

# When I Stop Loving You

Frank Sinatra

When I stop loving you the way I do, there'll be no moon to shine,  
no sky of blue,  
When our two lips no longer cling, there'll be no bird to sing,  
there'll be no spring.  
When I stop wanting you, forever more, there'll be no ocean wave  
to kiss the shore.  
This world will crumble, and the skies will fall, my heart won't  
speak at all,  
When I stop loving you.