

The Girl Next Door

Frank Sinatra

The moment I saw her smile,
I knew she was just my style.
My only regret is we've never met for I dream of her all the while,
But she doesn't know I exist,
no matter how I persist.
So it's clear to see there's no hope for me,
Though I live at fifty-one thirty-five Kensington Avenue,
And she lives at fifty-one thirty three.

How can I ignore the girl next door,
I love her more than I can say.
Doesn't try to please me,
doesn't even tease me,
And she never sees me glance her way.
And I though I'm heartsore,
the girl next door
Affection for me won't display.
I just adore her so I can't ignore her,
the girl next door.