

## 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]