

Cliff Richard, Visions

Visions of you in shades of you
Smoking, shifting, lazily drifting,
My darling, I miss you so.
Time goes by, no wonder my
Senses go reeling, your eyes so appealing
I see the whole night through.
When will we meet again? When? When? When?
When will we meet again? When? When? When?
I remember the days, beautiful days
Tenderly gleaming, my whole life seeming
To start and end with you.