

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.