

Brenda Lee, Days Of Wine And Roses

The days of wine and roses
Laugh and run away
Like a child at play
Thru' the meadow land
Toward a closing door
A door marked "Nevermore";
That wasn't there before

The lonely night discloses
Just a passing breeze
Filled with memories
Of the golden smile
That introduced me to
The days of wine and roses and you

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