

# Frank Sinatra, Night We Called It A Day, The

There was a moon out in space  
But a cloud drifted over its face  
You kissed me and went on your way  
The night we called it a day  
I heard the song of the spheres  
Like a minor lament in my ears  
I hadn't the heart left to pray  
The night we called it a day  
Soft through the dark  
The hoot of an owl in the sky  
Sad though his song  
No bluer was he than I  
The moon went down stars were gone  
But the sun didn't rise with the dawn  
There wasn't a thing left to say  
The night we called it a day  
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The night we called it a day