

# Monday Morning Quarterback

Frank Sinatra

I know there were a hundred ways to tell her I loved her  
It's funny how they're all so clear today  
And when her face was burning with sadness and yearning  
I don't know why I turned my eyes away

But it's so easy looking at the game the morning after  
Adding up the kisses and the laughter  
Knowing how you'd play it if the chance to play it over ever came  
But then, a Monday morning quarterback never lost a game

The room was so alive with all her feelings and longings  
I saw the spark of danger in her eyes  
Well, how would it have hurt me if I'd turned back and held her  
?  
A moment passes, something lovely dies

But it's so easy looking at the game the morning after  
Adding up the kisses and the laughter  
Knowing how you'd play it if the chance to play it over ever came  
But then, a Monday morning quarterback never lost a game

[instrumental-French horns-first two lines of chorus]  
Yes, it's easier to win it when you know you'd never play it quite the same  
But then, this Monday morning quarterback never lost a game