

When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love

Frank Sinatra

Oh my heart is beating wildly and it's all because you're here
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near
Every femme that flutters by me is a flame that must be fanned
When I can't fondle the hand I'm fond of, I fondle the hand at hand
My heart's in a pickle, it's constantly fickle
and not too partic'lar I fear
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near
I'm confessing a confession and I hope I'm not verbose when I am not close
To the kiss I cling to, I cling to the kiss that's close
As I'm more and more a mortal
I am more and more a case
When I'm not facing the face I fancy
I fancy the face I face
For Sharon I'm caring but Susan I'm choosing
I'm faithful to those whos'n is here
When I'm not near the girl I love
I love the girl I'm near.

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