

Frank Sinatra, Lost In The Stars

(M. Anderson, K. Weil)

[Recorded February 18, 1963, Los Angeles]

Before Lord God made the sea or the land
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand
And one little star fell alone

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
For the little dark star in the wind down there
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost no more

Now, a man don't mind if the stars get dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him
So long as the Lord God's watching over him
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through the night and the day
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away
Forgetting his promise and the word he'd say

And we're lost out here in the stars
Little stars big stars blowing through the night
And we're lost out here in the stars
Little stars big stars blowing through the night
And we're lost out here in the stars