

Days Of Wine And Roses

Ella Fitzgerald

The days of wine and roses
Laugh and run away
Like a child at play
Through the meadowland toward a closing door
A door marked "nevermore"
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
Wine and roses and you

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Wine, roses and you
Wine, roses and you
Roses and you