

Out Beyond the Window

Frank Sinatra

My window looks out over the park,
And every year I move another story up.
So now I'm almost close enough
To the roof of the sky to touch it.
I could even move the clouds aside,
But no clouds come, if they did, I'd welcome them.
'Cause I have very few visitors here any more.
There must be a highway somewhere, roads I've missed,
Something more than sky out beyond the window.

[music to the end]