

Day In, Day Out

Frank Sinatra

Day in-day out
The same old voodoo follows me about
The same old pounding in my heart
Whenever I think of you and darling, I think of you
Day in and day out Day out-day in
I needn't tell you how my days begin
When I awake I awaken with a tingle
One possibility in view
That possibility of maybe seeing you Come rain-come shine
I meet you and to me the day is fine
Then I kiss your lips and the pounding becomes
The oceans roar, a thousand drums
Can't you see it's love? Can there be any doubt
When there it is, day in-day out?

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