

Frank Sinatra, It All Depends On You

Writer(s): Desylva/Brown/Henderson

Lovers depend on moonlight for a love affair
Babies depend on mothers for their tender care
Flowers depend on sunshine, and the morning dew
Each thing depends on something, and I depend on you
I can be happy, I can be sad
I can be good, I can be bad
It all depends on you
I can be lonely out in a crowd
I can be humble, I can be proud
It all depends on you
I can save money, or spend it
Go roght on living, or end it
You're to blama, baby, for what I do
I know that I can be beggar, I can be king
I can be almost any old thing
It all depends on you
Isn't it sweet to know, dear, you can help me on?
Wouldn't it hurt, to know, dear, all my hopes were gone?
Wouldn't it make you proud, dear, if I made a name?
But if I failed to win, dear, would you want all the blame?