

If

Frank Sinatra

If a picture paints a thousands words
Then why can't I paint you?
The words would never show
The you I've come to know
If a ship is launched a thousands times
Then where am I to go?
There's no one here but you
You're all that's left me too
And when, when my love for life is running dry
You come and you pour, pour yourself on me
If a man could be two places at one time
I'd be with you
Tomorrow and today
Beside you all the way
If the world should stop revolving
Slowly spinning down to die
I'd spend the end with you
And when the world was through
Then one by one those stars would all go out
When you and I should simply fly away

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