

Frank Sinatra, Fable Of The Rose

Starry night, this is the fable of the rose,
The rose I gave my love,
So young and tender, so in bloom.
Filled with a faint perfume,
Is lying crushed and faded in a room.
Starry night, this is the fable of the rose,
The rose I gave my love,
Beyond all dreams of her caress,
I may as well confess,
She only loved me slightly nonetheless
Yet her smile so strangely taunts me
All the thrill of it haunts me,
And so it goes, the fable of the rose.