

When I'm Not Near The Girl I Love

Frank Sinatra

Oh my heart is beating wildly and it's all because you're here.
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.
Every femme that flutters by me is a flame that must be fanned,
When I can't fondle the hand I'm fond of, I fondle the hand at
hand
My heart's in a pickle, it's constantly fickle and not too part
ic'lar I fear,
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.
I'm confessing a confession and I hope I'm not verbose when I a
m not close
To the kiss I cling to, I cling to the kiss that's close.
As I'm more and more a mortal, I am more and more a case
When I'm not facing the face I fancy, I fancy the face I face.
For Sharon I'm caring but Susan I'm choosing, I'm faithful to t
hose whos'n is here.
When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.