

The Future (Conclusion) Song Without Words

Frank Sinatra

(Your imagination has an awful lot to give)
(If our right to live were yours hauntingly)
I want to build a little hut, maybe two bedrooms
I want to build a little hut hung on joy

I want to built a little hut hung on joy

If a man has a story that he badly needs to tell,
A man's imagination makes a lovely wishing well,
(make a wish, make a wish)
I wish I could write a song everyone alive could understand,
(A song that a Frenchman could sing to a Spaniard)
(A song that a German could sing to a Russian)
(A song that if ever you'd sing, you are king)
(Wouldn't it be wonderful, won't it be grand)
To write a song that the whole wide world could understand.
(lala , lalala, lala, lala, lalala, lala)
(lalalala, lalalala, lala, lalala, lalala)
lalala, lalalala, lala, lalala, lalalala, lala)
lalala, lalalala, lala, lalala. lalala)

Gonna find me a gypsy and get my fortune told,
I'm gonna say, please missus gypsy, tell me what the future wil
l hold
Tell us what the future will hold.