

Frank Sinatra, Brooklyn Bridge

Like the folks you meet on
Like to plant my feet on the Brooklyn Bridge
What a lovely view from
Heaven looks at you from the Brooklyn Bridge
 I love to listen to the wind through her strings
 The song that she sings for the town
 I love to look up at the clouds in her hair
 She's learned to wear like a crown
If you've been a rover
Journey's end lies over the Brooklyn Bridge
Don't let no one tell you
I've been tryin' to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge
 All the folks in Manhattan are sad
 'cause they look at her and wish they had
 The good old Brooklyn Bridge

If you've been a rover
Journey's end lies over the Brooklyn Bridge
Don't let no one tell you
I've been tryin' to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge
 You'll miss her most when you roam
 'cause you'll think of her and think of home
 The good old Brooklyn Bridge