

Frank Sinatra, When I'm Not Near The Girl I Love

(E.Y. Harburg, B. Lane)

[Recorded July 18, 1963, Los Angeles]

Oh my heart is beating wildly and it's all because you're here.
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.
Every femme that flutters by me is a flame that must be fanned,
When I can't fondle the hand I'm fond of, I fondle the hand at hand
My heart's in a pickle, it's constantly fickle and not too partic'lar I fear,
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.
I'm confessing a confession and I hope I'm not verbose when I am not close
To the kiss I cling to, I cling to the kiss that's close.
As I'm more and more a mortal, I am more and more a case
When I'm not facing the face I fancy, I fancy the face I face.
For Sharon I'm caring but Susan I'm choosing, I'm faithful to those whos'n is here.
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.