

Frank Sinatra, Come Back To Me

Hear my voice, where you are, take a train, steal a car,
Hop a freight, grab a star, come back to me.
Catch a flame, catch a breeze, on your hand, on your knees,
Swim up high, only please come on back to me.
On a mule, in a jet, with your hair in a net,
In a shower wet, I don't care.
This is where you should be, from the hills to the shore,
By the wind to my door, raise the highway dust,
Break the law if you must, throw the world, only just
Come back to me.

Blast your hide, you recall, must I fight City hall
Here and now, damn it all, come on back to me,
Where on earth must I be, still I yell till I'm blue,
In control then when you come on back to me.
Have you gone to the moon, or the corner saloon
And to crack and to croon, oh my girl, where in hell can you be?
In a crate, in a trunk, on a horse, on a junk,
In a road or a van, wrapped in mink or saran,
Anyway that you can, came back to me,
Come back to me, come back to me, come back,
Come back to me, me!