

# Lost In The Stars

**Frank Sinatra**

Before Lord God made the sea or the land  
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand  
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand  
And one little star fell alone Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air  
For the little dark star in the wind down there  
And he stated and promised he'd take special care  
So it wouldn't get lost, no more Now, a man don't mind if the stars get dim  
And the clouds blow over and darken him  
So long as the Lord God's watching over him  
Keeping track how it all goes on But I've been walking through the night and the day  
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray  
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away  
Forgetting his promise and the word he'd say And we're lost out here in the stars  
Little stars, big stars blowing through the night  
And we're lost out here in the stars  
Little stars, big stars blowing through the night  
And we're lost out here in the stars

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