

Follow Me

Frank Sinatra

Through the clouds, gray with years, over hill, wet with tears,
To a world young and free, we shall fly, follow me.
April green, everywhere, April songs always there,
Come and hear, come and see, follow me.
To the tree where our hopes hang high,
To the dream that should never die,
Where our long lost tomorrows still are in the sweet bye and by
e.
Time goes by, or do we, close your eyes, and you'll see
As we were, we can be, weep no more, follow me.
Follow me, follow me.

[musical interlude]

To the tree where our hopes hang high,
To the dream that should never die,
Where our long lost tomorrows still are in the sweet bye and by
e.
Time goes by, or do we, close your eyes, and you'll see
As we were, we can be, weep no more, follow me.
Follow me, follow me, follow me, follow me.
Get behind me, follow me.