

I Concentrate On You

Frank Sinatra

Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew
Whenever the winter winds become too strong
I concentrate on you
When fortune cries, "Nay, nay," to me
And people declare you're through
Whenever the blues become my only song
I concentrate on you
On your smile so sweet so tender
When at first my kiss you decline
On the light in your eyes when you surrender
And once again our arms intertwine
And so when wise men say to me
That love's young dream never comes true
To prove that even wise men can be wrong
I concentrate on you, I concentrate and concentrate on you

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