

Dinah Washington, Blue Gardenia

Blue gardenia
now I'm alone with you
and I am also blue.

He has tossed us aside
and like you, gardenia,
once I was near his heart.

After the tear drops start,
where are tear drops to hide?

I lived for an hour,
what more can I tell?

Love bloomed like a flower
then the petals fell.

Blue gardenia,
thrown to a passing breeze,
but pressed,
yes, there pressed in my book of memories.

I lived for an hour,
what more can I tell?

Love bloomed like a flower
and then the petals fell.

Blue gardenia,
thrown to a passing breeze,
but pressed
in my book of memo-ries,
but pressed
in my book of memo-ries.