

# Frank Sinatra, My Silent Love

I reach for you like I'd reach for a star,  
Worshipping you from afar, living with my silent love;  
I'm like a flame dying out in the rain,  
Only the ashes remain, smouldering like my silent love;  
How I long to tell all the things I have planned,  
Still it's wrong to tell, you would not understand,  
You'll go along never dreaming I care,  
Loving somebody somewhere, leaving me my silent love.