

Frank Sinatra, When Your Lover Has Gone

(Einar A. Swan)

From ages to ages the poets and sages,
Of love glorious love always sing,
But ask any lover and you'll soon discover,
The heartaches that romance can bring,

When you're alone, who cares for starlit skies
When you're alone, the magic moonlight dies
At break of dawn, there is no sunrise
When your lover has gone

What lonely hours, the evening shadows bring
What lonely hours, with memories lingering
Like faded flowers, life can't mean anything
When your lover has gone