This Love Of Mine

Sinatra

This love of mine goes on and on,
Though life is empty since you have gone.
You're always on my mind, though out of sight,
It's lonesome through the day,
But oh! the night.
I cry my heart out, it's bound to break,
Since nothing matters, let it break.
I ask the sun and the moon,
The stars that shine,
What's to become of it,
This love of mine.

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