

## The Beautiful Strangers

Frank Sinatra

All the beautiful strangers who held me for a night,  
And fell down in the darkness on pillows soft and white,  
All the beautiful strangers, all in the afternoon,  
Who praised my flat little summer, and came back to my room,  
All the beautiful strangers, they spoiled me for a time,  
And they taught me neon's just as nice as afternoon sunshine.