

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.