

Frank Sinatra, My First Edition

(back-up) [Connie Haines]

My first edition is written for you,
It isn't fiction, the story is true,
And my heart is stirred by each little word
Telling how sweet you are.

My first edition has pages of dreams,
My great ambition for you is the theme,
And each little phrase expresses some praise,
Telling how sweet you are.

I wrote a preface about your profile,
And I wrote a chapter 'bout your kiss.
I'm elated to dedicate it to the one inspiring me in this.

My first edition is never to end,
With each rendition, I'll write it again
I cherish each part with all of my heart,
Darling, how sweet you are.

(He always thought he'd like to write a book or two),
(But never had a reason till he looked at you),
(Now every night he beams delight, and writes triple triple triple triple,) (Truth and fiction were the same to him until he metcha)
(And got inspiration, now it's romance,)
(Come on, Connie, here's your chance to free lance)

[Here I am, and while I'm here, love, say]

[This first edition was written for me,]

[It isn't fiction, it's easy to see,]

[And my heart is stirred by each little word]

(And why not, when they're saying how sweet you are.)

[My first edition has pages of dreams,]

[My great ambition for love is the theme,]

[And each little phrase expresses some praise,]

(And it should, as sweet you are.)

I wrote a preface about your profile,
And I wrote a chapter 'bout your kiss.
I'm elated to dedicate it to the one inspiring me in this.

My first edition is never to end
With each rendition, I'll write it again.
I cherish each part with all of my heart,
How sweet you are.