

Frank Sinatra, Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry

The torch I carry is handsome
It's worth its heartache in ransom
Now when that twilight steals
I know how the lady in the harbor feels
When I want rain, I get sunny weather
I'm just as blue, blue as the sky
Since love has gone, I can't get myself together
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry
My friend ask me out, but I tell them I'm busy
I've got to get a new alibi
I hang around at home, and ask myself: "Where is she?"
Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry
Dry little tear drops, my little tear drops
Moving on a stream of dreams
My little memories, those precious memories
Remind me of our crazy schemes
Then somebody says, just forget about her
But I gave that treatment a try
Strangely enough, I got along without her
Then one day she passed me right by - oh well
I guess I'll hang my tears out to dry