

When I Stop Loving You

Frank Sinatra

When I stop loving you the way I do, there'll be no moon to shine,
no sky of blue,
When our two lips no longer cling, there'll be no bird to sing,
there'll be no spring.
When I stop wanting you, forever more, there'll be no ocean wave
to kiss the shore.
This world will crumble, and the skies will fall, my heart won't
speak at all,
When I stop loving you.