

# Before the Music Ends (Finale)

## Frank Sinatra

I reached the age of forty somewhat sooner than expected,  
Living at a fairly hectic pace.

When I count the years that I have happily collected,  
The future shows its apprehensive face.

(But now, Francis, what the hell do you do now, Francis?)

Quite a different song must be sung  
When the singer is no longer young.

Before the music ends, before it fades away,  
There are several very necessary things I must do.  
Friends, I must be again certain places where I must be again.  
Before the music ends, I must go to Hoboken one more time.  
I wanna run down that street where that thin Italian kid ran.

Then slow down at the school,  
Where those nice old ladies tried to teach me,  
Unaware that I knew much more than they did.  
And stop at the poolroom for a beer,  
And sadly say to myself, I don't know anybody here.  
(Francis, don't go home again.)

One thing I'd like to do, before the music ends,  
Is to thank some wonderful life-long friends,  
I've never met but have known so well. From one Frank to another, thank you for your dream,  
Your dream is now my own.

And thank you Ludwig Van For the flight of fancy you sent me on.  
Thank Mrs. Verdi, for Joe and a special thanks to Jackelo (Jackelo, Jackelo). All of you took turns in delivering  
sunrise a little sooner to my window.

Before the music ends, with company by Dino and Clark,  
I'd like to make one more charge at Baker's.  
You won't find me at that idiot wheel that spins, and spins and spins.  
I won't play the slot machine, the management always wins.  
Not for me the game where the jack is called black,  
And meet them dikes that stand back.

(And you're actually down the line, and a hundred on the drum)  
(Is enough to make you shy, load the truck with speaker's drum)  
You won't hear me talk about saving new shoes, baby's got 57 pairs,

All I ask is Time, just plain and simple Time  
(just a little tiny boo, just a little business free)  
(time, time, time, time, time. time, time, time, time, time) Time! In years to come, I may forget if I lost or if I  
won,  
But I'll always remember how much fun it was.

(just concentrate on five and four, just stick to six and three).And when the music ends, I'd like it to end this  
way,  
I'll ask Chester to write me one more song.  
I'll get Lesty to make me one more chart,  
And I'll make one more record with the best musicians in the world.And when that cat with the sight comes  
tugging at my sleeve,  
I'll be singing as I leave (Sandra, Sandra, Sandra).

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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