Frank Sinatra, Sky Fell Down, The

The sky fell down when I met you,
The green of the countryside has turned to blue,
I had the moon right on my fingertips,
And when first we kissed, there were stars on your lips.
To be with you just made it seem
That walking on snowy clouds was not a dream,
You gave to me all this and heaven too,
When the sky fell down and I met you.