

## 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.