

Frank Sinatra, Trade Winds

Down where the trade winds play,
Down where you lose the day,
We found a new world where paradise starts,
We traded high way down where the trade winds play.
Music was everywhere, flowers were in her hair,
Under an awning of silvery boughs,
We traded vows the night that I sailed away.
Oh trade winds, what are vows that lovers make,
Oh trade winds, are they only made to break,
When it is May again, I'll sail away again,
Though I'm returning, it won't be the same,
She traded her name way down where the trade winds play