

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