

Here's to the Losers

Frank Sinatra

Here's to those who love not too wisely, know not wisely, but too well
To the girl who sighs with envy when she hears that wedding bell
To the guy who'd throw a party if he knew someone to call
Here's to the losers, bless them all

Here's to those who drink their dinners when that lady doesn't show
To the girl who'll wait for kisses underneath that mistletoe
To the lonely summer lovers when the leaves begin to fall
Here's to the losers, a-bless them all

Hey, Tom, Dick and Harry, come in out of the rain
Those torches you carry must be drowned in champagne

Here's the last toast of the evening, here's to those who still believe
All the losers will be winners, all the givers shall receive
Here's to trouble-free tomorrows, may your sorrows all be small
Here's to the losers, bless them all

[Musical Interlude]

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Here's to the losers, here's to the losers, here's to the losers
Bless them all!