

# Frank Sinatra, My Memoirs

(back-up) [Connie Haines]

We fell in love one summer night,  
The stars hang low, the moon was white,  
That's where I'll start when I write my memoirs.  
The way you look, the things you said,  
The clothes you wore, the books you read,  
I'll tell of all these things in my memoirs.  
As the pages turn, love lives anew, worth paint a picture of you  
Read between the lines, dear, if you will,  
And you will learn that I love you still.  
And there's a footnote referring you  
Back to the night you said we're through.  
There's nothing more to say in my memoirs.  
[We fell in love one summer night,]  
[The stars hang low, the moon was white,]  
[That's where I'll start when I write my memoirs.]  
[The way you look, the things you said,]  
[The clothes you wore, the books you read,]  
[I'll tell of all these things in my memoirs.]  
As the pages turn, love lives anew, worth paint a picture of you  
Read between the lines, dear, if you will,  
And you will learn that I love you still.  
(And there's a footnote referring you)  
(Back to the night) you said we're through  
There's nothing more to say in my