

Frank Sinatra, Talk To Me Baby

(J. Mercer, R. Dolan)

[Recorded December 3, 1963, Los Angeles]

If you cannot toss your heart gaily in the ring,
Love me while the moment lingers,
If you cannot cross your heart that I'm everything,
Try at least to cross your fingers.
Talk to me, baby, tell me lies,
Tell me lies as sweet as apple pie.
Whisper you tremble with a wild desire
To light the fire in my eyes.
Tell me I'm marvelous, exaggerate!
Prevaricate if you must.
Just talk to me, baby, soft and low,
Then if you decide it's really so,
Swear you be mine forever, otherwise just talk to me,
And tell me lies, lies, lies, lies,
Great, big, great big lies.