

## Days of Wine and Roses

Perry Como

The days of wine and roses,  
Laugh and run away,  
Like a child at play,  
Through a meadowland,  
Toward a closing door,  
A door marked never more,  
That wasn't there before.

The lonely night discloses,  
Just a passing breeze,  
Filled with memories,  
Of the golden smile,  
That introduced me to,  
The days of wine and roses,  
And you!

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