

The Sound Of Your Name

Charles Aznavour

The sound of your name comes to me any hour
On wings of the wind like the scent of a flower
How can I explain? It's impossible power
The sound of your name

The sound of your name is a Valentine greeting
A bell when it rings and a heart when it's beating
And drawing a spell where all things keep repeating
The sound of your name

Your name is a song that I long to be writing
The music is strong and the words are inviting
Exchangeable melodies strangely exciting
I found in your name

The sound of your name can bring times of desire
That flares like a flame as it climbs ever higher
That burns in my senses and turns them to fire
The sound of your name

But love is a game that continuously changes
The players, discoveries and the dangers
We started as lovers, we ended as strangers
Now where can I turn?

Your name's the ghost of a chance that you gave me
A grave little dance just enough to enslave me
And only my grief, what is there that can save me
If you don't return?

At night in my dreams you are there, an obsession
I whisper your name like a prayer, a confession
You've entered my soul and you've taken possession
And whom can I blame?

For you are the Heaven on earth that I sigh for
The high unattainable moon that I cry for
As long as I live, I will live and I'll die for
The sound of your name