

Not as a Stranger

Frank Sinatra

I think of you, my love, not as a stranger,
Although it's true, my love we've only met.
Yet I know your smile and I know your sigh,
Know them well from dreams I can't forget.
We've kissed like this before, you are not a stranger,
A thousand times or more.
'Neath stars above, now the path is clear,
For at last you're here, not as a stranger dear,
But my own true love.