

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.