

P.s. I Love You

Frank Sinatra

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 dusty on 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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