

# Memories of You

Frank Sinatra

Waking skies at sunrise  
Every sunset too  
Seems to be bringing me  
Memories of you

Here and there, everywhere  
Scenes that we once knew  
And they all just recall  
Memories of you

How I wish, I could forget those  
Those happy yesteryears  
That have left a rosary of tears

Your face beams in my dreams  
'Spite of all I do  
Everything seems to bring  
Memories of you

And your face beams in my dreams  
'Spite of all I do  
Everything seems to bring  
Memories, just memories of you