

## 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

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