When I Stop Loving You

Frank Sinatra

When I stop loving you the way I do,
There'll be no moon to shine, no sky of blue,
When our two lips no longer cling,
There'll be no bird to sing, there'll be no spring.

When I stop wanting you, forever more,
There'll be no ocean wave to kiss the shore.
This world will crumble, and the skies will fall,
My heart won't speak at all,
When I stop loving you.

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