

Frank Sinatra, I Think Of You

In the hush of evening
As shadows steal across my lonely room
I think of you
I think of you
From afar the music
Of violins come softly through the gloom
All I can do
Is think of you
O I can see you standing there before me
And I can hear you whisper
You adore me
So when dusk is falling
I live again the loveliness we knew
I think of you
I think of you