

It Worries Me

Frank Sinatra

It worries me you seem to be unhappy
And that worries me, I hate to think that maybe
I have made you blue, just what did I do
Was I mean to you, wish I knew
I worry so, if anything is wrong
I have the right to know
So while I hold you close and kiss you tenderly
Tell it all to me, darling can't you see
Anything that worries you, worries me
Tell it all to me, baby can't you see
Anything that worries you, worries me

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