

I See It Now

Frank Sinatra

That year in Oakland High
When I was seventeen
The grass from there to San Jose
Was high and cool and green
I see it now

Too brash and young was I
To know what time could mean
The old Acacia lawn cut down
Was felt but never seen
I see it now

That world I knew is lost to me
Loves have come and gone

The years go racing by
I live as best I can
And all at once I know it means the making of a man
I see it now

I see it now
I see it now