Frank Sinatra, You're Stepping On My Toes

Everybody knows you're stepping on my toes And stepping on my heart-strings too, With an idle kiss, you grabbed a moment's bliss, That left me with a heart that's true. How was I to know I did not stand a show The day I fell in love with you. You made me believe that I was your one need And then you said that we were through.

Love was a grand sensation,
Until I later found that it was imitation
Of love that let me down.
Everybody knows your every action shows
That love is just a game to you.
But that's how love goes, you're stepping on my toes,
And stepping on my heart-strings too.