

Frank Sinatra, There's Something Missing

There's something missing in the way you say hello,
Baby, your words don't have that feeling any more,
Every time you hold me in your arms,
it seems we're miles apart.

Am I the one you're holding in your heart?

There's something missing in the way your lips touch mine.

Baby, I miss the flame that came with every kiss.

Is it only my imagination at play

That tells me that there is someone new,

Or must I really go on missing you?

Is it only my imagination at play

That tells me that there is someone new,

Or must I really go on missing you?