

# Wait Till You See Her

Frank Sinatra

Wait till you see her  
See how he looks  
Wait till you hear her laugh.  
Painters of paintings  
Writers of books  
Never could tell the half.  
Wait till you fill  
The warmth from his glance,  
Pensive and sweet and wise.  
All of it lovely  
All of it trilling  
I'll never be willing to free her.  
When you see her  
You won't believe your eyes  
You won't believe your eyes

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