Went down to santa fe, where renoir paints the walls, described you clearly, but the sky began to fall Am i ever gonna see your face again?

Trams cars and taxis, like a wax-works on the move carrying young girls past me, but none of them are you Am i ever gonna see your face again?

Without you near me i got no place to go wait at the bar, maybe you might show

Am i ever gonna see your face again?

I got to stop these tears that's falling from my eye go walk out in the rain, so no one sees me cry

Am i ever gonna see your face again?

Can't stop the memory that goes climbing through my brain i get no answer so the question still remains

Am i ever gonna see your face again?