

Frank Sinatra, Haunted Heart

In the night, though we're apart
There's a ghost of you within my haunted heart.
Ghost of you, my lost romance,
Lips that laugh, eyes that dance.
Haunted heart won't let me be,
Dreams repeat a sweet but lonely song to me.
Dreams are dust; it's you who must belong to me
And thrill my haunted heart,
Be still, my haunted heart.