

Frank Sinatra, Can't We Be Friends

(Paul James, Kay Swift)

I took each word she said as gospel truth
The way a silly little child would.
I can't excuse it on the grounds of youth,
I was no babe in the wild, wild wood.
She didn't mean it,
I should have seen it,
But now it's too late.

I thought I'd found the girl of my dreams,
Now it seems,
This is how the story ends:
She's gonna turn me down and say,
"Can't we be friends?"

I thought for once it couldn't go wrong,
Not for long,
I can see the way this ends:
She's gonna turn me down and say,
"Can't we be friends?"

Why should I care though she gave me the air,
Why should I cry,
Heave a sigh,
And wonder why,
And wonder why?

I thought I found the gal I could trust,
Watta bust, this is how the story ends:
She's gonna turn me down and say,
"Can't we be just friends?"