

Daybreak

Frank Sinatra

Daybreak, another new day, the mist on the meadow is drifting a way,
For it's daybreak, the sun's in the sky now,
And flowers break through their blanket of dew,
Sunrise, how lovely it seems, to see from my window a sky full of dreams,
As the white clouds sail on through the blue, at daybreak I did dream of you.