

Frank Sinatra, This Love Of Mine

(Sol Parker, Henry W. Sanicola, Jr., Frank Sinatra)

This love of mine goes on and on,
Tho' life is empty since you have gone.
You're always on my mind, tho' out of sight
It's lonesome thru the day,
But oh! the night.

I cry my heart out it's bound to break,
Since nothing matters, let it break.
I ask the sun and the moon,
The stars that shine,
What's to become of it, this love of mine.