

Don't Like Goodbyes

Frank Sinatra

Don't like good-byes, tears or sighs
I'm not too good at leaving time
I've got no taste for grieving time
No, no, not me

You've been my near ones, always my dear ones
I never thought that I would find
Another love, a different kind
But it came to be

Well if you think I'm telling you lies
Go try your luck and look into her eyes
But remember, you must remember she's mine
And my world overhead has a clear new shine

Don't want to leave you
Sorry to grieve you
It's traveling time, and I must move on
Found the girl (gal) to lean upon

And if I could arrange it
Oh would I care to chance it - not me