

Frank Sinatra, The Saddest Thing Of All

(M.Legrand, P.Leroyer)

[Recorded August 18, 1975, New York]

Through a blurry window out above the rooftop,
I keep looking at the rain-swept sky
In this small apartment where she used to love me,
I just sit here as my life goes by.
There's no doorbell ringing, no sweet sounds of singing,
Just a silent room where tears won't dry.
Life is sad when people hurt you, sad when friends desert you,
Sad when dreams get lost beyond recall,
But remembering that love stopped blossoming,
And that's the saddest thing of all.
Once we had it made, our days one grand parade
Of thrills and laughter, only lovers know,
She was proud of me and we were young and free
One touch was all it took, and off we go,
Now above the rain, I hear a passing plane,
And all my loneliness begins to show.
Life is sad when people hurt you, sad when friends desert you,
Sad when dreams get lost beyond recall,
But remembering from spring to lonely spring,
Well, that's the saddest thing of all.