

# Frank Sinatra, The Girls I Never Kissed

(J.Leiber, M.Stoller)

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The old wolf sniffs the summer breeze, and dreams about his youth,  
For the sight of skirts above the knees turns his hardboiled brain to tears.  
And the scent of honey in the tree whets an old sweet tooth.  
The pretty girls go strolling by, I smile at them, and heave a sigh.  
And think of all the things I've missed, and all the pretty girls I've never kissed.  
They smile from field of daffodils, they wave from high and windy hills,  
In secret places by the sea, the girls I've never kissed still wait for me.  
All the girls whose names I can't recall, their faces haunt me still,  
All the pretty girls I've never kissed and never will.  
The girls of spring, the girls of fall, the girls of summer most of all,  
If only time did not exist, if only I could catch that boat I always missed,  
I'd go back and kiss all the pretty girls I've never kissed.