

Indiscreet

Frank Sinatra

Indiscreet - it's indiscreet
To gaze at you - each time we meet
I've told my eyes - they must disguise - this yearning

Yes it's indiscreet - quite indiscreet
To find your touch - so bitter sweet
You're close to me and suddenly I'm burning

While I ask myself: "Where is your pride?"
Irresistibly I'm drawn to your side

And (Yes) it's indiscreet - so indiscreet
But love is swift - and time is sweet
And oh my dear - I crave the nearness of you

To love you is why my heart must be
So love me - it can't be indiscreet