

# 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