

Frank Sinatra, In The Blue Of The Evening

In the blue of evening when you appear close to me, dear one,
There in the dusk we'll share a dream reverie,
In the blue of evening while crickets call and stars are falling,
There 'neath the midnight sky you'll come to me.
In the shadows of the night we'll stand, I'll touch your hand.
And then, softly as your lovely eyes entreat, our lips will meet again.
In the blue of evening, night winds above whisper I love you,
There will we find romance in the blue of evening.