

# Frank Sinatra, The World Is In My Arms

Here was I, a gypsy,  
looking for a world to roam in,  
Now the world is in my arms.  
No more endless searching for a place to feel at home in,  
For the world is in my arms.  
Mexican hill flower the sky,  
Sapporo see here in your eye  
When I see you smile,  
I see the sunset of Geneva,  
what's that magic in your charms,  
When I hold you,  
I hold the world right here in my arms.