

Frank Sinatra, What Kind Of Fool Am I

What kind of fool am I, who never fell in love?
It seems that I'm the only one I have been thinking of.
What kind of man is this? An empty shell, a lonely cell
In which an empty heart must dwell?
What kind of lips are these that lied with every kiss?
That whispered empty words of love that left me alone like this?
Why can't I fall in love like any other man?
And maybe then I'll know what kind of fool I am.
What kind of clown am I? What do I know of life?
Why can't I cast away the mask of play and live my life?
Why can't I fall in love, till I don't give a damn?
And maybe I'll know what kind of fool I am.