

Indiscreet

Frank Sinatra

Indiscreet, it's indiscreet
To gaze at you each time we meet
I've told my eyes
They must disguise this yearning
Ye, it's indiscreet, quite indiscreet
To find your touch so bitter sweet
You're close to me
And suddenly I'm burning
While I ask myself, "Where is your pride?"
Irresistibly I'm drawn to your side
And
(Yes) It's indiscreet, so indiscreet
But love is swift and time is sweet
And oh, my dear I crave the nearness of you
To love you is why my heart must be
So love me it can't be indiscreet

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