

# Brenda Lee, When Your Lover Has Gone

Gone, your lover is gone, gone  
Gone, your baby is gone, gone, gone, gone

When you're alone, ah, who cares for starry skies  
When you're alone the magic of the moonlight dies  
At break of dawn there is no sunrise  
When your lover has gone

What lonely hours the evening shadows bring  
What lonely hours memories lingering  
Like faded flowers life can mean anything  
When your lover, when he's gone