

Memories of You

Frank Sinatra

Waking skies at sunrise
Every sunset too
Seems to be bringing me
Memories of you Here and there, everywhere
Scenes that we once knew
And they all just recall
Memories of you How I wish, I could forget those
Those happy yesteryears
That have left a rosary of tears Your face beams in my dreams
'Spite of all I do
Everything seems to bring
Memories of you And your face beams in my dreams
'Spite of all I do
Everything seems to bring
Memories, just memories of you

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