

It Worries Me

Frank Sinatra

It worries me
You seem to be unhappy
And that worries me

I hate to think that maybe
I have made you blue
Just what did I do
Was I mean to you
Wish I knew

I worry so
If anything is wrong
I have the right to know

So while I hold you close
And kiss you tenderly
Tell it all to me
Darling can't you see
Anything that worries you, worries me