

## Waltz for Debby

Tony Bennett

In her own sweet world  
Populated by dolls and clowns  
and a prince and a big purple bear.

Lives my favorite girl,  
unaware of the worried frowns  
that we weary grown ups all wear.

In the sun she dances to silent music,  
songs that are spun of gold  
somewhere in her own little head.

One day all too soon  
she'll grow up and she'll leave her dolls  
and her prince and her silly old bear.

When she goes they will cry  
as she whispers "Good-bye."  
They will miss her I fear  
but then so will I.