

# Tony Bennett, Laura

Laura is the face in the misty lights  
Footsteps that you hear down the hall  
The laugh that flows on a summer night  
That you can never quite recall  
And you see Laura  
On the train that is passing through  
Those eyes, how familiar they seem  
She gave your very first kiss to you  
That was Laura, but she's only a dream  
She gave your very first kiss to you  
That was Laura, but she's only a dream