

Wandering

Frank Sinatra

Sometimes I think that I'm on the right track,
But I keep coming back to the same place,
The same place where I sought it.
Sometimes you'll think there's a smile on my face,
But it can't take the place of a free-heart, a me-
heart that I've read of.
I can hear mem'ries singing through night and through day,
What good are mem'ries, they just seem to get in the way.
They get in the way.
When it's November, I'll think of July,
Where the sunshine will fly through a warm sky,
A warm sky where I'll wander.
When it's November, I'll think of July,
Where the sunshine will fly through a warm sky,
A warm sky where I'll wander.