

On A Little Street In Singapore

Frank Sinatra

On a little street in Singapore,
We'd meet beside a lotus-covered door,
A veil of moonlight on her lonely face,
How pale the hands that held me in embrace.
My sails tonight are filled with perfume of Shalimar,
And temple bells will guide me to the shore.
And then I'll hold her in my arms, and love the way I loved before,
On a little street in Singapore.