

## Golden Moment

Frank Sinatra

You're young for a golden moment, you sigh and it flies away  
And then in the silent September, you dream of the music of May

.

You're young for a shining hour, but soon it's remember-when,  
Take hold of that golden moment,  
For once it's gone, it never comes back again.

[music interlude]

Take hold of that golden moment,  
For once it is gone, it never comes back.  
You cry, still it won't come back,  
It's gone and never comes back again.