sun
and order orange juice for one.
It never entered my mind.

You have what I lack myself
and now I even have to scratch my back myself.

Once you warned me that if you scorned me
I'd sing the maiden's prayer again
and wish that you were there again
to get into my hair again.
It never entered my mind.

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