

Frank Sinatra, Poor You

Poor you, I'm sorry you're not me, for you will never know what loving you can be.
Poor you, you'll never know your charms,
You'll never feel your warmth, you're never in your arms.
When it is you I'm kissing, I pity you constantly,
You don't know what you're missing, `cause you're only kissing poor me.
Poor you, you live your whole life through,
And yet you'll never know the thrill of loving you.