Frank Sinatra, The Future (Conclusion) Song Wit

[Alto solo by Beverly Jenkins] (chorus)

(Your imagination has an awful lot to give) (If our right to live were yours hauntingly)

(full musical interlude with chorus)

(brief transition) If a man has a story that he badly needs to tell, A man's imagination makes a lovely wishing well, (make a wish, make a wish) I wish I could write a song everyone alive could understand, (A song that a Frenchman could sing to a Spaniard) (A song that a German could sing to a Russian) (A song that if ever you'd sing, you are king) (Wouldn't it be wonderful, won't it be grand) To write a song that the whole wide world could understand. (lala, lalala, lala, lala, lalala, lala) (lalalala, lalalala, lala, lalala, lalala) lalala, lalalala, lala, lalala. lalala) (music and repeat) [Gonna find me a gypsy and get my fortune told,] [I'm gonna say, please missus gypsy, tell me what the future will hold] (Tell us what the future will hold.)