

# Frank Sinatra, Future

[Alto solo by Beverly Jenkins] (chorus)

[Gonna find me a gypsy and get my fortune told,]

[I'm gonna find me a gypsy and get my fortune told.]

[I'm gonna say please, missus gypsy, tell me what the future will hold.]

(Hurry your deck of cards and your crystal ball)

(For there you will see that you will pray for light)

(The future will almost certainly be whatever you want it to be,)

(But with rockets and picks, from music and jetsam)

(There's no butt that you can push, and push,)

(Let your imagination burst into flame)

(And it will let you do whatever you damn well to do, do,do).

Given a choice I would choose to have a magic wand that I could use,

To draw a melody, from that enchanted blade of grass

And cheese and wood and wind and sea.

I would stand there, dig a grave, and quietly say,

Ladies and Gentlemen, play for me, play for me.

(and the orchestra plays a beautiful melody)