

# 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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