

Frank Sinatra, The World Is In My Arms

Here was I, a gypsy,
looking for a world to roam in,
Now the world is in my arms.
No more endless searching for a place to feel at home in,
For the world is in my arms.
Mexican hill flower the sky,
Sappoco see here in your eye
When I see you smile,
I see the sunset of Geneva,
what's that magic in your charms,
When I hold you,
I hold the world right here in my arms.